

The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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No. 3.

Poetry.

THE DYING MOTHER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die;
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the oldest of them all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother
Leaned his aching brow, and wept;
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadows of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Upon the throne of God.

"Oh, be kind to one another,"
Was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead,
Like the glory round a crown;
And in the silent sea of death,
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away,
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler,
In the baby's golden hair.

THE ANGELS OF BOSTON.

BY B. F. SHILLABER.

I saw two angels walking in the street—
Each by the hand a little child was leading;
Though they were aged, yet they had a sweet
And holy look, a gentle look and pleading.
Attired in black, and curious bonnets wearing,
And yet their quiet dignity repelled
The ribald slur apt to ensue rude staring,
And many a trifling thought and fancy quelled.
A would-be witty man to me suggested
They were "Greek matrons," of the ages dim;
I thought if his own daily deeds were tested,
Their charitable acts were "Greek" to him.
You work in secret, yet it were a rarity
You find your equals—"Sisters" true of Charity."

Correspondence.

FALSEHOOD AND CALUMNY OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—I have read in the *Presbyterian Witness* that which purports to be the production of its "Charlottetown correspondent," and I think it requires some remarks. It may safely be inferred that vulgarisms in writing betray an inferior and unjust mental organization; and, therefore, when the writer (no doubt a *Protector* man) calls Mr. Swabey, "*Swabby*," and the Premier, a "snivelling Puseyite," I can only pity, as I despise, the low caste of vulgarity and ignorance to which he thereby claims to belong. But let that pass. I will proceed to the matter, and leave the writer to the enjoyment of his elegant style.

The first falsehood he utters is contained in the words, "The combination has done a great and good work, in preserving liberty and religion from the insidious attacks of Papists and Puseyites." &c. Now, this passage (I give it to you abridged, for the sake of space) contains two positive falsehoods: first, that there are any Puseyites—(fancy Geo. Coles a Puseyite!)—the ridiculous ribaldry of the writer is beneath contempt; and, second, that there is any aggressive spirit overtly or covertly employed on the part of the Roman Catholic population. Indeed it may be very much doubted whether—if the Roman Catholics had been as true to their religion and their friends, as a large portion of the Presbyterians were subservient to their Ministers and hostile to all liberty, religious as well as civil—the returns of the election would not have exhibited a larger majority of Liberals than they now do. There can be no doubt that the Attorney General lost his seat by their defalcation. But no one ever desired to make the recent election a religious struggle but the *Protector* alone, and the intolerant Puritans who have thereby shown where the aggression began. We know they speak of the Bible being excluded from the schools, and we equally well know, that when they speak so they are quite aware that they do not speak the truth. That they know as well as I do that the Bible is not and never was excluded from the schools—that the *Protector* should throw away what little character it had in stating the contrary of this, is somewhat surprising, and altogether disgraceful to public journalism.

But the article of which I treat is as disloyal as it is false. Mark these words: "It is a shameful perversion of every thing that is right and just and becoming, to allow Papists to rule in Protestant countries—to permit the subjects of His Majesty to ride roughshod over the subjects of Queen Victoria." Now this is disloyal, because it strikes at the Queen's Representative; at Her Majesty for commissioning him, and at the British Parliament for passing the Catholic Relief Bill. It can proceed from the pen only of a rebel who may be restrained by the law and his own fears, or possibly thinks that, even with falsehood and the *Protector* at his elbow, he cannot convict Sir Dominick Daly of any act of partiality, or any one deed exhibiting the least ground for accusing him of it. But says this writer, immediately after the words above quoted, "This was the position of affairs in this Island. The Governor is a Papist; the Queen's Printer is a Papist; the Premier is a snivelling Puseyite—and so on with the rest." Now, let us analyse the thing and enquire. Allowing for a moment that there were any aggressive propensity in the Roman Catholic body, let us see what is their power for evil. To do this, we will compare the numbers of the Roman Catholics in the Executive and Legislature before and since the election. In the Executive Council, before the election, there were 6 Protestants, 2 Catholics, and one vacancy; there are now 6 Protestants, 2 Catholics, and still one vacancy. In the Legislative Council there were 9 Protestants, 2 Catholics, and one vacancy; there are now 8 Protestants, 1 Catholic, and two vacancies. In the last Assembly there were 18 Protestants and 6 Catholics; in the present House there are 23 Protestants and 7 Catholics. If these are the fruits of aggression, aggression does not greatly prosper. The next lie is

contained in the words following: "Speaking of the late Attorney General, it describes him as resigning his seat in the Executive Council, because 'he could not get a constituency in the Island, and he was too honest to disregard public opinion by sticking to his post, as his colleagues desired him to do.'" It really seems, Mr. Editor, very vulgar to call a thing a lie, but how otherwise can such a statement be characterised. The story of the Irish women and the Methodist parson and the *revelations*, (query, maledictions?) I have not the slightest doubt comes under the same category.

