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# THE BROAD-AXE.

*Cros Tyrinsque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

Vol. I.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Tuesday, April 11, 1871.

No. 6.



*"Hew to the Line, let the Chips fall where they may."*

### LITERARY.

The following passage from Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," is a beautiful piece of word-painting. It brings before the mind's eye, as vividly as one of Turner's sea pieces, the ocean and the storm, with their yeasty waste of waters, as well as the stout ship and her experienced mariners, battling bravely against them. The navigation is now open, and in this Island there are hundreds who follow seafaring as a means of livelihood. Some who "go down to the sea in ships" may have wondered, with Dickens, "whither go the clouds and the winds so eagerly?" but perhaps they never strove to embody their ideas in writing. Others may not have thought about the subject at all. Listen to the novelist, as he describes them:

"A dark and dreary night; people nestling in their beds or circling late about the fire. Want, colder than charity, shivering at the street corners; church towers humming with the faint vibrations of their own tongues, but newly resting from the ghostly preachment, 'One!' The earth covered with a sable pall, as for the burial of yesterday; the clump of dark trees, its grand plumes of funeral feathers, waving sadly to and fro; all hushed, all noiseless, and in deep repose, save the swift clouds that skim across the moon, and the cautious wind, as creeping after them upon the ground, it stops to listen, and goes rustling on, and stops again, and follows, like a savage upon the trail.

"Whither go the clouds and winds so eagerly? If, like guilty spirits, they repair to some dread conference with powers like themselves, in what wild region do the elements hold council, or where unbend in terrible disport?"

"Here! Free from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters.

Here, roaring, raging, shrieking, howling, all night long. Hither come the sounding voices from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sweeping a thousand miles away so quietly in the midst of angry waves; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other, until the sea, lashed into passion like their own, leaps up in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is whirling madness.

"On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space, roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not, for what is now the one, is now the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggle, ending in a spouting up of foam, whitens the black night; incessant change of place and form and hue; constancy in nothing but eternal strife; on, on, on, they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices of the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, 'a ship!'

"Onward she comes in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm voice in the air, and water cries more loudly yet, 'a ship!'

"Still she comes striving on, and at her boldness and the spreading cry the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look, and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on the deck can pierce the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and standing up and rushing forward from a far, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break; and round her surge and roar; and, giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger; still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull,

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and people there asleep, as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below."

#### THE RAILWAY DIVISION.

The majority by which the Railway Bill was carried in the House of Assembly, was larger, we believe, than even its warmest supporters anticipated. The Government whip was applied by the Premier and his Lieut. Mr. Howlan, with unsparring hands, and more than one member found himself voting against his conscientious opinions, which counselled moderation, and reasonable delay. When Mr. D. Davies consented, in deference to the wishes of a large majority of his constituents, as expressed in a petition presented to him, to sink his own personal opinions and to vote with the Government, the Bill was virtually carried. So long as he remained firm in his determination to allow the people time to consider and express their opinion upon, as he termed it, the "most momentous question that had ever come before the Legislature of the Colony," the Executive did not dare to bring down the Bill. When, however, he gave way, all chance of the people being consulted, disappeared. We do not think Mr. D. Davies has added anything to his reputation by the course he took upon this question. The position he occupied was a peculiar one. His experience and commercial reputation gave him, perhaps, greater weight than any other man on the floor of the House, and the people had a right to expect that, in a question of such magnitude and of such general interest, he would act as the representative, not only of the particular section that had returned him, but of the whole Colony. He knew that a large majority of the people wished for delay. He must have felt that forcing the Bill, with all its attendant liabilities and taxation upon the Colony, without consulting the people, was next thing to an outrage; and holding the opinions which he himself did upon the question, we cannot but think that his vote was a false step and a fatal mistake. It may have made him popular with the Railway Ring. It cannot fail to make him unpopular with the people. If he had not given way, we do not think Mr. Richards would have consented to vote as he did, and we are confident neither Duncan nor Cameron would have dared to record their votes against consulting the people. As for these two gentlemen, we freely say that while respecting a consistent supporter of the Government Railway policy, we entertain for the course they took, the most profound con-

tempt and disgust. Mr. Duncan is a member of the Government. He has not had the manliness to state in the House what his opinions really are. His constituents were opposed to the passing of a Railway Bill until the country had more information upon it, and he himself, if he had the courage to speak his own mind, was of the same opinion. But he dared not express that opinion. The Government whip was laid on, and the confession extorted from him that if *sixteen could be got to vote for the Bill, he would side with the majority.* What a noble position for a legislator to be placed in? How proud Belfast should be of its representative? The agony the man suffered, trying to work up the sixteen votes, was truly pitiable. Day by day he could be seen, like the Wandering Jew, travelling backward and forward from the government to the opposition benches, pumping and prying to get the magic sixteen, and like a man with an uneasy conscience, seeking rest and finding none; and when it came to the pinch, he actually skedaddled. The first division was taken and decided without his vote; but, after he had found *seventeen* had voted with the Government, and his seat in the Executive was safe, he might be seen, bold as a lion, siding with the majority. As for Mr. Cameron's conduct we cannot find words too strong to express our opinion of it. It combined the rare qualities of deceit and treachery, and gave rise to suspicions of no flattering character. Mr. Cameron, like others in the opposition, avowed himself to be in favor of a Railway, but stoutly contended that the Bill should not be thrust upon the people without their being first consulted, and without proper surveys of the proposed line being made and submitted to the House. He attended the opposition caucus held to consult about the Bill, and, as we are informed on the best authority, took a prominent part in moulding the amendment which Mr. Wightman afterwards moved. He, at that caucus, expressed his pleasure at the amendment meeting his views, and led his leader, and all the opposition to believe, that he would support it in the House. Two days afterwards he stood up in his place, and, without the slightest notice to his political associates, voted straight *against* the amendment he had helped to frame, and *for* the government Resolution. Such conduct as that we call *deceitful* and *treacherous*. It earned for him the applause of the government supporters outside of the Bar, who, in their enthusiasm over the result of the division, proclaimed Mr. Cameron the hero of the hour, and carried him to his lodgings in a chair. We believe the honest farmers of New London, Strathalbyn and Crapaud will look at his action in a very different light,

and give him a reception, more in accordance with his deserts, when he returns amongst them, —*if he ever does return*. Walpole said, every man had his price. If we were to insinuate that the saying was applicable to any individual in our House of Assembly, but more especially to Mr. Cameron, we might be included in the list of venal and corrupt newspapers, of which we have lately heard something. We won't insinuate it; we prefer to leave our friends to adopt their own opinions.

The manly and popular Speaker of the House, Mr. Yeo, voted against the Government. He spoke at the close of the debate, and was listened to with the most profound attention. He expressed his sorrow at being obliged, on so vital a question, to take sides against the party with which he had been associated, but confessed his inability to do violence to his conscientious opinions. All the opposition asked was, that the people should be allowed time to consider the measure, and as it was of such great and vital importance, he thought the request very reasonable and would vote accordingly. Dr. Robinson and Mr. Beer also went against the Government, the former giving a silent vote, and the latter expressing himself to the effect that his constituents were opposed to the immediate construction policy of the government, and as he was no advocate of "indecent haste," he felt bound to support the opposition amendment. These gentlemen deserve thanks for the course they took. It could not have been an easy matter for them to vote against the government, but the harder the task the more credit they deserve for fulfilling it. We feel assured their constituents will not forget that vote, and it will lose nothing from the fact that the threats of the government were as powerless as their *false* promises to swerve them from the path of duty.

Mr. Hooper, we are proud to say, could not be either cajoled or frightened into voting to deprive the people of their right to pronounce for or against the measure; and the independent Liberal from Souris (Mr. McLean) stood, as usual, on the side of the people. Mr. McEachen, as a member of the government, was, of course, obliged to support their policy; but, in order to, in some measure, justify his conduct with his constituents, required a pledge from the government that the line would be carried to Souris; and Mr. Reilly, following suite, stipulated that it should pass through St. Peter's. Of course the government gave the required pledge; they were in too tight a place to refuse anything, but the farce did not deceive anybody, either inside or outside of the bar. It was intended to blind the people of Souris

and St. Peter's, and may, perhaps, have that effect, but it did not make the slightest difference in the government calculations of the cost; and when the Resolution was carried, and Reilly and MacEachen had committed themselves, the Bill was brought down, providing for the building of a Railroad from Alberton to Georgetown, and leaving it to a subsequent government to make provision for a branch to Souris. This surprised no one, and displeased but few. The Island may manage to complete the line to Georgetown by submitting to heavy taxation and an enormous increase in its liabilities; and at some future day, in the dim vista of futurity, the line may be extended to Souris, but in the meantime we cannot afford it, and Mr. Reilly knows that as well as any one. However, he satisfied a very "easy" political conscience, and the means by which he did so was of small moment to the government.

The result of the division was received by the galleries and benches with the greatest enthusiasm, which found vent in three hearty cheers; but without wishing to see the rules of the House too strictly carried out in times of excitement, or on special occasions such as this, we do think that the loud and emphatic expressions of approval or disapproval which certain opinions received from those outside of the bar during the debate, but especially towards its close, were not calculated to add either to the dignity of the house or the independence of its members.

#### THE GOVERNMENT LOCOMOTIVE.

ON HIR that the government locomotive, condemned by two successive caucus commissions, having been improved by a new Pope & Howland double-acting high-pressure engine, and a new silver-mounted cow-catcher, Carvell's patent, started from Assembly terminus on Thursday last, and, pushing aside all obstacles, reached Legislative station the same evening,—that it will halt there till Tuesday, and in the meantime the cow-catcher will be superseded by one of Haviland & Hodgson's patent tenant-delegation, Lot-nineteen-for-sale snow ploughs, by means of which, at the signal of the *bell* being rung (the *howling* whistle having lost its power in that atmosphere) it is thought that it will uproot the *hawthorn*, cut the *gordian* knot in the *strongest* place, spill the *beer*, and *ding well* against the *boulderstone*, until it reaches *Muir's head* and the castle of Montgomery, clearing which, it will steam freely to Robinson station, where, if it does not meet with a *cleaver*, it will run clean past *Kildare* to the capes, scattering stamp impositions, land taxes, and high duties all over the country.



THE BROAD-AXE is for sale at A. MCKENZIE'S Confectioner, Queen Street, and H. A. HARVIE and D. LAIRD'S Book-stores; also, by the City Crier, O yes! O yes! At Georgetown, by N. Matheson, Esq.; and at Summerside, by Finlay McNeill, Esq. Single copies, 3d.; subscription, 5s., payable quarterly in advance.

Correspondence addressed to the Editor of the BROAD-AXE, through the Post Office, will receive due attention.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE POLITICAL J. P.

No. 2.

To the Editor of the BROAD-AXE:

Sir.—Your readers will remember that my former letter concluded with an allusion to the architectural defects of the new Court House at Georgetown, and to certain treatment I therein received during the late Hilary Term of the Supreme Court. Well! I resume. Being under the impression that his Honor—pardon me—his Lordship, the presiding judge on the circuit, would expect to see the magistracy of the county well represented at his court during that particular term, seeing that several criminal cases of unusually grave and weighty import were expected to come on for trial, I rose early on the second morning, and at once proceeded to the operation of shaving,—an operation, which, for several years past, I have found excessively tedious as well as painful, the implement I use being part of a legacy bequeathed to the undersigned by a deceased uncle. In using the term part, or portion, I speak advisedly, for, the razor in question has long been minus the handle; the blade, also, is afflicted with a chronic disorder to which I believe legal, editorial and legislative, as well as tonsorial cutlery are, in this Island, occasionally subject; its diagnosis and treatment are ably laid down by the bard of Twickenham, in his erudite medical treatise, the Dunciad, to which the foregoing classes of patients—(the Broad-Axe having a grindstone attached to

his establishment, being, of course, excepted)—are hereby referred. While on the subject of shaving, permit me, Sir, to offer a few brief observations on the magisterial, hirsute, facial, descending protuberance. The beard controversy, by which polite and learned circles were, for a long while, agitated, is now, for the most part, laid at rest; and although the ladies generally, including Mrs. O'Hara (that is to be), set their faces—to use a common expression—against beards, yet modern innovation, which “creeps along with silent tread,” has introduced and established the moustache, in its various modifications, and different degrees of latitude and longitude, from the uneven stubble that disfigures the upper lip of the plodding farmer, to the gracefully curved and softly flowing down that so picturesquely beautifies the visage of the youthful exquisite; or the fierce and shaggy mane that gives its peculiarly war-like and (lady) killing expression to the countenance of the more advanced and brave volunteer major. My own practice consists in shaving, or rather scraping, the chin, from the nether lip downwards, as bare as I can with the means and appliances at my command, and being a farmer by profession, I usually, in cold weather, tolerate a moderate stubble of three weeks growth, or so, on the upper border, to ensure that peculiar expression of feature commonly designated among the vulgar “a stiff upper lip.” For the guidance of civic rulers I present three brief postulates on this subject, to which I respectfully invite the attention of all whom it may concern.

