

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.