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.

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Literature.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SUNSET.

Sunset o'er the crowded city,
Lighting up each gilded spire:
Gleam and glow the western windows,
With the day's departing fire—
Leaps the flame each cloud that cradles
Near the monarch's funeral pyre.

Far beyond the azure zenith,
High the floods of glory rolled—
Waves of crimson radiance breaking
In a sea of molten gold;
Deep'ning glowing with the ardour
Of a splendour yet untold.

Little children toss their ringlets,
Raise their wide and wondering eyes,
Clap their hands in exultation,
Laugh in innocent surprise—
All their life-long rainbows blended
In one glory of the skies!

Aching brows, on restless pillows
Tossed, and comfortless by pain,
Turn, with eager, wistful longings
To the earth and sky again;
For that streaming splendour tells them
Life and strength were not in vain.

Weary women raise their lashes—
Put aside their toil and care—
Lean from out the chamber windows,
Gaspingly to breathe a prayer—
"Oh! to walk with uprised foreheads
Through those amber folds of air."

Pallid men at desk and ledger,
Toiling through the livelong day,
Homeward bound, catch rosy freshness
From the sunset's deep'ning ray:
Hope was born of golden ether—
Heaven seems not so far away.

Every pining heart thus gladden'd
With the message sunset bore;
Faith rekindles in the bosoms
That were desolate before;
Through those rifted mists are gleaming
Lights from the eternal shore.

Paler now, die fast the splendours,
Showing how earth's brightest things
Soonest fade—but thirsting mortals
Drank the light from living springs;
Oh the burdens had grown lighter
When the angels furled their wings!

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

Some few years ago I happened to be wind-bound in the port of L———. A furious westerly gale had set in at the full of the moon, and raged with a violence which can be appreciated only by those "who go down to the sea in ships," and "behold the wonders of the deep."

Right heartily did our hardy crew enjoy the shelter of that quaint old haven; grouped around their cheerful, cosy forecastle, the caboose giving forth a merry, homely, social blaze, they yarned away of by-gone dangers and hair-breadth escapes, which caused the older seamen to shape their heads in grave attention of the narrators' truth, and the green boys to listen with open-mouthed wonder, thinking, and perchance hoping, that the day might come when they too should be enabled to relate similar wonders of maritime adventure.

The hurricane whistled wildly through the rigging; great sheets of surge, beaten into foam-froth over the rough breastwork of rocks under whose shelter we lay, were whirled aloft through the spars, showing against the black scud that careered above, like clouds of snowdrift flying through the pines on a dark mountain side.

From boyhood I have been a lover of Nature, in calm and in storm, in smiling peacefulness and dire wrath; by land and by sea have I studied her beauties; but of all the scenes I love to dwell upon is that of the sea, when lashed into wild fury by the roaring tempest.

Such a scene had I now before me: in the bottom, or rather, as a sailor would call it, the "bight" of a deep bay, lay the little haven of L——, securely sheltered by a massive breakwater of granite rock; on the right, as you looked seaward, the margin was defined by rugged precipices and outlying cliffs, whilst the left hand side was bounded by a chain of lofty mountains; obliquely up this bay was now raging a south-westerly gale, hurling the giant waves of the broad Atlantic into confused masses of foaming broken water; ever and anon tremendous squalls would sweep down the hill sides with resistless force, marking their paths by dense masses of smoke-like mist torn from the mighty surges that rolled along in solemn grandeur, until broken by crag and cliff and solid rock wall, they roared a dull great roar of impotent rage, as though they would shake earth's foundations, and open a passage to the ravening waters. Turning from the fierce battle of the elements that raged without, the peaceful security of the well sheltered little harbour, our own good little ship looking so neat and trim, as if hugging herself in the enjoyment of such good quarters, the merry voices and jocund laugh that occasionally resounded from her decks, formed such a picture of war and peace, that being lost in silent contemplation, I was not aware of a companion until a light touch upon the arm, and the gruff tones of our tough old pilot, Murtagh Moriarty, smote upon my ear.

"Hardy weather, hardy weather, yer honor," exclaimed Murtagh, ducking his head as he spoke, to avoid a sheet of foam that arched over the rocky parapet.

"Ay, ay, pilot; for the poor fellows outside, it's rough and wild work indeed!"

"Troth, id just is what yer honer says,—wicked, wild, cruel work; and shure id make one's heart bleed for thim poor coasthers that's sint to say in sich wild winthery weather, an' wid vessels ill-found, wid ropes as ould and as rotten as baybands; short manned, too, the way they may bring long profits to their naygur-hearted owners; ay, in troth, yer honor, many is the brave-hearted stout sayman that has had to gve in whin human nathur couldn't stand agin hardships that id break a frame uv iron; an', eh Lord a mercy, sir dear! isn't id cruel wringin' to a sthrong man's sperit, when he finds himself in the pride uv his prime, an' health and stringth, sowld may be to save a few fathoms uv rope or a few feet uv new plank; an' hurryin' on in the broad light uv day agin the tall cliffs that stan' up like a tombstone forninst him, wid his white shroud bilin' up an' roarin' all roun' him!"

"Sail ho! a sail, Misthur Moriarty! A sail, Murtagh jewel!" exclaimed two or three fishermen who had joined us.

We peered anxiously to seaward, and in the intervals of the drift and mist, just under the lofty cliffs, and almost within the broad belt of snowy breakers that foamed at their base, was a gallant ship under close-reefed topsails and courses, staggering under the pressure of the latter, as if carried on with a reckless desperation akin to despair, in order to extricate her from the fearful position into which over confidence or the thick haze of rain and surge had betrayed her.

"God be marciful! Bud by the livin'——"

Whatever else the old pilot would have said died upon his lips; a mighty wall of waters came rolling down upon the hapless bark just as she was about to clear the point of greatest danger; for a moment she wavered on her course, as though her helmsman was paralysed at the appalling peril; it was, however, for a moment only; again she lay over to the hurricane squall, until all her broad decks were visible; there was a great sheet of hissing surge boiling out from under her lee bow, which showed the tremendous velocity with which her desperate crew were forcing her through the broken water; gallantly, coolly, and with stern resolve she was held on that fearful course, as if gathering up her speed and her strength for the last great struggle to escape destruction. Already was the towering mass upon her, another moment and she would be rolled broadside on into that seething caldron, a mass of riven planks and timbers, the chaos of despair, of death! We held our breaths in torturing anticipation of what was to follow; already the cry of the strong swimmers in their agony seemed resounding in our ears; no mortal hand could help, no human aid could reach them. Suddenly her helm was put down; as she came up in the wind the thunder of her shivering canvas sounded like the knell of doom; she lifted buoyantly to the giant sea, rose upon its advancing crest, as if with the last great effort of exhausted strength, burst through the curling ridge of white foam, and, falling off on the other tack, disappeared from our fevered gaze in a column of spray-smoke and rain-mist.

"Bravely done! Bravely and well done!" shouted old Moriarty, in intense excitement. "Ay—ay—by my sowl, the child that sails her is no chicken! He knows every shtick in her timbers, too, or he'd never thry such a divil's thrick as that wid her. If a rope yarn failed him, his sperit id be on the road to glory now. The Lord be praised for his marcy in sparin' thim! Id's down on ther knees they ought to be this blessed minit!"

"Th'er no sthrangers here any how, Murtagh!"

"Thrue for you, Billy Duncan, alanna, ay, indeed, that th'er not; here she comes now, squared away afore the wind; but my ould eyes are so mildewed wid the say dhrift, that I can't make out what she is at all!"

"Whisht, boys, whisht! Spake aisy, can't you? Ye'll know what she is now. Don't ye see who's comin' along the pier?"

