

is property to their harpy fangs, and your petitioner would further state as a proof of their insubordination, that one of the bank and file accused the others of carrying measures by "dishonorable, underhanded, and unworthy means," thus, leaving us a faint hope, that an old adage may yet be verified.

And your petitioner would further state, that this conduct of the troop has by its example encouraged a spirit of disaffection and rebellion against existing authorities, as may be seen by the last BRITISH AMERICAN, in which is a glaring account of that Hydra to all peaceable and well-disposed society. AN OPPOSITION DINNER. This is a grievous state of things to your petitioner, whose proudest boast has ever been an obsequious attention "to the powers that be," and who humbly submits, that the ties of society and matrimony should not be trifled with. That a pamphlet or tract lately published has sorely reflected on his property and tenants, as he submits that it has not come to his knowledge that any of them have ever anned their own hides, and states, that here were many stacks of grain on his property before Mr. Lewellen or Colonel Realy came here; that he has heard and believes that this tract was published some years ago in England, and that some copies of it can yet be produced; that the same publisher has grievously reflected on the petitioners tenants, as in page 9, he says:—

"That the general mode of conducting a farm is slovenly, often wretched;" that the same writer in the Gazette has stated, that the only addition except himself and some other well disposed persons, are "the refuse of the poor houses in England, the lowest order of Irish, and the scum of Newfoundland," and your petitioner submits, that when the present disaffection arose he could not get respectable tenants from their fears of such neighbours; that your petitioner humbly submits that this is a gross calumny on the inhabitants who had quite as much morality and good feeling towards each other before the writer of this tract came among them but

"Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,
A book's a book altho' there's nothing in it."

Your petitioner humbly submits that this is no joke, that neither the troop nor any other body that pays itself is justified in having their jokes at our expense, thus placing us in the same situation as the stork and the ants in the fable.

That your petitioner humbly submits, that judging from the ordinary rules of justice, and rights of property in civilized society (a test that must not be applied to the measures of the troop) he would have supposed that the dread of exposure which awaits such daring encroachments on the rights of property,

would have acted as a salutary check on their proceedings, as this is not the case, your petitioner would further open the green bag, but though he has a handful of complaints, he thinks it most prudent to open one finger at a time, and humbly prays the Club would adopt such measures as they deem necessary to repress or check this spirit of anarchy and confusion, and your petitioner as in duty bound, will ever pray.

CRANBERRY

To the Editor of the British American,
Sir,

As an elector of King's County, I have to complain of a serious abuse in the disposal of offices, more especially when bestowed upon the Representatives of the people. Sir, nothing should be so sacred in the eye of a representative of a Free people as Independence! and what independence can there be in the man who, while the reputed representative of the people, accepts of half a score of offices at once, A Member of the House of Assembly! a Road Commissioner! a Magistrate! I know not what else, a hydra of Society!!! Would such conduct be tolerated in England? No such thing! Englishmen are too tenacious of their liberty to allow their representatives to become placemen. Has not experience taught us that persons who have the disposal of the public money would sooner bestow it on such persons as would, at any time, become subservient to their private views; 'tis true, and our country has often witnessed it. The man who, while he holds his seat in the House of Assembly, and accepts any Government Office, acts contrary to the Laws of England, and is to be suspected by the People! for sooner or later he will betray them when his private interest requires it. In accepting office the candid man should resign the charge the people confided to him, and give them an opportunity of choosing persons who would not heed the smile or frown of persons who would consider it their interest to make them their dupes. I do not speak through any invidious motive. My wish is, that my fellow electors would Petition the honorable House of Assembly to dismiss from their Body such persons as are so circumstanced, unless they resigned such office.

COBBETT.

St. Peters Feb. 16, 1833

(COMMUNICATED.)

A prize Enigma for the Ladies.

Ye Charlotte-Town Ladies, the Pride of this Isle,
My name if ye find it, will cost you a smile;
I belong not to men, but to you I'm allied,
Tho' never yet married I lie by your side.
Strange indeed is my form, yet still ye caress me;
And like a lov'd child to your bosoms ye press me.
I'm possess'd of no head, but nearly all tail,
And this my chief part ye strive to conceal.
Tho' short arms I possess, no hands can I boast,
Nor do I own more than three members at most.
Like your own fairest skin when unsmooth'd I'm seen,
And am thought a disgrace when I am unclean.
In fine—by ye ladies I'm exclusively used,
And that man who dares touch me is rarely excus'd.
Now that Lady who gives my name in White's Paper,
Will scarcely allow me the prize to escape her.

(COMMUNICATED.)

A REFLECTION.

If every one's eternal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now!

The fatal secret, when reveal'd
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while conceal'd,
Their lot appears the best.

MARY.

Charlotte-Town

Mr. White,

The following witty Ballad lately appeared in an Annual published in London. Perhaps it may amuse some of the laughing readers of the British American.

Z.

JOHN DAY—A PATHETIC BALLAD.

John Day he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceiv'd
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas box
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail!