

# The Examiner.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY, WHEN FREEBORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC, MAY SPEAK FREE."—EURIPIDES.

Vol. I.]

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, JULY 24, 1848.

[No. 51.]

## CORRESPONDENCE.

J. H. CONROY, ESQ., M. P. P. vs. THE GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR;

I was amused on reading in the *Advertiser* of the 5th instant, a letter from the pen of James H. Conroy, Esq., "Representative for the third District of Prince County," in which he acknowledges his ignorance of the state of the country, and more particularly of that part of it which he represents, at the time the Embargo Bill was proposed in the House of Assembly by the Hon. Mr. Coles. Deeply interested about that Bill, I attended the House while it was under discussion, and I was astonished to find the Doctor, together with his colleague, Mr. Pope, opposing with all their energy the passing of such a measure, stating that there was no general distress in the country, there being, according to these gentlemen, only a few lazy, worthless vagabonds in want, who were always in want, and would never be otherwise. But now we find that Mr. Conroy is sorry for his opposition to the Embargo; yet, if his judgment or opinion, together with that of a few others, swayed the Legislature at the time the question was pending, what would be the condition of the country now? Doctor Conroy, it appears to me, has been more anxious to vent his spite against the Government, for some unexplained reason, than to shew sympathy for the poor. He affects to believe the "Government is not parental," because it would not expend £1,500 in the purchase of food, on the individual guarantee of a majority of the House of Assembly, who, a few weeks before, were of opinion, that there were provisions enough on the Island to supply its inhabitants for two years! If Doctor Conroy is really so humane and sympathetic a man as he would fain proclaim himself through the public press, perhaps he will condescend to inform us how he responded to the appeal made to his benevolence, as a Land Proprietor, by His Excellency Sir Donald Campbell, on behalf of the Tenantry? I have learned—I may be misinformed—that not a penny was given by the Doctor, as the result of His Excellency's Circular, although his Tenantry—who, in ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances, pay their rents as regularly as any other tenantry on the Island—have suffered and are still suffering as severely from destitution as any other portion of the population. Should he not, before he raised an outcry upon the subject, have first ascertained the extent of distress on his own Estate, and have offered to secure the Government in the repayment of any money which would require to be advanced for the support of the destitute on that Estate? The Doctor is an admirable sympathiser, and a generous, considerate man! He is afraid "the bold peasantry" will be destroyed by the halting policy of the Government, in reference to the Relief question; but I think, Sir, the "bold peasantry" might long ere this, have been the "country's pride," but for the selfish, grasping, avaricious views of Doctor Conroy's class, who fleece their unfortunate tenants, in compelling the payment of rent, to which many of them have no just claim, often without considering whether the land has or has not yielded a good crop, and often, too, without hesitating to put the last cow or "the last blanket" up to the auctioneer's hammer, to realize the amount of that rent!

"O, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow."

Dr. Conroy, who is fond of quoting from the poets of his native country, may fill up the verse.

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

SINCERITY.

Prince County, July 11, 1848.

P. S.—Are you aware, Sir, of the fact in natural history, that a cow is fonder of her calf the first week of its birth than at any subsequent period? The Doctor, was, it appears, so desperately in love with his bantling

the week it was brought into the world, that he could not desist from having it republished in Saturday's No. of the *Advertiser*, only three days from the time of its first appearance. This circumstance recalled to my recollection the above fact in natural history. S.

## POETICAL EPISTLES.

The following verses were lately addressed, in the style of a letter, by a gentleman, formerly a resident on this Island, now in Canada West, to a friend of his at Cavendish or New Glasgow. The rhyme might be improved and softened in some passages, but, we agree with the correspondent who has furnished it, the whole piece is not devoid of merit; although, notwithstanding the attractions of the "New Goshen," we must confess, we don't think the author has found a Helicon:—

TO A—W N—T.

Dear Andrew, lad, these lines I send ye,  
Wishing good luck may aye attend ye,  
For I hae naething else to send ye,  
Yet would be glad,  
In any way for to befrien' ye,  
My honest lad.

We're a' arrived in the far west,  
And mony a danger we hae past,  
And stood the stormy howling blast,  
O'er lakes and ocean;  
But now we're settled down at last  
In this "New Goshen."

Some fifteen hundred miles awa',  
Where we hae little ice or snaw,  
And oftentimes a general thaw  
To keep in thin.  
The latitude of Forty-twa  
I think we're in.