All eyes were turned from the rapidly approaching vessel, in the direction indicated by the speaker. A tall and stately looking female was striding along the rugged causeway, heedless alike of the furious tempest or the pitiless pellings of rain and spray. She was clothed in garments of rusty black, which barely sufficed to cover her poor weak frame, much less to protect her from the inclemency of the elements. In the hard-drawn lines of her aged and care-worn features could be traced the vestiges of early and wondrous beauty—the wreck of one of earth's fairest flowers. A look of patient suffering strangely contrasted with the expression of her bright dark eyes, from which a baleful, a most ferocious, fire gleamed fitfully. Her hands were clasped with feverish energy, as if in earnest, ceaseless supplication: her gaze wandered not: it was fixed upon the approaching ship. She moved through pointed rocks, and across yawning chasms, like a being of another world. Ever and anon her lips moved, as if in prayer, yet she spoke to none, nor seemed to be aware of the presence of a human being. The moment she gained the lighthouse platform she knelt at its margin, lonely, sad, and wierd looking, swaying her body backwards and forwards, her hands raised in prayer. Her voice now rose in incoherent murmurings, and anon died away; but the same intensely vengeful light gleamed ever from her eyes.

"Letty Blair, God help her!" exclaimed old Murtagh. "If I was Black Will Gardiner, I'd sooner my bones were washing under yon cliffs than face such a welkin as this afther every vyage!"

"For Heaven's sake, Murtagh! what is the meaning of all this? Surely the poor creature must be mad: she will die from such exposure. Let us remove her to shelter and warmth."

"Hist, yer honour, hist! it's poor Letty Blair. She's goin' to curse Black Will Gardiner, the skipper of the *Gipsy Bride*."

Meanwhile, the vessel which had caused all this excitement had drawn nigh, and her bowsprit now appeared as she rounded the pier end, in such close proximity that a man might have stepped on to her bulwarks. Usually, when a vessel returns to her port after a voyage, there are those at hand to give the tempest-tossed mariners a cheery welcome home. Some few stragglers had joined us, but, save an odd cry of recognition, her dripping and startled-looking crew were grouped forward in sullen silence: no joyous outburst welcomed the wanderers of the deep; no triumphant cheer acknowledged the gallant battle for life that had been fought and won. No: a deep and ominous gloom appeared to hang over the ship and her crew. At this moment the appearance and movements of the captain of the *Gipsy Bride* arrested my attention. He was a man in the prime of life, of colossal stature, powerful and athletic frame, but withal of a stern, gloomy, and forbidding aspect; and if ever the face of man gave index of the mind, his might be read without envy. His swarthy features were convulsed in a manner fearful to behold: hatred, rage, fear, despair, all the evil passions which crime entails upon its followers, reigned in turn: the veins upon his forehead stood out like knotted rope yarns; his powerful grasp clutched at everything within reach as though he fevered to grapple with a deadly foe. The struggle for mastery over his feelings was terrible. The short quick walk along the quarter deck ceased the moment he caught sight of that kneeling woman. He stood glaring like some ferocious beast about to spring upon his prey. A howl of torture—the pent-up cry of racking mental agony—burst from his lips. It increased into a half-shriek, half-roar. His hand shook like a man's with ague, as pointing to the form which bent over him from the rocky platform, like that of an avenging angel, with a burst of fearful imprecations, he thundered forth:

"Eternal fires! will no one strike that old hag from my sight!"

It was a solemn sight, accompanied by fearful sounds! That ship and her crew just gliding into the safe and sheltered haven, escaped as by a marvel of Providence from a horrible death, and instead of voices upraised in glad thanksgiving for mercy vouchsafed, to hear that awful shout of ribald blasphemy rising high above the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind! And then that weird-looking kneeling woman, wrapped in her graveyard garments of woe, muttering forth incoherent ejaculations, in which invocations of Heaven's wrath were strangely mingled with supplications for mercy! The visitation that destroyeth the body and the soul was prayed for in the same breath as the exemption of the innocent from the doom of the guilty! By the night or by the day, in the calm or in the storm, by the land or by the sea, sleeping or waking, in health or in sickness, that "the worm which dieth not, and the fire that is never quenched," might prey upon the spirit, blast the hope, wither the strong frame, and dry up the life's blood of William Gardiner—the outcast of God and of man!

The close of that eventful day saw the storm unabated, the good ship the *Gipsy Bride* safely moored, her captain bestowed wherever his evil spirit could best find a resting-place; the mysterious visitant of the pier, I trust, where her broken heart and fevered mind were lulled into forgetfulness of the terrible past, and myself awaiting the pilot and his promised yarn; at length, having satisfied his craving for a pipe of Maryland, he made his appearance aft.

"I'm thinking yer honour is aiger to hear the story of poor Letty Lorimer?"

"Perhaps, Murtagh, your memory, like an old hat, would be refreshed by damping!" handing him as I spoke a stiff compound of Admiral Vernon's favourite mixture.

"Ough-ah!" coughed the old pilot, making the cabin to resound again, "bedad, its curious yer honer, that two of uz should be thinking the same thing!"

"Now, then, pilot!" I exclaimed, "to develope this mystery that has puzzled me all day."

"Ay, yer honer. It's now many a long year since ould Clement Lorimer was a big man, an' a strong shipowner in this same port of L——. He owned ships that wint to a great many places beyant the say, an' his word was as good as another man's bond. Well, Clement had a daughter, the poor wake craythur yer honer seen to-day, an' och! weary me! ids myself that remimbers poor Letty Lorimer, the purtiest Colleen Dhas that ever tossed a spidthers-web from a grass-brake on a May mornin', an' becoorse all the gay young chaps about these parts used to be cocking their caubeens at her, but Letty id have none of 'em; she was grand-like in her idayies, an' was given to readin' about great men that wint across the says, an' med great fortins. Well, there were two apprentices sint to ould Clement—the sons of marchints he used to have dalins wid—one was a fine dashin' young Scotchman, none uv yer hard-lined, skin-the-cat sort of chaps, bud a great, big-hearted, jovial chap; och! shure, they said he was descinded from the great King Robert the Bruce; anyhow no matther who was at the beginning of him, he was a raale fine, handsome, slashin' sailor, an' no two ways about him; to'ther fellow, they said, was a side wind from Spain, bud he'd an English name at all events, an' was a great big-limbed, dark-lookin' customer,—morose and self-given like,—nobody farcied him, but bonny Donald Blair was in everybody's mouth; an' the way he'd dance the reel of Tullogorum, an' sing the Laird o' Co'pen, bedad it id bring the tears into yer eyes wid fair delight. William Gardiner was ould Lorimer's favourite, at all events; whether his people had more money nor Donald's nobody knew rightly, bud people said that Letty was to be married to him whin he was out ov his time. Ther's always two voices to a bargain, and although Letty wasn't much consulted at first, bedad she wus daytermined she'd have her own way; so the very day Donald Blair was out uv *his* time the two uv them sets off an' gets married hard an' fast, an' may-be there wasn't the devil's own rookaun about it; however, Clement, sinsible like, med the best uv the bargain his daughter got, an' had them home, an' daycently married, an' a powerful jollification ther' was; everybody got dhrunk uv coorse, for Donald was such a favourite that nobody envied him but one, that one was Will Gardiner; next or near the weddin' he never kem, but was black and sulky as a chained bear. I'm told t'was dhreadful to hear the oaths he swore about the revenge he'd take on Donald Blair.

"Clement Lorimer, to make up wid him like, gev him the command uv one uv his best ships, an' to show that there was no ill-will betwixt nor between them, he sent Donald Blair out as chief mate; she was as fine a barque as ever yer honer clapped eyes on, oh! a raale beauty, called the *Carlo Zeno*; that was a woful vyage for Donald, poor, light-hearted, gay, Donald Blair, he never kem back; he was logged as washed overboard in a squall off the Great Piton Rocks, near the island of Saint Lucia; there was whisperins uv foul play, but Will Gardiner challenged 'em all, an' as the log was found all square, an' the crew spoke up, why there the thing ended.

"Not wid poor Letty, though; the poor craythur! she never lifted her head from that day; an' the poor ould masther, too, wid all Donald's wild ways was fond uv him, for who wouldn't; the poor lad was as honest an' open-hearted as the light uv day, only fond uv his joke, an' his divarshun, small blame to him, ids a sorry sowl that goes through the world without rubbing a few bright spots in id.

"In the coorse of time the widow Blair became a mother; an' if ever the dead came to life again the father did in that boy, only he had the mother's beauty an' all her winnin' ways to the back of all poor Donald's dash an' bravery; he grew fast, an' ould Clement began to regard him as the apple uv his eye, couldn't bear him out uv his sight for a minit; bud the dark times wor at hand, things began to go cross wid the poor ould masther,—first one ship was wracked, thin another, until, at last, the only one he had left was the *Carlo Zeno*.

