

The Examiner.

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

Vol. 1.]

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847.

[No. 14.]

SPIRIT OF THE COLONIAL PRESS.

MESMERISING A GOVERNOR.

Ever since the Tories of Nova Scotia were beaten at the Election—beaten roundly and soundly as never political party were before—they have made a dead set at the Lieutenant Governor, as the only remaining refuge of the destitute. We have been looking on at their manœuvres, all and sundry, with a good deal of quiet humour in our eyes, for six or eight weeks past, every now and then asking ourselves whether or not His Excellency was a *subject* that could be *put to sleep*.

For a year the Tories of Nova Scotia have almost exclusively surrounded the Lieutenant Governor. We will not say that they have had him in their hands, but they have enjoyed, and no doubt made the most of, all the advantages resulting from their *usurpation** of his *political confidence*. Their six Executive Councillors have, of course, had intercourse with His Excellency whenever they sought it—they have assembled round him in full conclave, whenever it was necessary to comply with the law, and do some act 'in Council.' George has paid him a visit whenever a warrant was to be signed, and Fairbanks, whenever a new Window Blind was ordered for government House, or the out-house required to be repaired. Governor's entertainments, except during the sitting of the Legislature, are usually made up of official people, and, by the blessing of Providence, there are none but Tory officials in Nova Scotia. For twelve months, then, Sir John Harvey has lived, and breathed, in an atmosphere of Toryism. Constant dropping wears away stone—and His Excellency would have been flint rock, not to have felt the impression of all the trickling, from the overflowing fountains, to whose rush of bitter waters he has been exposed. The ready lie—the prompt misstatement—the fraudulent suppression—the arrogant boast—the mean insinuation—these are the staple commodities, in which the Tories deal, openly, and before all the world. How they have dealt with Sir John Harvey, in private—where no eye watched, and no opponent confronted them—may be easily conjectured. How they have succeeded, remains yet to be proved. Some, perhaps, think that the success is sufficiently palpable—we do not. We still believe, that, though in one or two instances, Sir John has acted under very erroneous views of the *right of a party actually in possession*, yet that he will, when every form of procedure has been most punctiliously observed, demean himself with energy and good faith. That the Tories are not quite sure of their *third victim*, we think may be gathered from the increased energy of recent manipulations.

The general Election has been an unfortunate and very vulgar fact. But for that, Sir John Harvey might almost have been pardoned for believing that the Liberals were nobody, and no where. They were not in his Council—he saw none of them in official, but few of them in his social intercourse. He rarely heard of them except in tones of contempt, and in the language of depreciation. Antecedent to the Election the Tories were enjoying themselves, in a very delightful and very excusable hallucination—they were on a bed of roses, and Sir John, with his blandest smile, was nodding in his chair. But the Election broke the charm—slumber was at an end—there was a sad array of thorns among the roses—even a Tory could not be happy till his bed was made again; and then there was such a mixed expression, on the Governor's countenance—of well feigned astonishment—of deep sympathy—of earnest investigation, combined perhaps with a quiet twinkle of waggery in the eye, that puzzled the party a good deal. There was of course an end of bragging, and boasting, and de-

* We use this term advisedly. A party who claim to retain office, yet can give to the Sovereign no perfect Cabinet—no efficient Administration, are usurpers, even before the people express an opinion—if they cling to office after, they are politicians as well as usurpers.

preciating—and at first they fell to informing His Excellency of the causes of their disaster. After listening to the whys and the wherefores—Sir John, we presume, told two or three stories, the moral of which was, that lamenting over spilt milk was not the way to fatten a cow, and concluded with the very pertinent enquiry—'but, gentlemen, what are we to do now?'

The answer to that question has never been honestly given, but all sorts of sly measures are taken, to persuade His Excellency that it never need have been put—that it is irrelevant and supererogatory—that there is no necessity for an answer. Now, Sir John Harvey, with an ear accustomed to the boom of cannon, and a military eye trained to estimate the relative strength of masses in the field, however he may have been mystified before, cannot have been deceived by the measured tread, steady fire, and irresistible numbers, that demonstrated, at the Elections, the resources of the Liberal party. Two-thirds of the grown men owning property, and electing Representatives, within the limits of his command, have a most thorough contempt for the little band of Councillors and officials by whom he has been surrounded ever since he came to this country. No man, in Nova Scotia, at this moment, is more thoroughly convinced of this fact than Sir John Harvey. Can we not divert his attention from it? Can we not assume him with other thoughts? Can we not surround and environ him that the masses beyond may be shut out from his sight?—These have been the questions which the Tories have put to each other, for some weeks, and their activity in the business of mesmerizing has certainly been more apparent than their skill.