The writer congratulates himself that the great majority of what he calls the clergy of the Island united in this onslaught on the Liberal party, and talks of Knox, Calvin, Melville and Chalmers, all of whom would blush at the conduct of himself and colleagues, he adds: "It is delightful to see that the great majority of the Clergy of this Island are imbued with the same spirit," that is, with the spirit of intolerance. "As far as the Presbyterians and Methodists are concerned, there is no exception." Now, as a Churchman, I cannot be so blind as not to see that this is intended as a hit against the Episcopalian Clergy of the Church of England, whom this writer and his patrons hate with a far greater virulence, if that were possible, than they do the Roman Catholics. That there is only one of the Episcopalian Clergy who, immersed in bigotry and blindness to the designs of those about him, lends himself to the blasphemy and falsehood of the *Protector*, or indeed to politics at all, is a matter of congratulation in my mind. Let me observe once more, that the writer speaks of the open canvassing, disgraceful preaching, and threatening denunciations of political Parsons as having had a praiseworthy accompaniment, namely, publicity, and because he cannot accuse the Roman Catholic Priests of the same desecration of their office, he says, "it is done in secret in the confessional." Now here, Mr. Editor, is sophistry for you with a vengeance. However, *n'importe*. The attack was sudden and well contrived, and if it had not dealt with sacred things, and so become blasphemous, it might have been entitled to the praise of a well-planned political manoeuvre. As it is, its partial success of to-day will only ensure its more complete defeat to-morrow.

I will only further enquire, how it is that Mr. McDonald, the head of "the Kickers"—which name I do not use in disrespect or derision, but only because it is used by the parties themselves—having been excluded from the Presbytery, has been all at once, after many years' deprivation, reinstated at a recent Synod, which was opportunely sitting at Charlottetown about the time of the election, in terms dictated by himself? and whether the evidence of our senses led us into error, when we saw his followers join the opponents of the Liberal party, with which party they had, for the most part, voted, and imagined their suffrages to be the price of his restoration? But no doubt religion did it!

In regard to the Government being overthrown, it may be scarcely necessary to remark that, having a firm constitutional majority, they will continue to defeat the hopes of this gentlemanly writer and his friends. Yours, &c.,
A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
Charlottetown, July 17, 1858.

CLERICAL TYRANNY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—As the result of this election is now pretty generally known, and as that result is any thing but what every lover of his country would wish, it may not be out of place to review the cause or causes that produced that result. And if you will allow me space in your valuable and independent journal, I will endeavour to point out and to prove to every candid reader that the result of the recent election, viewed in its *worst features*, may be solely attributed to the ill-directed and mischievously pernicious influence of the Protestant Clergy, at least so far as this District of Belfast is concerned; and I believe it has been the case all over the Colony wherever that influence could be exercised.