"Well, the time time kem when something must be done wid young Donald—he'd no longer his grandfather to look to, so bedad the heritage uv his poor drowned father was bestowed upon him—and he was sint to sarve out his time wid Will Gardiner: oh! but that was a sorry partin', for Clement Lorimer had parted wid his last child to him, an' in sending his darlin' grandson wid him id seemed like a last hope that he'd bring back the fortune that was gone. Many, many was the requests he made uv Will that he'd behave to his poor boy, and do by him what he had done for Will Gardiner to make him an honest sailor, and a Christian man. That same night Black Will, as we have always called him, had a long talk with Mrs. Blair, and he asked her the question that had been the aim and object of his life; he asked her to be his wife, and to forget all she had ever loved as only a woman can love—once; but he spoke uv him that was dead and gone, of the man with whom he'd broken the same bread, and drunk the same cup as a ne'er-do-well that deserved to be forgotten; little knowin', the black-hearted villian! the woman he had to dale with. Oh, my jewel! it was Letty that up and gev him her mind, and he left her that night wid the scowl upon his brow and the curse upon his lips.

"More nor a year passed away, and still no news uv the *Carlo Zeno*. The poor mother was well nigh disthracted, and as for ould Clement, he was fairly beside himself. At last, one fine day, who should come back, as if the finger uv Fate was on him, but Black Will himself, and nobody else wid the exception uv Art Sullivan, a very ould man, who was carpenter uv the ship; she had foundered at say—the crew escaped on a raft; but, afther days uv awful sufferin', the only two that were picked off that fatal raft was himself and the carpenter.

"The measure of poor Clement Lorimer's bitterness was now full; he had seen ships and money and everything pass away from him, and now the only being that bound him to earth, that his poor old wearied heart clung to, the fair golden-haired laughin' boy, whose presence was like sunshine to him, and whose life was wrapt up in his own, he was gone too, and all the world was black and dreary to him. He longed for rest, the rest that knows no brakin' till the last day comes, and the poor broken-hearted sowl was not long findin' it. We laid him in his last resin'-place, and all that remained uv the once great ship-master was a narrow grave and a plain little headstone; and poor Letty was left in solitary widowhood to mourn the days that wor past—too happy to be lastin' and too fleetin' to be true.

"The little that was left her she spent in charity and preparin' herself for the home where those she loved best had gone before her.

"Well, yer honer, one night Letty was tou'd that a dyin' man wanted to make his perce wid the world, and that he should see her.

"'Do you know me?' says he to her whin she wint into the wretched cabin, where he was lyin' on a lock uv sthraw.

"'You're Art Sullivan!' says she, 'a faithful servant of my poor father's.'

"'Ay, God help me, Miss Letty!' says he; 'I was once honest, an' had a clear conscience, bud for that black villain Will Gardiner!' says he.

"'What about him? What of him?' says she. 'Oh! Art Sullivan, asthore machree! if you know anything of my poor lost boy—as you are now about to appear before your Judge—tell me!'

"'Listen, my poor colleen!' says he. 'Listen—'twas for that I sint for you. Whin we escaped on the raft young Donald was safe and sound, and so wor all the crew, but we had days and nights of awful sufferin'—hunger and thirst and the killin' heat by day soon sent most uv thim mad, and they jumped into the say, where the sharks made short work of thim, and the rest died uv fair starvation. At last, none wor left but Will Gardiner, myself, and young Donald Blair. Oh! but he was a brave fine boy! he kept our spirits goin', day by day, and bid us cheer up, although the poor darlin's bones wor' peepin' thro' his skin. That terrible man had a little store of rum and biscuit, for I kept my eye on him night and day, and when he knew I had discovered him, he gave me a taste now and then, but never a morsel nor a sup would he give the brave child that was dyin' before his face. I took it, and I tried to make the little Donald swallow some; but no, he had the spirit of a lion. "No!" he used to whisper, and his little eyes would flash, "What the black rascal would not give to the poor men that's gone shall never pass my lips!" It was a just rebuke to myself, a big man, to hear that from the lips of a child; but I was wake and feeble, and the great black thief was sthrong thro' his own cowardly selfishness—so, what could I do? When a man is driven to death by inches, he craves for life more than ever—pride, manliness, everything is wake in him; but that boy was a hero, if ever there was one born. At last the day came that all was gone; another and another followed, and Black Will Gardiner stooped over me and whispered a horrid temptation, for says he, 'if we can only prolong life a couple of days more, we'll be sure to fall in wid some of the homeward-bounders!' My blood curdled at his words; but as the day wore on, and no signs of a sail, he spoke to me again; but I swore at him, and he swore at and cursed me, and called me a drivellin' old fool to cant about mercy to a worthless brat. I wondther now he did not throw me overboard, but the coward was afraid of his conscience—he feared being alone. At last, he spoke out bold, and said the time was come we should draw lots for life, one must die to keep the others alive. The lots were drawn, and, God forgive him and me! *the lots were drawn falsely*, and poor little Donald—Oh! God shield that sight from my memory!—there was that arch-demon struggling wid that poor small child. I screamed; I tried to rise and help and save him; but no, I was feebler than he was, and at last the blow was struck; ay, God forgive him, that man-devil! he murdered poor little Donald—he drank of his blood and he eat of his flesh, and he forced it upon me, too, and bound me by fearful oaths never to reveal what I do now, but I could not die aisy. Oh, mercy! mercy, Miss Letty! I am goin' I am—' The wild cry alone answered, the spirit of the old man had fled, and with it the senses of poor Letty Blair."

"And is it possible, Murtagh?" I exclaimed, "that nothing has ever been done about this?"

"'God bless yer honor!' said the old man, 'what could we do?' Letty told me the story herself in a few odd clear moments she had after the first shock passed away, bud then she got worse than ever. Our only witness was dead, and who would take a man's life on the word of a poor crazed woman? Bud his day will come, yer honor—sooner or later! The finger is on him, sure an' fixed! He tried sailin' from other ports, bud he always comes back to this. Bud tell me, yer honor,' said the old man with intense eagerness, 'do you believe in the appearance of sperits from the other wor'd?'"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because poor Letty often wandthers by the sayside, and says that she is talking to little Donald; and thin she kneels down beside old Clement's grave and whispers to him to be of good cheer, that little Donald is comin' to him, and that she is comin' too, but that she must wait for Will Gardiner; and, sure enough, when we see her doin' this, we all know he is not far off; and let it be by day or by night that he comes back, there she kneels upon that platform of rock—the first that he sees whin he comes, and the last whin he goes away. God forgive her poor wanderin' broken sperit, it's not Christian-like, but shure she knows no better—she asks for her poor lost son—once the pride of the hart that shall never bloom again, the light of the eyes that shall never sparkle more but in madness. Terrible will be the fate of the man that wrongs the widowed and the fatherless!"

The old pilot ceased, and I shall do the same, good reader. I tell you the tale as it was told to me: and, for aught I know, the poor maniac mother may still frequent the little pier of L——, and Black Will Gardiner may still be prosperous; but, as sure as the old pilot said it, his day will come.

I need hardly say that the names I have introduced are not the real ones.

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and rippies the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So, goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things, we are assured of its existence.

Correspondence.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE ON THE LAND QUESTION.

For the Examiner.

To the Editor—Sir—It appears from the *Examiner* of the 17th inst., that the *Islander* recommends the tenantry to appoint advocates to plead their cause before the Land Commission? Another writer, some time ago, said, there ought to be a Court of Inquiry to investigate the titles before it went to the Commission? There are many ways tried to deceive the tenantry, and these are some of them.

In the year 1835, when the House of Assembly was composed of eighteen members, a Committee of seven were appointed to inquire into the titles, and they reported that the conditions had not been performed, consequently the grants are forfeited. The forfeiture is not denied; but the House of Assembly are not a Court to *decide* on such matters, and they recommended the titles to be tried in a Court of Escheat; for when a Jury, constituted to inquire into titles, find a forfeiture, the Crown becomes the proprietor, to protect every occupant in possession of his land, until arrangements for a just and equitable settlement take place. But the Crown could not authorise a *Court of Enquiry* to find a forfeiture, which would extinguish titles, and throw property into confusion without the *right* to protect the inhabitants; but it answers the purpose of the landholders to put the people on the wrong track to ask for what the Crown cannot grant. A refusal to appoint a *Court of Enquiry*, is not a refusal to appoint a Court of Escheat, when it is intended to make a destinction. The greatest objections which Ministers could have to an Escheat is this: they could not trust to any party here who might have the Government, to protect and settle the inhabitants in a manner which would be likely to give general satisfaction, because the leading men are interested or influenced on one side or the other; and, therefore, a satisfactory settlement can be expected *only* from a Commission of disinterested men.

It may suit the landholders for the *Islander* to try and make the tenants believe that the Commission has no power to interfere with titles or the Fishery Reserves; but the people should be better informed. The case which was sent home to the Colonial Minister, to be referred to arbitration, was accompanied with instructions. The *case* was fully admitted, but the instructions were condemned; and that case which was to be referred to the Commission is in these words: "Whereas *certain questions, arising out of the original grants* of the lands of this Island, severally called *the Escheat Question, the Fishery Reserve Question*, and *Quit Rent Question*, had for many years unsettled the minds of the inhabitants," and to settle these three *certain* questions, the Commissioners require no advocate from the tenants—*the whole evidence is contained in the original grants*, to which the Commissioners have to refer. The Colonial Minister had no objections to submit these questions to the Commission, but he objected to the instructions which proposed an arrangement to be made between proprietors and tenants, and declared that he could not recommend it to Her Majesty, to refer the case to arbitration, unless the "Commission are at liberty to propose any measures which they themselves may judge desirable."

Each party have their representative in the Commission. The Crown, the proprietors and the tenants, and therefore require no advocate. But if the Commission require information, they will have authority to ask for it in a proper manner. Yet, as it is rumoured that some of the tenants have had to give notes of hand for arrears of rent, or securities for the price of land, it would be right the Commission should be informed of it.

Now, allow me to repeat again, to warn the tenantry that the present Colonial Minister is the most powerful advocate the tenants ever had; for he would not agree to the Commission unless the arbitrators were left to their own discretion; and therefore the Governor in Council *had to withdraw their proposal for making an arrangement between landlords and tenants*; and the advice of the *Islander* for the tenants to appoint advocates is not supported by the Minister's instructions, nor by any other authority, and could only serve to entangle the tenantry. If it were as true, *as I believe it is false*, that the Commission is sent here to *bind the tenants to the landholders*, the award could be set aside as unjust; but if the tenants were to send advocates to make proposals to the Commission, whatever wrong such advocates might advise would be imputed to the tenants as of their own seeking.

The arbitrators will have their authority from the Queen in Council, and their award will have to be returned to that tribunal for the Royal assent; and I believe it wil be just and equitable if the arbitrators are left to themselves.

Wm. COOPER.

Sailor's Hope, July 24, 1860.

RULE AND MISRULE OF THE PRESENT MINISTRY.

No: 3.

For the Examiner.

Mr. Editor;—

"To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight."

When I began these letters, it was my intention to lay before the public eye those objectionable acts which were committed by the present Ministry shortly after the assumption of the reins of Government. The act which was passed last winter, intituled "An Act relating to the Recovery of Small Debts, and to repeal certain Acts therein mentioned," is such a high-handed and uncalled for measure, affording the Government such an excellent opportunity of placing their own creatures in office and displacing men of moral worth, long experience, and excellent qualifications, that I am prompted to say something respecting it here, although rather out of place.

When Mr. Coles was at the head of the Government, we would every now and then read of a new appointment in some portion of the Island—where required. But our present rulers could not content themselves with this mode of procedure. They enact a Bill which has the power of sweeping all—*holus bolus*—for no other crime than that the majority of them profess liberal principles. The *Islander* of a late date contained a batch of Commissioners for the Recovery of Small Debts, which reminded one of an Auctioneer's catalogue. Still, the Government and its supporters will cry vengeance against the late Government for the unpardonable crime of putting a few liberal gentlemen into office! Does this not remind one of the Devil reproving sinners? No doubt the Government will boast of the great overturning! But at the next election they will find—notwithstanding their many official supporters throughout the country—that they have carried their chins rather high, and will be apt to walk into the gutter. There each and every one of them will be hauled up and catechised like as many converted heathens. The cry of vote by Ballot, Elective Legislative Councils, Land Commissions, Public Printing to tender, Bible in the Schools, or the exclusion of members from office, will not suffice. [illegible] them about as much to whistle jigs to a mill-stone [illegible] to preach such things to us at the next general election.

