

The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY WHEN FREE-BORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC—MAY SPEAK FREE."—MILTON'S EPIGRAMS.

New Series.

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ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

[The following beautiful and spirited verses are extracted from Cooper's "Prison-Rhyme," a Chartist production of great poetical merit, and known to very few in the Colonies.]

1
HAIL glorious Sun!—all hail the captive's friend!
Giver of purest joys, where sorrow fain
Would enter and abide, and traitorous, lend
Her power to aggravate the tyrant's chain:—
Great Exorcist, that bringest up the train
Of childhood's joyance, and youth's dazzling dreams
From the heart's sepulchre,—until, again,
I live in ecstasy, 'mid woods, and streams,
And golden flowers that laugh while kissed by thy
bright beams.

2
Aye,—once more,—mirrored in the silver Trent,
Thy noon-tide majesty I think I view
With boyish wonder; or, till drowsed and spent
With eagerness, peer up the vaulted blue
With shaded eyes, watching the lark purr
Her dizzy flight;—then on a fragrant bed
Of meadow sweets still spent with morning dew,
Dream how the heavenly chambers overhead
With steps of grace and joy the holy angels tread.

3
Of voices sweet, and harps with golden wires,
Touch'd by the fingers of the Seraph throng;
Of radiant vision which the Cherub choirs
Witness, with jubilee of rapturous song,
And without weariness their joy prolong,—
I lie and dream,—till, with a start, I wake,
Thinking my mother's home is still among
Earth's children, and her yearning heart will ache,
If for those angel joys, her smile I should forsake.—

4
O heart,—now cold in the devouring grave,
And torn, no more, by scorn and suffering,—
How fondly didst thou to thy darling cleave!
Although thy tyrants but a worthless thing
Kateemed him. Rankled, deep, oppression's sting
In thy recesses:—still, in hardihood
Of conscious right, stern challenge thou didst fling
Back at thy foemen and their hireling brood,—
And beat unto old age with free and youthful blood!

5
Mother,—thy wrongs,—the common wrongs of all
To labor doom'd by proud and selfish drones,
Enduringly have fixed the burning gall
Deep in my veins—aye in my very bones.
I hate ye,—things with surpluses and crowns!—
Serpents that poison,—tigers that devour
Poor human kind,—and fill the earth with groans,
Through every clime! God send ye were no more
Ye'd have a merry requiem from shore to shore!

6
Taxes for king and priest a knave was wont
To fitch from my poor widow'd mother's toil;
And while the prowling jackall held his hunt,
He battered on the offals of the spoil,—
And mock'd the sufferers! How my blood did boil
When lately I beheld a gilded stone
Raised to the memory of this vermin vile,
And pious charity ascribed thereon
To him who gray beneath the Poor's grim curse had
grown!

7
I laid my aged mother near the dust
Of her oppressor; but no gilded verse
Tells how she toil'd to win her child a crust,
And fasting, still toil'd on: no rhymes rehearse
How tenderly she strove to be the nurse
Of truth and nobleness in her loved boy,
Spite of his rage.

O Sun! thou dost amerce
My wither'd heart, for the poor fleeting joy
With which thy beams began my sadness to destroy.

8
Bright Gazer on the wilderness of woe
Called Earth;—dost thou in mockery smile
Above,—like all thou look'st upon below?
I fondly hoped thou wouldst, a little while,
The captive of his cankerous care beguile—
But,—for one glimpse of childhood's cheerful
bloom,—
Thou hast brought back upon my heart a pile
Of achings rendered to the dreary tomb;
And mak'st me feel I hasten to that realm of gloom.

Resplendent light! now wanes
Thy beam;—yet who the morrow shall survive
To see, shall thee behold gilding the plains,
And hear thy gladden'd birds rechant their joyous strains.

WHEN MAY A SCOTCHMAN BE CALLED DRUNK.

"Well, Doctor, pray give us a definition of what you consider being *fou*, that we may know in future when a cannie Scot may, with propriety, be termed drunk."

"Well, gentlemen," said the Doctor, "that is rather a little question to answer, for you know there is a great diversity of opinion on the subject. Some say that a man is sober as long as he can stand upon his legs. An Irish friend of mine, a fire-eating, hard-drinking captain of dragoons, once declared to me, on his honor as a soldier and a gentleman, that he would never allow any friend of his to be called drunk till he saw him trying to light his pipe at the pump. And others there be, men of learning and respectability too, who are of opinion that a man has a right to consider himself sober as long as he can lie flat on his back without holding on by the ground. For my own part, I am a man of moderate opinions; and would allow that a man was *fou*, without being just so far gone as any of these. But with your leave, gentlemen, I'll tell you a story about the Laird of Bonniemoon, that will be a good illustration of what I call being *fou*."

"The Laird of Bonniemoon was gae fond of his bottle—in short, just a poor drunken body as I said afore. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord R——, a neighbour of his, and his Lordship, being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to claret, when nothing better was to be got. The Laird thought this fine heartsome stuff, so on he went filling his glass like the rest, and telling his cracks, and ever the more he praised his Lordship's Port. 'It was a fine full-bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like the poisonous stuff, claret, that made a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks.' Well, gentlemen, the Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or, as his Lordship called it, 'his particular port,' and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he declared to be even better than the first, when his old confidential servant Watty, came starving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that the Laird's horse was at the door.

