

The Examiner

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

VOL. XVI.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1865.

NO. 1.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

MY COT.

By a close copse of fir on the side of a hill,
Where the voice of a streamlet never is still,
And spruce, pine and hemlock, unchanging in
shewn,
Bear their heads to the heavens eternally green,
My cot by the wilderness stands.

I rejoice in the scene which blossoms around—
From the bud to the leaf till it falls to the ground—
Nature's field speaking volume owns the presence
of God
In the life of its borders, and the grass of its sod,
The insect which creeps and creature that
prows.

Hear vine, bush and tree that spontaneously bear
The red mountain tea, and the pale maiden hair—
The black, and the blue, and the sweet huckleberries,
The withered in clusters and blood-colored cherries,
Yield stores for the birds and for me.

'Tis the gray mountain moss on the plains, glowing
green,
The May flower blooms sweetly of flow'rets the
Queen—
In the valley the violet—the rose on the hill
And unnamed and unsung the fair flow'rets that
fill
The garden of nature around.

Ere the morning star pales in the herald of light,
When the eve dies away in the shadows of night—
In the hush of mute nature, distinctly and shrill,
The lone bird of the solitude sings whip-poor-will,
In deepest recess of the wood.

Here the lionet his matin presents to young day,
And the warblers exult in the pride of their lay;
And their voices in cadence the red robins sing
On the tall spreading pines till the woodlands all
ring.

And twilight his mantle has spread,
The partridge drums roundly for his mate in the
glen,
And the woodcock is springing from his haunts
in the fen—
On the whirr of his pinion the snipe mounts on
high,
And speeds as an arrow away to the sky,
In gambol of nature and love.

That tyrant of air, the proud eagle alone,
Perch'd high on the summit tree's withering cone,
Peals out his hoarse scream on the airy tide's
swell;
And afar it is borne o'er mountain and dell,
And frights birds high in the wood.

Here the hare on his fern form reposes by day,
And at moonlight he leaps o'er the wild sward
away;
And the sleek-coated squirrel, in spreading beach
tree,
Sits erect, cracks his nut, and chatters at me,
And bounds o'er the dangling spray.

Here the wild-cat and loup-cervier, prowlingly,
roam;
But they tremble and flee from the path of my
home;
And Reynard, displeas'd, barks the spleen fit
away,
And the sportive Raccoon, like a kitten at play,
Is skipping in frolic and mirth.

Far away in the wood lies the dark sullen bear,
While the stormy north howls o'er the desolate
year,
When Spring swells the life tubes of verdure
and bloom
He sullenly strays from his dungeon of gloom,
And feeds on the herbage around.

With the moulton upborne, and blown nostrils
spread—
The eyes flashing spirit and antler grand head,
The Moose and the Caribou, proud, free, unsub-
dued,
In nature's wild majesty range the deep wood,
And mountain and morass and plain.

On the lakelet before me the soft lilies bloom,
And the bride crested wood duck sits basking in
noon,
And the fly of the sapphire sports there in play,
And the trout of its basin takes him for his prey,
And darts to the eddy and shade.

The fisherman mink, in his marginal cell,
'Mid the eaves of the rock delighteth to dwell—
The lake is a store-house that grants him supplies,
And he seizes the rat of the wild for a prize,
And the law of his instinct obeys.

Here the beaver nature's untaught wild engineer,
Without axe, saw, or hatchet, nail, hammer or
square,
Has built up his house mechanically neat,
'Gainst the storms that may come, his winter
retreat,
Where he lolls like a lord of the earth.

All these are my pastime, neighbors, pleasure
and theme,
From the fowls of the air to the fish in the stream—
The tribes of the forest, of peace and of prey,
I watch in their habits of various display,
And read what creation has writ.

Away from the din and the follies of life,
From wasting ambition, its struggles and strife,
Content in my cottage all these I eschew,
And stern independence bears proudly in view,
Which hallows my home in the wild.

Secure in my cottage, I smile at the gale—
The cloud dashing torrents and frost rounded
hill—
Spruce, fir, pine and hemlock my shelter are still,
And the song of the streamlet that pours down
the hill
Is sweetest of music to me.