Sir John Harvey is a Churchman and a Protestant—a consistent and a pious one, we believe. Who can read all the lying trash which has been published about the interference of Catholic Priests, and the mode in which Catholics exercised their franchise, without feeling that the object is to mesmerize Sir John—to strike some chord of bigotry, if such there be in his nature, which shall produce the desired discord—to induce him to throw himself, for religion's sake, into the gap, and quarrel with a vast majority of the people, merely because there are some Catholics among them. Now we do not believe that all this fine flourishing of the bands in holy fervour, is putting the governor to sleep, because we think that his Excellency did not consider the beating up of the Yankee quarters at Bloody Creek a movement any the less decisive, because Pat clubbed his musket, and raised his wild Fag an bealach, on the occasion.

Then the Governor was going to the Country, to enjoy, as it was natural that he should desire to do, some 'brief cessation from official labours.' But every step of his progress was marked by a manipulation—the mesmerizers were posted at every resting place. Away went Fairbanks to Liverpool, leaving the Treasury behind him, that he might figure in the front rank of the demonstration, to which, as much of a party character was given as was calculated to repel rather than attract the Liberals of Queen's. Here, of course, the Tories had it all their own way, for having won the representation, they were entitled to be very grand—and were, no doubt. Of course the Governor would not see, or surmise the existence of, the thousands of Liberals, who form the minority—oppressed, trodden, spat upon, and boiling with resentment for years—groping, it may be, like Sampson, in the dark, and seeking a deliverance not yet vouchsafed to their prayer or their exertions. But it is coming—there is strength enough, but the strong will and the concentrated effort alone are wanted, to shake the pillars of the Temple, and its days are numbered.

Sir John passes into Lunenburg, and here the proceedings are sublimely ridiculous. Out steps Heckman, Creighton and their followers, just decisively beaten at the Elections—thrashed, and stamped with disapprobation, as never men were before, and begin to lecture upon politics. The Liberals, who formed a vast majority of

the population of the Township in which they lectured, it is probable laid by and laughed—they could be no parties to an address full of arrant nonsense. Sir John passes on through Chester. By mere accident there is a Tory Pic Nic, and a couple of hundred men and women are got together, (with an old field piece or two) to fire a salute and present an address, and here is little Creighton again, hopping about as though he really had some kind of position or standing in the Country—as though he were a burning and a shining light, *not snuffed out*. Two Thousand Liberals assemble at Mahone Bay on the morrow, but the Governor has passed on—he sees them not, how can he believe that there is any body in the Country, but the Creighton and Heckman clique, that have flitted around him?

His Excellency goes into the interior—the mesmerizers are at Windsor. Aye, in full force. They have been summoned from all quarters. The College Encœnia is a convenient rendezvous. Snug, close, and comfortable, are all the arrangements. Mr. James B. Uniacke has been elected a Governor, perhaps he may be mesmerized—Mr. William Young is no longer Speaker, of course he is not summoned. His presence might be inconvenient, and mar the harmony of the proceedings. Who can read the account of the grand doings at Windsor without a smile? For our part, we have laughed over it all till our sides shook. From the reception to the departure, the business was not Windsor College, but how Sir John Harvey could be managed, for the next six months. The spirit of the scene—the public demonstrations, and *private lectures*, may be all thus translated into the vulgar tongue. 'Here are we, Sir John, the Gentlemen and Scholars of the Province—all Governors, high functionaries, and Alumni, of a distinguished University, whose fame has reached the boundaries of civilization. We are most of us members of the true Church—there are only two or three Liberals among us. Surrounded by such persons, surely you cannot see the ten or fifteen thousand men, who, even in this very County, have no sympathy with our proceedings, and think us a parcel of fools, and among whom, after our College has stood here half a century, scarcely a single Alumnus is to be found. In this fine County, it is true, with all our learning, and wisdom, and influence, not one of us could get a seat at the last Election—but then, we ought to have had them, and if you only take our advice, and give us your support, you will by and bye become nearly as popular as we are ourselves, and the influence of your Government be co-extensive with that of our Institution.'

We have not space to follow His Excellency further, but have no doubt that the mesmerizers have been busy every where. The magnetic sleep, however Sir John may close his eyes with tranquil bon homme, is not likely to be very profound.—*Novascolian*.

UNION OF THE PROVINCES.

This question is now being discussed in some of the Colonial and English periodicals. We have already stated our approbation of this scheme as the one of all others, that would be most likely to produce the greatest amount of good to the Colonies, and have the effect of destroying those local matters of contention which have too often agitated the public mind.

There are difficulties to be got over in the settlement of this highly important question, which must be met by the most enlightened and liberal of our public men; but we don't conceive that these difficulties are too great, or are insurmountable.

Some of the great objects to be looked forward to in the settlement of this question, are,—1st, the abolition of all inter-colonial taxes, and in this matter it will interest all classes of men, and be the means of uniting these Colonies by self-interest to assist each other. 2ndly,—a new tenure or method of granting the public lands must be introduced, and thus an extensive system of emigration may at once become general. 3rdly,—a