First—A beard of moderate longitude, with or without an accompaniment, where the countenance is expressive of benevolence or intelligence, and the general deportment marked by common sense, is an ornament becoming either a magistrate or layman, although by no means indispensable.

Second—A beard eighteen or twenty inches in length, with corresponding moustache, inspiring the beholder with an idea of one of Haszard's brooms in its nascent (I mean uncorded) state, requires trimming with the “Broad-Axe.”

Third—In all cases where the elegant modern synonym “hatchet face” applies to the form or expression, the moustache is inadmissible, as under this head, the countenance, when the feelings become excited, assume a ferocious aspect, calculated to produce terror among clients in a rural court, and lead to suspicions, whether well or ill founded, of a judgment biased by passion.

Having completed the shaving process, during which the foregoing reflections, with various anathemas not here recorded, passed through my mind, and escaped my tortured lips, I undertook the remaining, and, as I vainly imagined, less dif-

fiault portion of that morning's toilet. You will admit, I presume, Sir, that an occasional change of linen is at all times desirable. In a court of justice a clean shirt becomes, in my opinion, not only an "admitted"—as our friend Currie, of the *Patriot*, in his allusion to the steam dredge, very cautiously "puts" the matter—but an imperative "necessity." Imagine, then, my surprise, when, instead of producing my "toga virilis" (vide Jonathan Oldbuck's learned dissertation on the male shirt in the antiquary); or, more apropos, toga magisterium; or, in plain English, the single linen shirt in which I appear at marriages and funerals, on grand juries, and all other solemn, gay, grand, or jovial occasions—my usual female attendant appeared, bearing in her hand a small, round pasteboard box, emblazoned on the bottom and round the edge with the trade mark and initials of Hatch, Johnstone & Co., Union Paper Collar Company, 52, White St., N. Y., and marked No. 14, A. Now Sir, of all the modern fantastic contrivances by which the baboons of fashion in these degenerate days endeavor to impose upon an always too credulous public, I hold these paper fandangoes in the highest contempt, whether composed exclusively of the more fragile material, or rendered still more deceptive in their appearance by being joined to a rag of the more orthodox linen fabric, it matters little. My indignation getting rather the mastery of my usually placid feelings, I ordered her, in a somewhat peremptory tone, to consign the specious, spherical monstrosity to the tomb of the Capulets, which signifies, in common domestic parlance, the kitchen stove, and bring me, without delay, the "toga viriles," aforesaid, which, I may here state, has been handed down through three successive generations, as an heir-loom in the O'Hara family, and has always been regarded as a necessary auxiliary in establishing our claim to respectability; the poor woman, who is not deeply versed in either ancient or modern classic lore, showed symptoms of alarm, and no wonder; my unusual excitement, coupled with the fact that I had scarred my chin (which now bled profusely) with the legacy razor, during the operation already described, the accident being occasioned by the abstraction produced during my hirsute reflections and labored definition of the magisterial postulata, gave my appearance, I have no doubt, an air well calculated to produce uneasiness. With faltering voice I was informed that the "toga" was not starched, that its fastening appliances were in a state of inefficiency; in short, that it was altogether unfit to grace his lordship's court. The situation, Sir, was becoming critical, matters were rapidly hastening to a climax; with a strong effort I controlled my rising,

or rather, already aroused anger, and sat down for some moments to review my position and decide regarding my future course of action; time pressed, I had a journey of some miles to accomplish; in an hour his honor (excuse me), his lordship would have ascended the bench, the members of the bar, in their professional robes, would have taken their seats within the rails, the grand jurors would occupy their places, the absence of at least the more prominent members of the County Magistracy would be noted, perhaps severely commented on by the presiding Judge, and here was I, Patrick O'Hara, Esquire, impatient to discharge the duty I owe my country, detained at home by circumstances over which I had no control; absolutely stuck fast between the horns of a dilemma, with no better alternative in prospect than, on the one hand a shoo-fly paper bandage, No. 14, liable to give way at the perforated extremities on the slightest exertion of physical force, or even mental excitement, causing more than an ordinary flow of blood to the head; and, on the other, an old, unstarched and buttonless rag of a linen shirt. My attendant, who evidently did not comprehend my allusion to the kitchen stove, still retained her hold of the hated pasteboard box. But, Sir, although I am not frequently in the habit of imbibing to excess, alias getting drunk—I have not yet arrived at that stage of advancement in morals where patience becomes the yoke-fellow of temperance, nor attained to the same proficiency in the practice of the former virtue, as the once celebrated George Brummel, who is said to have submitted, on one occasion, to fourteen failures on the part of his valet, before his starched linen cravat could be adjusted satisfactorily, his valet, on bearing forth that pile of crumpled linen, proudly exclaiming "these are our failures." A single glance at that Pandora's box was sufficient. I instantly decided in favor of the "toga," in its abnormal state, and, by the aid of a large woolen comforter, and some skilful management on the part of my attendant, I succeeded in concealing its usually exposed portion of surface from public observation. In a short time I was ready, and on my way to the eastern capital. And here, lest your intelligent readers may conceive that I have reduced this dissertation on the Political J. P., to an absurdity, or hold me guilty of the still more grave offence of scandalum magnatum, permit me, Sir, to say, that I regard the old established order of the magistracy in this Island with sentiments of profound respect, whether as regards moral character, position, or general fitness for the discharge of the onerous duties devolving upon them by virtue of their office. My remarks and observations, therefore, in the foregoing narrative

merely apply to more recent appointments; and here, also, I draw a line of distinction between men who received their appointment from the considerations enumerated in referring to the former class, and others whose principal claim to the distinction they now enjoy consists in doubtful services rendered to political upstarts, and demagogues, who "eat the fruit of the land without money," and who, in sowing political dissension among the people, leave behind them, in too many localities, a crop of "thistles instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."

Yours, &c., &c.,

P. O'HARA, Esq., J. P.

King's County, March, 1871.

To the Editor of THE BROAD-AXE:

Dear Sir,—Will you do me the favor to contradict, in the columns of your favorite publication, the lying reports and slanders that are now being circulated in connection with certain gentlemen who honored the Concerts lately held in aid of the French Relief Fund with their patronage, to the effect that they failed in their duty so far as to forget to pay for their Tickets.

I am, dear Sir, yours to command,

INDIGNANT LOYALTY.

#### THE LOCAL PRESS.

No. 5.

In the last issue of the *Broad-Axe* we intended to discontinue our notices of the local Press, but as we disposed of all the journals published in Charlottetown, with the single exception of the *Argus*, we have been induced to devote a few lines to it, in order to keep its editor in countenance. It has not been long established. Mr. Fletcher is, comparatively speaking, a stranger in journalism. Some time ago, we heard him named in connection with certain inflammatory communications published in *Ross's Weekly*, of tenant league notoriety. Previously to his starting the *Argus*, he was professedly, an anti-confederate and a liberal. Just then it chanced that the "better terms" came down from Canada for our acceptance, and Mr. Fletcher, in the columns of his paper, was one of their most strenuous advocates. It is within the recollection of every one who read the *Argus*, that its editor contended "that Canada conceded every financial point to this Colony," and that we were great fools if we did not jump at the offers then within our reach. The public, however, did not choose to accept Mr. Fletcher's advice. Indeed, they were so unkind as to treat it with the greatest contempt, until at length the writer himself had to repudiate his own arguments and calcula-

tions, thus proving that the people were right and that he was wrong. Since then he has taken his place "upon the fence," and it is pretty difficult to drive him from his perch. We do not blame him for clinging to it with the utmost tenacity. The "location" is a convenient one for men who do not care which party is in power, and the individual who can balance himself steadily on the uppermost rail, so that he can drop on either side when there is a likelihood of gain, cannot be said to be destitute of considerable shrewdness and ingenuity.

Next on the list comes the *Summerside Progress*. It was established in 1866, to support the people's rights, and to battle against confederation, and it has well discharged its mission in that respect. It has grown to be one of the largest, and most ably conducted papers in the Island. Its present editor, Mr. Henry Lawson, wields a ready, skilful and cautious pen. He is a man of considerable reading, as well as of a reflective and logical cast of mind. His connection with the local press has been of long standing. He was a regular contributor to the *Examiner* in its palmy days, and many of his leaders and letters were credited to the ablest and most polished writers in the Colony. During the tenant league agitation he rendered good service to the cause of law and order by his contributions to the last-named journal. The most liberal and progressive measures on the Statute Book, have ever found in Mr. Lawson a cordial supporter. He has faults, like other men, but they are of the venial sort.

The *Journal* is another *Summerside* paper, but, though we have observed its course for years, we are, at this moment, unable to say what are its politics. Its frequent change of editors is against it, and leaves us and the public in blissful ignorance of who is now at the helm.

The *Eastern Advocate*, the first paper started in King's County, is, with one exception, the youngest candidate we have for popular favor. Its principal hobby is the Railroad. It has also successfully advocated the extension of the mail communication of the County. Its editorial department is not brilliant, but it is useless to deny, that if Mr. Ross's ability as a writer were equal to his perseverance as a canvasser, the *Advocate* would shoot far ahead of all its compeers.

There is one gentleman more or less connected with our local Press at the present time, that we cannot allow to pass unnoticed. We allude to our friend Mr. A. McNeill, the efficient summary reporter of the House of Assembly. Heretofore he has been the editor and proprietor of a newspaper—the *People's Journal*. Those who read that paper will remember that it was conducted with

great ability. Not only is Mr. McNeill an able and forcible writer, but he is also an eloquent and logical speaker, as those who have heard him on the public platform—and who has not—can testify. He is a man of whom journalism may justly be proud.

It is a singular fact, and worthy of remark here, that the present administration, which boasts of "all the talent," has not a single member or official in any department, connected with, or able to write for the Press, with the solitary exception of the ex Queen's Printer.

Who was offered and refused £300 cash to support the railway policy of the government? Who was offered £200 cash for his vote in favor of the bill? Were these offers made in the farmers' interest, and by whom were they made?

ON DIT that the Government is about to construct a tunnel from Cape Traverse to Cape Tormentine, in order to overcome the ice barrier between P. E. Island and the main land.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — "Enquirer" and "Justis of the Piece," received too late for this issue. "Empiricus Rusticus," in type.

**DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.**

A second Daniel we behold,  
Upon his banded knees;  
This time the cry to heaven ascends,  
"Don't ask about my feet!"

**DENTAL.**

DR. STRICKLAND will leave the Island the second week in May, and be absent two (2) weeks. All persons indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

Ch'town, April 10, 1871.

**Eastern Advocate,**

Published every Thursday, at Kent Street, Georgetown, by JOHN ROSS, Legal Adviser to Insolvent Debtors, Committee Man and Singing Master.

**DRESS COATS.**

Gentlemen desirous of appearing in fashionable life can be supplied with DRESS COATS, new or second hand, at P. RIELLY or J. W. FALCONER'S Tailoring Establishments. An early application is requested, as the stock is limited to "60."

**Notice.**

Any person having a Dress Coat to loan for an evening, would much oblige by addressing through the Post Office, X. Y. Z., Box 1140.

**THE RAILWAY RING.**

First in the ring comes bullying Jim,  
Who fancies all must yield to him:  
Despotic, bold, his only care  
Is to secure the lion's share.  
From building ships and buying oats,  
And brewing beer, and begging votes,  
He now aspires to be the king,  
Or leader of the Railway Ring.

Great Sahib, George, of Tignish Run,  
The first to think of number one,  
A turn-coat, sly, and pliant tool,  
But more an arrant knave than fool;  
Who yelps and howls like any cur,  
But clings to honors like a burr:  
Confederate, too, of deepest dye,  
Hopes for a slice of railway pie.  
But plebeian George, 'tis plain to see  
A senator you'll never be.

"Cock-sparrow," next, comes on the scene,  
A little "red-hot" go-between:  
On Magna Charta, great is he,  
And hopes a Union Judge to be.  
Hop, sparrow, hop, and loudly sing,  
Some day you'll be a railway king.

Frederick the Great, of bluest blood,  
Whose lineage ante-dates the flood,  
Tho' smaller streams, tradition tells—  
Not fountains, nor artesian wells—  
Have added to the family riches,

But Fritz, 'tis very sad to see  
You've fallen from your high degree;  
You herd with men you once would "skin,"  
And "blackguards" now your smiles can win:

Next, kingly Jed, in state appears,  
Old in the craft, if not in years,  
With manners bland, and words so sweet,  
Vice-Admiral of the "Mitchell fleet."  
He figured largely here last summer,  
Acting as confederate bummer;  
Outwitted Grant, raised Ebenezer,  
And proved himself a second Cæsar.  
Now narrow gauge that bosom ails,  
Great hero of the Hillsboro' mills;  
St. Peter's keys are in thy hand,  
Are any Popes at thy command?