'Get out o' that ye fause loon,' cried the Laird, pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head. 'Dinna ye see, ye blethering brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?' 'But Maister,' says Watty, scratching his head, 'its amaist twall o'clock.' 'Weel, what though it be?' said the Laird, turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their sides with laughing at him and Watty. 'It canna be ony later, my man, so just reach me my wig and let my naig bide a wee.'

Well, gentlemen, it was a cold frosty night, and Watty soon tired of kicking his heels at the door; so, in a little while, back he comes, and says he, 'Maister, maister, its amaist one o'clock!' 'Well, Watty,' says the Laird with a hiccup—for he was far gone by this time,—it will never be ony earlier, Watty, my man, and that's a comfort, so you may just rest yourself' a wee while langer till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you ken, Watty.'—Watty was by this time dancing mad; so after waiting another half-hour, back he comes and says he, 'Laird, Laird, as true as death the sun's rising!' 'Weel, Watty,' says the Laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, 'let him rise, my man, let him rise, he has farther to gang the day than either you or me, Watty.'

"This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into the saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine day light for his journey. 'Heech, Watty, my man,' says the Laird patting his stomach and speaking awful thick, 'we were nane the warse for that second bottle this frosty mornin.'"

"Faith," says Watty, blowing his fingers and looking as blue as a bilberry, 'your honor is may be nane the warse for it, but I am nane the better; I wish I was.' Well, on they rode *fou* cannily, the Laird gripping hard at the horse's mane, and rolling about like a sack of meal; for the cold air was beginning to make the spirits tell on him. At last they came to a bit of a brook that crossed the road, and the Laird's horse, being pretty

well used to having his own way, stopped short and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the poor Laird lose his balance, and away he went over the horse's ears into the very middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash and to know that something was wrong; but he was so drunk that he did not in the least suspect it was himself. 'Watty,' says he, sitting up in the middle of the stream and stammering out the words with great difficulty, 'Watty, my man, there's surely something fa'en plout into the brook.' 'Faith you may say that,' replied Watty, like to roll off his horse with laughing 'for it's just yourself, Laird!' 'Hout fie, no, Watty,' cried the Laird, with a hiccup between every word, 'it surely canna be me, Watty, for I'm here!'

Now, gentlemen, continued the Doctor, here is a case in which I would allow a man to be drunk, although he had neither lost his speech nor the use of his limbs.—*The Old Forest Ranger, by Capt. W. Campbell.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT THE PEOPLE EXPECT FROM RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

TO EDWARD WHELAN, ESQ., M. P. F.
No. II.

SIR—
In the first place then, the Government would be so constructed as wholly to consist of some of the leaders of the liberal movement and others, advocates and friends of the Responsible System. This having been done, the next step would be to confer all the principal government appointments upon men who, besides being duly qualified by education and experience to discharge all the duties of their several appointments, had proved the sincerity of their attachment to the Responsible System, by their uncompromising advocacy of the cause, when for any one prominently to rank with the Liberal Party was to be exposed to the direct persecution or insidious slanders of the dominant faction, and to be assailed by all the shafts of ridicule and misrepresentation which could be discharged against him by the hirelings of corruption.

These changes would be strictly in accordance with the principles of reason, justice, and sound policy: for they who laid down the plan of any truly glorious and triumphant campaign, and officers and men who meritoriously distinguished themselves in the field during its continuance—they who devised and they who carried into effect the operations which have led to the establishment of the freedom, peace, and prosperity of a country, are, undoubtedly, the parties upon whom a grateful people would be most eager to bestow rewards, and whom they would be most solicitous to honour with their confidence, by elevating them to places of dignity, authority, and trust.

The parties then whose zeal for the extension of the true and constitutional liberties of the People, shall bring about the establishment of such a System of Government, as shall be best calculated to work for the general good, are they from amongst whom should be selected, not only the members of the Government, but all its principal officials. No *subdued enemies* must be retained in places of trust and power, either in the Cabinet or the Camp of the conquerors. Upon the faith of such men no full reliance could be placed. The more freely the principles of the British Constitution are admitted into that of this Colony, the more closely must the practice of its Government approach to that of Great Britain.

Having thus shewn who, on principles of reason, justice and sound policy, ought upon the introduction of the Responsible System, to constitute the Government, and hold the principal public appointments, I will next briefly endeavour to prove that, were these men as thoroughly selfish, base, and corrupt, as the still dominant, although tottering faction and their payees represent them, the Responsible System,

"The only one which wary statesmen know
To make men honest and to keep them so,"
which will bring them into power, will compel them, if they have any regard at all for their own interests, to act honestly and in conformity with the public principles which they now profess.

As I have already said, those who, under the Responsible System, will be called upon to constitute the Government and occupy the public offices, will, generally speaking, have to make some arrangements, involving personal sacrifices, in order to do so; and knowing that