Before I point out any more of the misdeeds of the present Government, I purpose to say a few words on Property Qualification. It may be rather out of place here; but as it is well known that many of our legislators are opposed to the Elective Franchise, and have done all in their power to prevent the passage of the law securing that privilege, it behoves me to express an opinion. But a few days ago, one of our Government members argued publicly that it is the height of injustice for an individual to have a vote when he has no property.

I am opposed to monoply in all its varied forms, and believe when man is placed on this earth he should be allowed to exercise the talent with which he is endowed, for his own benefit and the benefit of our race, untrammelled by artificial distinctions. I consider the law which renders a property qualification necessary for a legislator to be not only unnecessary, in poor communities like this, but injurious in its operation. I believe in the principle of every person having a voice in making the laws of his country, whilst he is governed and subjected to these laws. If this is not the case, the Government which tolerates the evil is neither a free nor just one. I would ask some one to solve the question of Property Qualification propounded by Franklin in the story of the man and the donkey, which runs in substance as follows: A few pounds entitles a man to a vote. A man owns a donkey, valued at that amount—he votes, and is legally entitled to vote—the donkey dies—he is legally disqualified and cannot vote. Now, the question is, who was in reality the voter, the man or the donkey? Unquestionably it was the donkey. This argument holds good with respect to all kinds of property qualification. Instead of being the representatives of rational beings, they are often the representatives of the dumb creation, or of some miserable swamps called farms.

I would ask men of intelligence if the few abuses to which I have here briefly alluded are not sufficient to convince the most sceptical, that intellect and knowledge in legislation and rulers is not more requisite than pence in the pocket or land in the bush to qualify them for a faithful discharge of public duties? So long, then, as labor is the support of Government, and Government the security of life and property, all should have a voice in selecting men of sound sense and good judgment to frame and execute laws founded on liberty and justice.

In closing this letter, let me enquire, are we always to be the dupes of designing political demagogues? Are we always to be represented by the aristocracy of our capital, by proprietors and the sons of proprietors, by land agents and understrappers, who infest the country, and by the office-bound, hydra-headed creatures who swarm the Island, equal to the weavel of late years? I hope not, I trust experience, combined with common sense, may teach the poor, the drudging, the tenantry of P. E. Island to return men of their own stamp—men that can be relied upon possessing both talent and energy, and from whose active co-operation much good will be the inevitable result. The day is not far distant when the hood-winked, and down-trodden electors of this Colony shall arise in the fulness of their power, and with one mighty struggle will burst asunder the iron fetter that now nails them within its grasp.

Unceasingly thine,

AURORA.

Queen's County, July, 1860.

PUBLIC MEETING.

At a meeting of the Tenantry on the Northern section of Lot 22, held on the 26th instant, to take into consideration the necessary steps to have their interests represented in the forthcoming Land Commission, it was unanimously

1. *Resolved*, That this meeting highly approve of the action taken by the House of Assembly on the suggestion of the Imperial Government, with respect to the appointment of the Land Commission, and this meeting rejoices in the prospect of the speedy, equitable and satisfactory settlement of this long vexed question.

2. *Resolved*, That a Committee of seven be appointed to correspond with the Tenants on the other portions of the Hon. Lawrence Sullivan's Estate, and to manage the business generally.

The following persons were appointed:—Robert Simpson, Lawrence Hogan, Joseph Doyle, John Simpson, John Hodgson, Henry Herrell, Alexander Simpson.

Resolved, That the Editors of the *Islander* and *Examiner* be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting in their respective papers.

By order of the meeting,

Robert Simpson, Chairman.

Hope River, Lot 22, July 30, 1860.