We've apples, pears, and plums, and peaches,  
Wi' groves o' hickory, oaks, and beeches,  
And hae got clear o' the horse leeches,  
Land agent bodies,—  
Thank God their powers can never reach us  
O'er lakes and woodies.

This is the land of milk and honey—  
Though like yoursels, we're scarce o' money,  
The weather's calm, and warm, and sunny,  
We dwell secure—  
There're nae cash rents—no, not a penny  
To keep up poor.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, Andrew, lad, ye're far too blate—  
Ye trust too much to chance and fate,  
And now I fear ye are too late,  
Ye drowsy sleeper—  
Ye'll never be a magistrate  
Like your next neebor.

How can ye bear to sit and groan  
At making boots and mending shoon,  
When a' your neebors are in town  
Sae much respected;  
Roose! swear ye'll no let Jenny spin,  
Should ye gang naked.

But tell me if it's right or wrang—  
Such a report the folks amang—  
It's what I hae expected lang,  
Though some did slight it—  
That Squire Laird and John Dourant  
Hae both been knighted.

Nae doot 'twas Huntley's commendation  
That rais'd them up to this high station,  
As high as ony in the nation,  
Save Lords and Dukes;  
I'll now maintain predestination  
'Gainst a' disputes.

For Joseph Pope and Edward Palmer,  
Wi' rhetoric and English Grammar,  
Hae rais'd, I'm told, a din some clamour  
In Downing Street,  
To break the shackles wi' a hammer  
That bound their feet.

This put Earl Grey and Lord John Russell

Into an unco sweat and bustle;  
They then to please, declared they'd hustle  
Sir Henry aff;  
Then Joe and Ned began to whistle,  
And grin and laugh.

But, O ye Liberals, take care,  
And of these wily chaps beware,  
Although they seem to speak ye fair,  
If ye believe me,  
Yon Joe and Ned are just the pair  
That wad deceive ye.

But fare ye weel, ye patriot chiel,  
Whose heart is warm, and true, and leal,  
Ye for a friend can kindly feel,  
In the far west,  
And I am yours, daft C—s M—ll,  
Unto the last.

We have been favoured with the following clever answer to the above "Epistle" in its own style. If, as we are told, the "A—w N—t" is the happy author of this production, it must be consoling to the Cavendish folk, that the "daft C—s M—ll" has not left the "sandall shoon and scallop shell" to go a begging for a successor:—

Weel, Charlie, man, I did peruse  
Your letter, fill'd with charming news,  
Of the braw country ye did choose,  
Wherein to rest,  
After ye fairly slipp'd the noose  
For the "far west."

Ye may believe that I was glad,  
And laugh'd right out, my good old lad,  
To hear from your own sel' ye had  
A bonnie nest,  
Found out at last, tho' faith I'm sad,  
And some distrest;

To think your El Dorado's found,  
So distant from Prince Edward's ground,  
Where tendrils grow, that twine around  
My heart and bind it,  
But ye are off, and safe and sound,  
And dinna mind it.

The news ye send is unco good,  
And fit t' infuse a travelling mood—  
Nae fear that ye'll be scant of food,  
Like your old neighbours,  
Wha scarce can force life's tide of blood,  
Wi' a' their labours.

They cheer one's heart—your plums and peaches,  
Your groves of hickory, oaks, and beeches!  
Then to be free from those horse leeches,  
Blood suckers thieving,  
Wha drive poor folk to ruin's breaches,  
For a fat living;

Is just enough the distant hope,  
To raise a poor man's spirits up,  
And make him swear he would not stop  
Another year,  
Trusting to an uncertain crop  
Where bread's so dear.]

And were I sure—just let me say—  
To go where such could never stray;  
I'd brave the dangers of the way,  
O'er lake and ocean,  
Off! hardly taking time to pray  
To see your Goshen.

But, Charlie, lad, I hae a doubt  
These sharkies ken what they're about,  
Gang where we will, they'll smell us out,  
And milk and honey,  
Are sweet temptations—tho' without  
A deal of money.

For, mon, their scent's as keen's a hound's,  
They're always on their circuit rounds,  
Snuffing about their master's grounds,  
For prey and garbage,  
They'll soon be there, I'll bet some pounds,  
As thick as herbage.

Yet would I go—but reasons grave  
Do me detain, the stormy wave,  
Of lake and ocean I must brave,  
And spend much money,  
Ere I can hope my lips to lave,  
In milk and honey.