In this district the Protestant clergy made themselves conspicuous at almost every political meeting held during the whole canvass. At a meeting held at the Murray Harbour Road School-house, Semple's Hill, during the early part of the canvass, a Rev. gentleman of the Free Church, from Brown's Creek, while prating a requisition to Mr. Gray, declared Mr. Davies to be an infidel, and unworthy, not only the support of a Christian constituency, but unfit for Christians to associate with. Not satisfied with degrading their sacred calling by plunging into the very vortex of political turmoil, on week days at electioneering meetings, these political parsons devoted portions of the holy Sabbath to the pious work of defamation and slander. There is scarcely a barn in this district in which a political sermon has not been preached since the electioneering commenced. The Rev. Mr. McKay, of Pinette, preached at Orwell Head, in a barn belonging to Walter Ross, on a Sabbath afternoon, some time before the election, when he denounced the Liberal candidate in no measured terms—declaring that he was worse than a Papist,—that a Papist had some sort of religion, and consequently feared God; but that Mr. Davies did not and could not fear God, because he did not believe in Him. That he (Mr. Davies) was never baptised nor any of his family—that he never attended any place of worship—that consequently he was unworthy of their support; and charged the people assembled before him not to give him their support. The same Rev. gentleman preached another of his political sermons on the Sabbath evening immediately preceding the election, in the Blue Tailor's barn, at Seal River, Lot 50, when the same style and language, with perhaps a slight modification of the terms applied, were freely indulged in reference to the Liberal candidate. The result of this latter sermon was, that a considerable number of the electors of Seal River, Cherry Valley and Gallow's Point—where the Rev. gentleman has a few followers, and happily they are but few—after having promised their support to Mr. Davies, they voted against him. This will account for the number of Tory votes polled at Lot 50 at the recent election, where formerly not more than a dozen or two Tory votes could be raked up by all the exertion the Tory faction could make. But the fact is, the Rev. Mr. McKay was then *playing off his pranks in the land of his birth*.

Another meeting was held on the Monday before the election, in "McDonald's Church," Murray Harbour Road, at which the celebrated veteran, McDonald himself, attended, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. McKay, of Pinette. Both these Rev. gentlemen occupied the pulpit together; but Mr. McKay, however, only acted as a cat's-paw to the other Rev. "old fogey." After bestowing on Mr. Davies, who was present, a tolerably fair share of abuse, without allowing him a hearing in his own defence (a mode of affording fair play peculiar to all Tory parsons), the proceedings of the meeting were concluded by prayer from the lungs of the old hero

above named, when the fiercest anathemas were pronounced against the Colonial Secretary, the Queen's Printer, the High Sheriff, and the Speaker of the late House. Of this prayer it might be truly said that it extended from the ridiculous to the sublime, including both extremes; for when the sturdy old parson arrived at that part of his prayer which touched upon the Speaker's casting vote on the Bible question, his ranting fanaticism seemed to have reached its climax, as then he uttered such a mighty bray as nearly blew the roof off the building. Mr. Davies himself being present at this meeting, I do not deem it necessary to say much more concerning it. It is, however, worthy of remark, that one young man, a teacher, who possessed moral pluck enough to differ with his ecclesiastical tyrants, was threatened with expulsion from the church by the aforesaid Rev. "old fogey," (a sentence, by-the-by, once passed upon himself.) The Rev. old gentleman also declared that he controlled 5000 votes in this Colony, and that all of them would be polled against the Government.

On the day of polling, at Murray Harbour Road, the Rev. Mr. Munro, of the Free Church, mounted the hustings before the presiding officer or any of the candidates. There he stood the whole day, bestowing smiles of approval upon such as voted against his conscience, and frowning down with all his pious majesty and awe upon such as would dare to exercise the *freedom of election* contrary to his tyrannical behests. The Rev. Mr. McDonald was also on the ground, urging the people to vote against the Liberal candidate. Now, Mr. Editor, when we consider the influence exercised and the means used to prevent the free exercise of the elective franchise, especially at the Murray Harbour Road, the wonder is how Mr. Davies got any support at all at that place. The highest praise is due to those electors who voted, at Murray Harbour Road, in behalf of their country's good, in the face of proprietary and ecclesiastical tyranny combined, for both were there, "*am Ministre sa m' Baillidh*." Notwithstanding all this influence, about 80 of the Scotch Protestants of Murray Harbour Road sustained their character of independent men on that occasion.

At the polling places in the southern divisions of the district, it is reported that the Presiding Officers most shamefully abused the confidence confided to them by the Sheriff, by knowingly allowing persons who possessed no qualification in those polling divisions to vote therein, and also allowing, knowingly, votes, both qualified and spurious, to be polled twice, thrice, and it is said even oftener. If this report be true, the conduct of those persons who acted as Presiding Officers in the polling divisions just referred to stamps their character with indelible disgrace. One thing, however, is certain, and that is this, that more votes were polled in this district, at the late election, than can at the present time be comprised within its limits. The number of votes, as shown by the census, comprised within the district, only amounts to about 1400; and allowing that 100 of these were absent from the polls on the day of polling, and that is a very moderate allowance, when we take into account the number of persons who are just now absent on fishing voyages, &c. &c., and many persons who left this district in the spring to work upon the railroad, and also a large number of voters, known to this writer, who remained at home, and others who left the district, rather than incur the pious displeasure of certain parties—the number of good voters who would be in attendance at the polls may be safely taken at something below 1300; and Mr. Davies having polled 652 votes out of that number, 600 of which were "plumpers," *all genuine*, he must have doubtlessly polled a majority of all the good votes taken at the election. It may therefore be taken for granted that foul play, to a shameful extent, was practised against the Liberal candidate at Bell Creek and Portage polling places, and that one-half the votes taken at these polling places were spurious. I am yours most truly,
Belfast, July 12, 1858. A HIGHLANDER.