The tempest may rage in the might of its breath,
And the thunder bolt speed on a message of death—
The lightning may flash and the elements reel,
Like an ocean tow'd ship on her staggering keel,
But I fear not their rage in my home.

By my heart's humble blaze at ease I recline—
A book that I relish—the Poet, Divine—
The gay, grave and witty, art and nature in turn,
Delighted I read and enraptur'd I burn
O'er the page of the mighty in dust.

In thee my loved cottage in health I repose,
Far from Sycophant's wiles and poison of foes—
From the slanderer's angry and nature imbued,
And all the defamer's mean, slime-creeping brood
Who prey on the virtues of life.

Here, tyrant nor slave, nor a courtier am I—
The smiles of the world I nor barter nor buy—

My soul roams abroad o'er nature's free sod,
Bending spirit nor knee to any but God,
Whose due is the homage of man.

O, dear is my home by the wild forest groves,
Where freedom's proud spirit undauntedly roves,
As pure as the air, and as broad as the wild,
And firm as the rocks, and the mountains up-til'd,
Looking into the arches of heaven.

Still be to my home till the day I shall die,
And then let me sleep where the stream ripples
by—
Its murmurings will blend with the forest's wild
wave,
And sing their dirge notes o'er my bed in the grave,
And my requiem for ages repeat.

WERAND.
(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

THE 29TH PSALM VERSIFIED.

I. Ye mighty ones, your offerings lead
To Zion's sacred fane,
The choice young rams that sweetly feed
By thymy hill or plain.

II. Worship and strength to God ascribe,
With honors justly due,
Who rules o'er all creation wide,
Omnipotent and true.

III. The raging sea at His command
In placid stillness falls!
His awful thunders through the land
The startled eel appals.

IV. His glorious voice the tempests waken
Where Lebanon mountains tower,
And tall majestic cedars break,
Or bend before its power.

V. Like unicorns, or hinds at play,
They skip in antic glee;
From Sirion's heights are borne away
To Tyre's far distant sea.

VI. That mighty voice the flame divides,
And lurid lightning flies
In flashes o'er the mountains sides
From dark enurpled skies.

VII. The solid earth upheaves and quakes
In Chades desert drear;
The thunder peal incessant breaks,
And fills the heart with fear.

VIII. Her still born fawn the timid hind
Reluctantly forsakes,
And seeks some sheltering spot to find
Within the woolly brakes.

IX. Within His sacred temple fair,
With joy his people meet,
His matchless honour to declare
To worship at His feet.

X. Above the waterfall, in state,
A king upon His throne,
He ever sits, renowned and great,
In glory all His own.

XI. A peace, the world can ne'er bestow,
He graciously imparts,
And strength to meet each deadly foe,
And nerve our timid hearts.

L. C. J.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

MY DEAR SIR:—Deeming it possible you may not have noticed in the *Times*, of October 4, a comparative analysis of the high order of talent and intellect of the minority of the Electors for the University of Oxford, who honored themselves at the last General Election, by registering their votes in favor of Mr. Gladstone, with that of the majority who voted in favor of his unsuccessful antagonist, I beg, herewith, to place in your hands a copy of that date, containing a letter on the subject, over the signature "Lincolniensis," for your own perusal; and, if you choose, for that of the many readers and admirers of your independent and popular Journal.

We must allow, dear Sir, that it is a source of regret to all liberal-minded men, that one of the leading Universities in the world should have indignity disgraced and stultified herself, by rejecting as her Representative the first Statesman in Europe; but may thank God though he has thought fit, within so short a period, to deprive our country of the matured and honest judgment of such pre-eminent leading minds as those of our late Premier, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Herbert—that the Liberal party in Great Britain, has many, and to spare, among the Noblemen and Commoners who grace its ranks, worthy to succeed those whose deaths not only Europe, but the whole of the old and the still called new world may deplore.

That you, my dear Sir, may long be spared to wield the pen you have so often and so ably used in favor of loyalty, order, liberty, and of a general statesman-like view of the most momentous subjects that engross the minds of the foremost men and deepest thinkers of our somewhat advanced and progressive age, is the sincerest wish of

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN SWABEY.
Charlottetown, Nov. 10, 1865.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR:—The subjoined analysis of the poll-book of the Oxford University election may be interesting to some of your readers. It shows the numbers of voters who obtained first and second-class honours in the final examination.

Some omissions may have been inadvertently made, but the general result is, I believe, tolerably correct.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
LINCOLNIENSIS.

Oct. 2. Gladstone. Hardy.

Double firsts	.. 36	.. 4
First and seconds	.. 49	.. 12
Firsts	.. 227	.. 78
Double seconds	.. 21	.. 6
Seconds	.. 271	.. 161

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

DEAR SIR:—In looking over the columns of the *Summerside Journal*, we were quite interested in an article relating to a book entitled the "Nurse and Spy." We admire the style, conscientious tone, and christian spirit which characterize the article throughout; and especially do

we admire it when we remember that the author is a Christian woman; and her book is being sold for Christian benevolent purposes; and that she is united with a church of the same denomination with the *genuinely* and *learned* printer of said *Journal*, which warns the public against her book.

In order to prove to you the disinterestedness, purity of motive, and magnanimity which prompted this gallant printer to call the attention of the public to the imposition practised by the circulation of said book, it will be necessary in the first place to state, that said printer keeps a *fac* book on hand for sale; and in the second place, that he never saw the book entitled "Nurse and Spy," having promised the lady to call and examine the work, but failed to keep his engagement.

This is the first book, to our knowledge, that has ever been sold on this Island for any noble and benevolent purpose; and we think we are safe in saying, that it is also the only one that has ever been attacked by a public Journalist in Prince Edward Island, before having been read or examined; therefore, we would wish to make a few inquiries with regard to the matter, simply for information.

Is it because the Author is a Lady, and a native of our sister Province, New Brunswick? Or is it because she comes so highly recommended, both as regards her personal character and that of her book, and is not too proud and self-important to come here in person, and introduce her work among us?

And upon further examination of that *thoroughly* *disinterested* article of the *Journal*, we are particularly struck with its beauty and significance; when we recall to mind a little circumstance which took place, a short time since, with regard to a horse (not a book) which was sold to Sargy Allen, by a certain sanctimonious and devout young man, who takes copiers in a certain Church on Sundays, and looks after the fires, lights, and "baptismal bowl," occasionally stands up in class-meetings, lays his hand upon his heart, and proclaims himself to be the *real* *pure*.

TWIN BROTHERS.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, November 13, 1865.

PUBLIC MEN IN THEIR RELATIONS TO THE TENANT LEAGUE.

IT IS interesting to note the attitude assumed by our politicians at different times towards the Tenant Union. This organization has been a sort of touchstone by which to try the strength of their moral courage, the soundness of their principles, and the depth of their sagacity.

While the Union was young and weak, it was almost universally regarded, in political circles, with indifference bordering on contempt. It was predicted that it would drag out a short and feeble existence, and then share the fate of all visionary and impracticable schemes.

The men who originated the Union, and the principles on which it was founded, were alike supposed to be unworthy of serious consideration. When, contrary to expectation, the Union assumed formidable dimensions—when its members began to be counted by thousands—politicians of all parties looked around them in startled amazement.

They saw at a glance that the principles of the Union were such as they could not, they *did* not, embrace; but they also clearly saw that by opposing these principles they would draw upon themselves the heavy weight of popular indignation.

This was the case with politicians of all parties—with men of every shade of political opinion. The Liberal Alliance—provided he were an honest and an intelligent man—found it quite as difficult to reconcile the principles and practices of the Tenant Union with his conscience, political and moral, as the ultra Conservative.

The principles embodied in the Constitution of the Union were removed far beyond the domain of party politics. They struck deep at the root of those first principles of civil government on which politicians of all classes are agreed.

All this was seen with more or less clearness by the thinking men of both parties. In this strait, what course were they to pursue? To side with the Unionists was to barter their political reputation for party advancement and popular applause; but to oppose the Union was to sacrifice both to right principles and to the public good.

There was not the slightest doubt but that the welfare of the country demanded that every man of influence and intelligence should raise his voice against the pernicious teachings of the Unionists. It was by this means only that the character of the Colony could be preserved; and it was by this means only that the many evils which the tenantry were bringing on themselves could be at all mitigated.

The path of duty was in this case, as in many others, a rugged and a thorny one; but it was the only honorable, the only safe one. This was, in our opinion, one of those situations in which a middle course is not admissible. There were but two paths—the right and the wrong one. To look passively on while the people of the Union were ruining themselves and their country by their folly, was to strengthen their hands for evil—to participate in their crime.

To allow them to plunge the country into inextricable difficulties, and to bring ruin upon themselves, merely for the sake of hampering the Government, and of effecting its destruction, was a policy base and unpatriotic in the extreme—a factious peddling policy unworthy of any man at all deserving the name of statesman. To permit, from motives merely mercenary and factious, an organization, the principles of which no politician of any standing *dare* openly advocate without let or hindrance to take deep root in the community, would for ever blot the character of statesmen of wider reputation and greater ability than any whom we can boast of. It would be a crime against political integrity and enlightened patriotism, which future generations would neither forget nor forgive.

The plain duty of every lover of his country, then, was not only to hold himself aloof from any direct complicity with the men of the Tenant Union, but also actively to oppose the spread of their principles—to avert if possible the disgrace and ruin that would most inevitably follow the carrying out of those principles into practice.

What, then, was the course pursued by our politicians in this crisis of our affairs? A few, indeed, boldly and openly expressed their disapprobation of the principles and policy of the League. They gave the people faithful and timely warning of the danger attending the courses which they appeared so bent on pursuing. They, regardless of the consequences to themselves and to their party, washed their hands of the whole affair. These, whoever they were, acted the truly patriotic part. They preferred the good of their country to party or personal interests. These, open, manly and honest politicians were, we regret to say, by no means numerous.

By far the greater number retained a very prudent reticence on the subject of the Tenant Union. Some, for want of moral courage, feared to incur the ill-will of the tenantry by offering the slightest opposition to their fondly cherished scheme; others, from the fear of pecuniary loss, refrained from exposing the delusion; and, ashamed to say, the hope of political advantage to themselves, tied the hands and muzzled the mouths of many who were in a position to offer effective resistance to the baleful influence of the Tenant League leaders.

Those who fear to risk an evanescent popularity in the cause of right can possess but little strength of character or soundness of principle—those who, for a morsel of bread and a bit of silver, can see the laws violated and their fellow-citizens ruined without warring those guilty of such wickedness and such folly of the consequences of their acts—must be dead to every generous feeling, to every patriotic sentiment.

But they who would suffer the country to be plunged into disorder and misery merely that their own political consequence should be increased, can be compared only to those inhuman wretches, who, when a fire breaks out in a city, crowd about the streets to rob the unfortunate sufferers of the scanty portion of their effects which they have been able to snatch from the devouring flames.

For our own part, though we are not fond of making professions of superior political virtues we would rather spend our days in the most obscure situation, and exist on the merest pittance, than raise ourselves to power and ease by such base, such unworthy means. Men who fear to incur "ill-will and odium" may speak of the Tenant Union in measured terms and with bated breath, and those who are impatient for the spoils of office may stand in awe of an infatuated and misguided people—but we hope it will never be truly said of us that we sacrificed our convictions of right and our sense of public duty to any considerations, whether party or personal.

POLITICAL CONSISTENCY.

IT WOULD be easy to write an instructive essay on the Beauties of Consistency. The man who at all times pursues a uniform line of conduct—who regulates his demeanour by unchanging moral precepts, is, by saint and sinner, deservedly commended as a model man. But, alas, in politics consistency is almost impracticable; and in that turbulent sphere of life, if consistency be persistently maintained, it almost invariably becomes a nuisance and a vice.

The consistent Christian is just what he ought to be; the consistent man is a darling; the consistent woman is—no more than every woman is. But the politician whose principles are unchangeable, who will not swerve a hair's breadth from a line of policy dictated by rigid abstract reasoning, is a dangerous public man—unfit to conduct the affairs of a community.

"What corrupt disciple of Machiavelli," exclaims the reader, "propagates such doctrine? One code of morals for individuals, another for public men?" Will the reader for a moment abate his or her horror at the morals of this paragraph, and reflect for a moment on the history of the political party to which he or she belongs. Yes, to which *she* belongs. All women are enthusiasts in politics, and delight in the discussion of political morals. In our duller moments we often rejoice to think that public affairs are not beneath the consideration of the sex. Often, when the spirit of the Editor is soured by political disappointments—when his ambition is flagging because of the unsympathizing, dishonest nature of many of those for whose pleasure and profit he writes—when public indifference checks every motive to exertion—when he is ready to throw down in disgust the quill that traced so many wise maxims for the guidance of the public—is his soul cheered and quickened into its wonted activity by the reflection that when the thoughts of his jaded faculties are committed to paper, perchance some fair one who takes pleasure in the turbulent discussions of politics, will admire the tact with which the Editor recommends his public policy, or overthrows an opponent. But the acute mental faculties of the enlightened lady readers of this paper require not to be reasoned into an assent to the point of political morality laid down in this article.

Let us then suppose the one who doubts its orthodoxy to be of the male sex, and a Tory besides. The point to be reasoned into the head of such a dogged subject is, that Consistency in Politics is impossible. If there be a political party on earth that may arrogate consistency in politics, that body, in England and the Colonies, is that venerable one ycleped Tory. One principle seems to have directed all its movements, and that is, resistance to change—downright, heavy inertia. Hence we should expect Consistency among such a body, if this virtue can at all be ingrafted on Politics. Yet, with Tories political maxims have been continually changing. The good primitive Tory, who preached passive obedience to the Sovereign, the pillory for Dissenters, the penalties of *Præsumptio* for Catholics, fines and expatriation for Jews and Infidels, has, in our day, scarcely a representative among the large and influential body of that party in the British Parliament. The Tory of other days fought, tooth and nail, for restrictions on trade, protection to manufacturers, and against the admission of Catholics and Jews to Parliament. The Tory of our day sits cheek by jowl with Jews and Catholics, to preserve and conserve things as they are, that is to say, to

perpetuate principles and measures which his party in former days considered anarchical and subversive of the Constitution. In a word, the history of the Tory party, like that of every other political party, brands it with inconsistency. Such illustrations as these prove that in Politics men cannot always be guided by what they may consider abstractly right—they must abandon principles which they formerly advocated, and they still believe to be right, and adapt themselves to the exigencies of the occasion. In short, the conduct of the purest and most patriotic public man must be guided principally by expediency.

The lives of individuals, as well as the history of Party, prove that Politics is not yet a science, but merely a mode of procedure in public affairs founded on expediency; and hence the greatest politicians often are, in fact must always be, inconsistent with themselves. In public life the acts of to-day often clash with the precepts of yesterday. The lives of such men as the late Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone, illustrate this position; but the story of their political lives is too long for this article, and too familiar to require more than a passing allusion. A case in point is to be found nearer home. The Tory Party in this Island resisted most stubbornly the introduction of Responsible Government. The same men still live, and carry on that form of Government, somewhat modified. The same party resisted the Land Purchase Act as a most unrighteous measure, yet these very men, being yet in power, exercise and extend the provisions of what they formerly denounced as a most iniquitous act.

The same party taught, a few years ago, that it was a thing incompatible with integrity for a representative of the people to fill or hold an office of emolument,—yet to-day who more snugly or with quieter consciences than they discharge the duties of representatives and pocket the emoluments of office? This should convince us that consistency in politics is a rare jewel—or if it exist in politics be a vice, that our "God-fearing" Government is corrupt to the heart's core.

To be consistent the Tory party of this Island, immediately they got the ship of state under their control, should have relinquished Responsible Government in every particular—repealed the Land Purchase and Free Education Acts—abolished Universal Suffrage; and what is more horrible to think of, resigned their places in Parliament, or refused those offices of emolument that many of them now so complacently enjoy.

The history of politics abounds with similar illustrations. From these considerations it may be inferred that the policy of every honest public man must be guided chiefly by expediency. The man who pretends to perfect consistency throughout a long public career—who pretends never to deviate from the principles of his earlier days, so as to accommodate himself to the ever changing and changeable events of his country's history—is either a fool or a knave—one who deceives himself or wishes to deceive others.

The collapse of the rebellion, all knew, must leave a mass of social wreck and economic confusion; but the additions to their inevitable troubles which our energetic cousins have voluntarily made since the "happy day," afford strong grounds for the presumption, that John Bright's friends belong to the party of peace at no price at all.

Not content with the excitement of four long years of the bloodiest fighting known to history—not yet satisfied with the hecatombs offered on the pleasant Southern soil—
"Making the green, one red."

A large portion of the men of the North are clubbing their purses and their brains for the achievement of the trifling episode of dismembering the British Empire, by wresting Ireland from the Crown. The utter futility of such an enterprise is so apparent, that ridicule would be the most appropriate weapon with which to combat the delusion, were it not for the sufferings which hair-brained enthusiasts may cause to their duped followers.

Although the matter be, *per se*, foolish in the extreme, we augur consequences from the Fenian organization prejudicial to the interests of these Colonies.

A closely united body, numbering its hundreds of thousands, and having its ramifications extending over all North America, cannot but have a vast influence on the destinies of the countries where it decides to operate, and the notoriety of its existence, the open avowal of their objects, show that the Fenians are a power in the States, and that they are aware of their position. Were it not so, the American Government would have long since put a stop to the machinations of its people against a friendly power.

We think that the American authorities may ultimately be involved in disagreeable complications resulting from this association, the existence of which is incompatible with the maintenance of amicable relations with Britain, and which will be able to exert a vast influence on the future policy of the United States.

Our neighbors have one or two other pleasant affairs on hand which will probably prevent their specimen of the Bird of Jove from dying *annui*. The late war has, among other blessings, bequeathed an agreeable little Bill which will occupy the financial powers of the State for a few happy days ere everything be made quite pleasant.

But the omnivorous eagle is not satisfied. Ponderous correspondence, with dimly looming threats, indicate that Britain must compensate for the ill deeds of Southern cruisers, or!

Commercial changes in the shape of the abolition of the Treaty regulating the trade of those Colonies with the Union, are additional ingredients in the cup which our Brother Jonathan delighteth to drink.

But let no quiet-loving dreamer of Utopia suppose that our "eagle towering in his pride of place" is satisfied with the present state of "most admired confusion." Flapping his wings at Imperial Maximilian in the South, and "cawing defiance in the skies" at Canada in the North, he must provide himself with a provision of trouble *in futuro*, lest at any time his supply of the delectable article should fail him.—and we think his object will be realized.

Notwithstanding all that was said and done in the manumission of the Slaves—notwithstanding the ink and blood so lavishly expended on behalf of him who was so tenderly known by his pathetic interrogatory—"Am I not a Man and a Brother?"—the friends of the negro in the North have not yet allowed his claim of kindred. Not very long since, the expansive love for the oppressed African could adopt the chaste and holy scheme of miscegenation. That idea may yet be carried out to its glorious consummation, and hereafter "black spirits and white, black spirits and grey," may contribute their quota to make a population as varied as a piece of mosaic.

But although the liberated slave may be admitted to all the privileges of the highest social status, he must not approach the polls—no voice in making the laws for a freeman in a country, *par excellence*, the chosen abode of freedom and equality.

Seriously speaking, we think that the present state of the enfranchised negroes is fraught with danger. Suddenly let loose from the hereditary bondage of centuries—with minds undeveloped and dwarfed—with no previous training to qualify them for their new life and its duties, and still branded as a degraded race—their exclusion from full participation in the political privileges of their white fellows will have the effect of inducing them to herd together; and as they will naturally seek a warm climate, the lands of which in servitude they tilled for their task masters will probably be selected for the production of sufficient food to satisfy the appetite of the lazy freeman.

Under these circumstances, the four millions will go on increasing and multiplying, in the words of the song,
"Because they've nothing else to do,"
until a formidable body shall exist, foreign to the class surrounding it, and treated as aliens and pariahs.

From such causes danger must some time or other ensue; and although we might extend our reflections on the subject to almost any length, yet we may sum them up with the advice to Brother Jonathan—
"He niger est, hanc tu, Romane caveto."

KING'S COUNTY.

