

For all alike were diligent and none
Had cause to trample on a fellow-man.

Nestled amid the fir and hardy birch,
Upon a calm and charming land-locked bay,
Was Charlottetown, the capital and port.
In summer at her docks were seen the ships
Of Merrie England, with their merchandise
From foreign lands to meet the modest wants
Of simple people. Other craft was there
Receiving, in return, the generous loads
Of produce to supply the pressing calls
Of those who lived in less productive lands.
There could be seen the hardy fisherman,
With weather-beaten brow and kindly eye,
Disposing of his various scaly wares.

Around the ever busy market place

The simple country people flocked each day :
Descendants of the Scotch or English race
Were most of them, with here and there a stray
Red Indian, of copper-coloured face,

Beside his squaw, papooses, and display
Of tubs and baskets spread for sale around ;
All smoking as they sat upon the ground.

Along the busy streets no selfish crowd,

With brutal rudeness or a thirst for gain,
Thrust weaker fellows from the way ; none proud

Or haughty strove, with glances, to disdain ;
There e'en the frailest had all claims allowed
And vanity was crushed, for few were vain.

Each seemed to aid the general harmony
And all their ways betokened charity.