FREEDOM IN THE FREE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—It is with feelings of mingled shame and indignation that I have to call the attention of the public to a fresh and most outrageous instance of clerical tyranny that has startled and amazed even intelligent men in this neighbourhood. Messrs. Kenneth McKay and Daniel McKay, two young men of irreproachable moral character, who have, for some time past, led the singing in Mr. Sutherland's church, were, on Sunday last, expelled by him from their office, in consequence of their having voted for Mr. Sinclair, at the last General Election. Another gentleman, a deacon in the church, was also summoned before the session, to answer for the same crime, and he had to acknowledge his error before he would be again received into the communion. Now, it is well known here that Mr. Sinclair has been one of the strongest advocates for the introduction of the Bible into the schools in this neighbourhood, for he went round last winter with a petition referring to that subject. Why this man should be made the object of peculiar persecution, cannot be explained on any other hypothesis than that of prejudice against him, because that, while living within the bounds of Mr. Sutherland's congregation, and even within hearing of his weekly thunders, he yet has the hardihood to profess himself a member of the Established Church of Scotland! There can be no objection raised to the man's character; it were well for his reverend opponent were his as free from any moral stain. I have been acquainted with Mr. Sinclair from my childhood up, and it is my firm belief, that no member has ever stood on the floor of the House of Assembly that has read his Bible more, or reduced its precepts more to practice than he. The unspotted purity of his life, the open candor and integrity of his character, have become almost proverbial in the neighbourhood in which he resides. No wonder, then, that murmurs against the arbitrary conduct of their minister should be general amongst the people of New London. But while they confine themselves to mere murmurs, and still continue, with the serenity of the camel, to stoop for the burden, they deserve to be well priest-ridden. While they allow this ignorant declaimer, this living incarnation of the bigotry and intolerance of the dark ages, this genius of turbulence and disorder, that, like Sampson's foxes, leaves the fire of disunion and strife burning in his trail wherever he goes,—while they allow this person to slander and persecute the best men in his congregation, and terrify themselves by his frowns and anathemas, whatever their pretensions to enlightenment may be, every truly enlightened man must consider them some centuries behind the age. One-half the slanders and falsehoods which have emanated from the New London pulpit, during the past year, would, in any enlightened community, be sufficient to damn the character of a Hall or a Chalmers. But this man can fire his poisoned arrows at the best men in the land, and when their outraged feelings will constrain them to demand

satisfaction, he can retire with a malicious sneer of defiance, and a chuckle of conscious security, behind the insuperable rampart of blind devotion with which the ignorance of a portion of his hearers has surrounded him. And he has always a number of rowdies—*church communicants*—ready at hand to support him in his misdeeds with furious threats of kicking, horse-whipping, utter annihilation, against any one who will dare deny that their minister is a god, his words scripture, and all his actions infallibly right.

Let not the young men of New London imagine that I am prejudiced against them. Far from it, I appeal to themselves whether, in my private intercourse with them, I have manifested any other feelings than those of friendship towards them. I am always delighted to meet them, and it is natural that I should be. But a few years ago they and I were school-mates and play-mates together. It is this very partiality which I entertain towards them that makes me so desirous to see them throw off the shackles of religious despotism, which so ill-become men possessed of their natural qualities. Braver, friendlier, or better-hearted young men are not to be met with anywhere; but, unfortunately for themselves, they have not paid that attention to the culture of their intellects, which would secure them against the power of a wily tyrant who goes amongst them with the Bible in his hand, religion on his tongue, holiness and humility in his looks, and the blackness of malice and ambition in his heart. Their neighbours of Cavendish would not tolerate such tyranny for a day, and they take good care to have a minister too enlightened to desire such absolute dominion over their temporal and spiritual affairs. I am not without hopes, however, that when the progress of education shall have dissipated the clouds of superstitious awe, with which this tyrant has so artfully enveloped himself, as pretended messenger and delegate of the Divinity, his present congregation will treat him as his former did—force him by their open and general disapprobation of his conduct to seek out some darker spot where he can the more easily trample upon the necks of the people.

I hope it will not be supposed from these remarks that I am a friend or supporter of the present Government. I am a sincere advocate for political reform, but I feel ashamed, as every right-minded conservative must, that we had to resort to persecution and coercion to support our cause.
New London, July 10, 1858. JOSIAH McLEOD.

TO THE CITIZENS OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—You were recently called upon, by Messrs. J. W. Morrison and D. Davies, as a committee, to suspend your judgment with respect to some animadversions I was, in self-defence, bound to make against their report on the City accounts, till they should write; and now that their wonderful production has come to light, I beg you will be pleased to suspend your judgment a little longer, that is, till you read the following lines; not because I have the shadow of cause to suspect that I shall lose one particle of the kind sympathy so generously expressed on my behalf, (for which I now heartily thank you), but because there are some remarks and misstatements made that must not be passed by silently.

It is not generally known, but such is the rule, that when a member of the City Council wishes to get himself on a committee, which is generally composed of three persons, he makes a motion for such committee, and is sure to be chosen as its chairman. This was the case with respect to the City accounts. Messrs. Morrison and Davies previously conversed together, and the former appeared extremely uneasy till he got the committee and became its chairman, when of course he chose Mr. Davies, and then told the Council the committee was complete. Now they pretend they did not force themselves into the job! Mr. Morrison found fault with the way in which bills brought before the Council were passed to be paid (though they were quite as honestly passed before he came into office as they have since), and he moved for a "financial committee" to take all these bills, examine them at any meeting of the Council, and make a report thereon, and of course he was appointed chairman of this committee also; and these reports are almost invariably comprehended in the following sentence: "Audited and found correct, J. W. Morrison, chairman." Now look at the text which the committee started with: "Your committee appointed to examine and balance the books of the City!" and I ask wherein does it differ from the duty of the financial committee that a similar answer would not have had the same weight in public estimation, and have been far more honorable to them? Be it borne in mind that no comments whatever are made by the financial committee with respect to the bills passed,—not the least word is said as to this man's account being headed wrong, that one's spelled wrong, or another's drawn out wrong or is unintelligible! O no, no such remarks are added to these reports, then why should not a similar report have been handed in by the present committee? Why could they not have said, "Audited and found correct, or incorrect, in such and such particulars?" What authority did their power to "examine and balance" the City books give them to insult me? Had they any special charter conferred by this text for insult or defamation? If they had made a simple statement of facts, though I might not have been pleased with it, there is not the least likelihood that I should have visited them with the castigation they most fully merited.

It is not my design to trouble you with following the redoubtable committee's flimsy eulogy, in the *Examiner* of the 5th instant, through all its windings. In that document the following singular language is used: "Mr. Davies being absent in England at this time, does not hold himself responsible for the correctness of this statement." Verily, if Mr. Morrison makes assertions in print which his brother committee man will not hold himself responsible for being correct, how are the public to believe what he writes? yet these are the men who were going to "out with the truth!" Precious little credit is due to them to be forced to tell the truth, when they could in the first instance have done so gratuitously, if they knew how to do so. The fact is, the chairman has told so many tales about these accounts—first that hundreds of pounds were deficient, then only a small sum, then a balance appeared in the clerk's favour, then £12 13s. 4d. to the credit of the Police Court, then nothing at all, and lastly an apparent error of 22s. 4d., all which are as if floating in his mind—that he cannot fix on any specific data whereon to anchor his belief that what he has said or written is correct; and as Mr. Davies cannot vouch for the correctness of the heterogeneous mass that has been penned by the committee, and which contains neither logic nor common truth as it should, it must pass for waste paper.

Part of their last epistle has been got up to throw dust in the eyes of the nursery, as will be seen by the following:— "As regards the 2261 £s. 6d. disbursed by Mr. Wellner, he received no authority from the present Mayor or City