WE regret to say that King's County is not progressing in a commercial point of view as much as we would desire. Its inhabitants are intelligent and industrious; many of them have fine farms; they raise large crops of our staple produce; yet, in some districts at least, they are not in better circumstances than they were fifteen or twenty years ago. This is due, in a great measure, to the want of facilities for exportation. As an instance of this, we may refer to the fact that, from St. Peter's to the East Point, a distance of some forty miles, there is not a single harbor of any kind. In consequence of this, the farmers are under the necessity of carting their produce, at great expense and loss of time, to Souris, Grand River and other distant places, where they seldom find a ready and remunerative market.

We believe, too, that King's County is treated very unfairly by the Government; for, whilst its inhabitants pay a proportionate share of the large amounts which are annually paid by the Island for Steam communication, they share in none of its advantages. The frequent intercourse by steam between Charlottetown and Summerside, and between these ports and Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the United States, has procured immense advantages for Queen's and Prince Counties, the farmers of which can at any time get the highest prices in cash for their surplus produce, horses, hogs, sheep, butter, eggs, fowls, and whatever else they have to dispose of. The natural result is, that with the exception of those affected by the odious rent system, the people are prosperous, and many of them becoming wealthy. Summerside has, in a few years, sprung up, as if by magic, to the dimensions of a respectable town, in consequence of the impetus thus given to trade and commerce. In many parts of King's County, on the contrary, business is in a languishing condition; little or no cash can be had for produce or stock of any kind; industry receives no encouragement; many of the young men have left, and are still leaving for the United States, and the resources of the country are neglected. We hope that this state of affairs will not continue long. With a view to a change for the better, we would suggest that Steam communication be established next Summer, between Souris, Georgetown, Murray Harbor and Charlottetown, and that the American line of Steamers now plying between this port and Boston should receive a subsidy on the condition that they call on their route at the three first mentioned ports. Let the people, through their representatives in the Legislature, place the matter before the Government for their consideration, and we have reason to hope that they will, before long, receive a fair share of justice. Should our suggestion be acted on, cash markets will be established in King's County; the wretched credit system, which there obtains to a very great extent, will be much lessened, if not altogether superseded; various branches of industry will be fostered and encouraged; merchants and their customers will receive immense benefit from the change, and the entire population will be more prosperous, and will be able to vie in wealth and influence with their more fortunate fellow-citizens of the other two Counties.

ONE OF THE ASPECTS OF THE AGE.

"Let Observation, with extended view,
Survey unawaken'd from China to Peru,"

and what, at the present time, will be found more strikingly observable than the effects which are being made, by the several peoples, or their rulers, for the effecting of a change in the nature or forms of their governments and customs? In China, in Japan, in Persia, in India, in Abyssinia, Algeria, Morocco, and Madagascar, in Russia, Prussia, Italy and Spain, in the Old—and in Mexico and the United States, in Brazil, La Plata, Chili and Peru, in the New World—the work of political reconstruction and emancipation of peoples is going on. The most oppressed of the families of men and of the nations of the earth, appear suddenly and simultaneously to have awakened to a knowledge of their rights as men, and to be fully determined to assert and vindicate their natural freedom. And even among the more favored of the peoples—among those whose forms of government have been the least oppressive and the most propitious to liberty, attempts are being made for giving to the peoples a greater control over their governments, and enabling them more effectually to check and guard against the abuses of power. And, be it gladly and gratefully observed, all the national revolutions now in progress, and all the governmental reforms now being agitated, of which we have any knowledge, appear to have for their objects the true elevation of man, the placing of "imperial justice at the helm," and the dissolving for ever of the slavish dream—

"That tolling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have raised."

Yes, all the nations of the earth shall yet be free. The most striking aspect of the age is that nations are being born anew; that tyranny and oppression are beginning to cease upon the earth; and in these signs of the times, renewed assurances are being given unto men, that "God shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Yes, the signs of the times are such as to give us good grounds to hope that the time is fast approaching when the monarchs of the earth shall see and acknowledge the beauty and excellence of justice; and shall glory more therein than in being "called the takers of cities, the thunder-bolts of war, victors and conquerors."

The late Italian revolution is the most startling event of the times; and, in the new kingdom which has arisen, out of it we have beheld the miracle of a nation