Last in the ring comes scheming Bill,  
Hoping his pockets yet to fill;  
With railway pickings on the brain,  
We see him spring to life again;  
He knows they'll pay him better far  
Than daubing houses with coal-tar,  
Or studying Dens, or helping Ings,  
Or doing other dirty things.  
No more he'll try to raise the wind  
By tendering a Jenny Lind.  
As delegations are but few,  
Keep cedar sleepers still in view.  
You yet may prove an honest broker,  
If not, you'll make a clever stoker.

ON DIT that at a recent caucus the well-got-up member for Georgetown was unanimously decided to be the handsomest man in the Legislature:



**WM. ALLAN,**  
**Ship & Ornamental Carver**  
**AND GILDER, HOUSE DECORATOR, &c.,**  
 UPPER QUEEN STREET,  
 Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. Island.

All Orders will receive prompt attention, and will be executed in good style, and at reasonable rates.  
 N. B.—All kinds of Sign Painting and Gilding done with neatness and despatch.

## PHILODERMA.

THE WHITE HAND, ROWLAND'S LOTION, MILK OF ROSES and ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, matchless cosmetiques for softening and beautifying the skin;

**REFRAICHISSEUR,**  
 for dispensing a perfumed shower;  
 ASPERSER, and every Perfume extant; and  
 TRICHOSARON, and every description of Brush, cheap for cash, at

W. R. WATSON'S.  
 Victoria Buildings, Queen Street.

N. B.—Condition Powders and Scholedion for the million.—For the pronunciation of *Refrachisseur*, our readers are referred to Mr. Eckstadt, or C. O. Winkler, the German *shaver* at DesBrislay's corner.

## LUMBER.

Parties wanting to buy the best and cheapest LUMBER of all kinds, will please go to that YOUNG IRISHMAN on King Street, next to Mrs. C. McKenna's; well known as JOHN WALSH, Carpenter, Joiner, &c.

### I. C. HALL,

Lower Water Street.—dealer in

Flour and brass Grommets, Kerosine and Grindstones, Herrings and Epsom Salts, Tobacco and Marline Spikes, Tea and Fog Horns, Manilla Rope and Bean Pots, Cotton Duck and Vinegar, Oil Clothes and Smoothing Planes, Coffee, Paint and Mustard, Codfish and Bright Varnish, Fishing Anchors and canned Peaches, Matches and Marine Compasses, Pogies and Handsaws, Ready-made Clothing and Gimlets, Barrels and Cardigan Jackets, Boat Nails and Mackerel Kitts, Hard Bread and Stove Brushes, Cut Nails and Spices, Boots and Shoes and Baking Soda, Clocks and dried Apples, Caulking Irons and white Beans, Beef and Blacking, Pork and Pitch.

☞ Hoop-poles and Greenbacks bought.

BUY YOUR  
**HATS, CAPS AND FURS,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

At A. B. SMITH'S.

The Stock comprises all the LEADING and most FASHIONABLE styles of the day.

☞ Smith sells cheaper than any other Store in Town.

### JOHN E. McLEAN,

Water Street, Charlottetown.  
 Half Bushels, Doctors' Boats, and West River Water always on hand.

P. S.—Highest price paid in water or cash for old sails, junk or nails.

### JOHN SMITH,

Merchant, &c., Georgetown.  
 Coffee Grinders, Peg Cutters and good Gin, just received.

### DANIEL GORDON.

Ship owner, General Importer, wholesale and retail dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Ship Chandlery, West India Produce, Groceries, and  
*Broad-Axes.*

Georgetown, P. E. Island.

### NEIL MATHESON,

Georgetown—always keeps on hand, and is prepared to supply his customers with  
 DRY GOODS, LIQUORS, GROCERIES, &c.,  
 on the most reasonable terms.

His motto is "Quick sales and small profits."

### JOHN MCKENZIE,

Boot and Shoe Maker, Queen Street, next door to "The Confectionary." His workmanship is A 1, and his prices moderate.

### WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,

COMMISSION MERCHANT & AUCTIONEER,  
 Summerside, P. E. Island.

### For Sale,

Cheap for cash, STREET MUD.—Apply to the City Scavenger.

### McDonald & McKinnon,

Queen Street, are selling off a large and varied assortment of Dry Goods at costs and charges.

If you want good Cake or Confectionery,  
 go to A. MCKENZIE'S, Queen Street.

Little Wanzer Sewing Machines

At A. B. SMITH'S.