

# THE EXAMINER

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak freely."—Burke.

Vol. XI.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, December 9, 1861.

New Series.—No. 48.

**PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE Pain Killer**  
We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and successful  
**Family Medicine.**  
It has been successfully known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received thousands of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy for diseases caused by or attending upon—  
Sudden Colds, Coughs, Fever and Ague, Headache, Biliousness, Pains in the Side, Back, and Limbs, as well as in the Joints, and Limbs; Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains in any part of the system, Toothache and Pains in the Head and Face.  
It is a Blood Purifier and Tonic for the Stomach, it cures flatulency to cure Dyspepsia, indigestion, Liver Complaint, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaints, Sick Headache, Piles, fistula, or Chiricid, Ringworms, Boils, Felons, Whitlow, Old Sores, Scalded Joints, and General Debility of the System.  
It is also a prompt and sure Remedy for Cramp and Quin in the Stomach, Painters Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Chills, as well as the Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bites of Potent Insects and Venomous Reptiles.  
See Directions accompanying each bottle.  
It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller,—on sea and land,—and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it.  
Price, 12 1/2 cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00 per Bottle.  
**PERRY DAVIS & SON, MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.**  
Sold by dealers every where.  
Agent, **J. LEARNSAY,** Apothecary's Hall, Charlottetown, P. E. I. January 25, 1861.

**MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,**  
OF HALIFAX, N. S.,  
**ATTORNEY AND BARRISTER AT LAW,**  
**NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. &c.**  
For the present engage at the "Pavilion Hotel,"  
Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

**GEORGETOWN.**  
**WILLIAM SANDERSON,**  
Commission Merchant, Wholesale & Retail  
General Agent, Auctioneer & Broker.  
Agent for Col. Life }  
Assurance Company } **NOTARY PUBLIC** }  
in King's County. } for Pictou }  
Town Lots, Pasture Lots, and Farms for Sale in King's } Iron Foundry. }  
County. }  
Nov. 18.

**ALFRED PURCHASE,**  
Watch and Clock-maker, Smardon's Corner.  
Horizontal Watches in Silver cases, ..... £4 0 0  
Hunting, ..... do. do. ..... £4 10 0  
Lever Escapement, ..... do. do. ..... £5 10 0  
Hunting, ..... do. do. ..... £6 0 0  
Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861.

**ALEXANDER MCKINNON,**  
**AUCTIONEER**  
AND  
**GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
QUEEN STREET,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.  
Office in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.

**JAMES MCCOMB,**  
IMPORTER OF  
**CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY,**  
FANCY GOODS of all kinds, Ambrotype and Photographic  
Goods, Chemicals, &c. Wholesale and Retail.  
**BAZAAR, Great George Street,**  
No. 4, 1861.

**R. R. MACLELLAN,**  
Artist,  
**GREAT GEORGE STREET,**  
Charlottetown, P. E. ISLAND.

**REMOVAL.**  
**DR. GAUVREAU** has removed to the corner of POWELL  
and SYDNEY STREETS, where he may be consulted at  
all hours. Entrance on Sydney Street.  
Charlottetown July 1, 1861.

**ON CONSIGNMENT,**  
And now for Sale.  
8 Boxes Cavendish BIRACCO 5 cases BOWEN'S SHOES  
50 boxes High BIRACCO 4 boxes BIRACCO'S  
100 lbs. Laurador Herrings 5 Iron Bedsteads  
15 dozen Corn Brooms  
A lot of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, for wood and coal.  
Some small Cook Stoves for vessels.  
Oct. 14, 1861. WILLIAM DODD, Queen Square.

**PISCATAQUA**  
Fire & Marine Insurance Co. of Maine.  
STOCK DEPARTMENT:  
Authorized Capital, \$500,000 Capital Subscribed and  
Searched, \$225,425.75.  
Has JOHN N. GOODWIN, Pres. O. P. MILLER, Vice Pres.  
SHIPLEY W. RICKER, Secy.  
**DIRECTORS:**  
JOHN N. GOODWIN, O. P. MILLER, SHIPLEY W. RICKER,  
DAVID FARRAR, JAMES G. GARDNER, JAMES A. FARRAR,  
F. W. DE ROBERTO.  
Fire Insurance on Buildings, Furniture, Warehouses, Public Buildings,  
Mills, Manufactories, Stores, Merchandise, Ships in Port, &c. &c. &c.  
Building, and other property. Inland Insurance on Goods to all parts  
of the country. Marine Insurance on Vessels, Cargo and Freight to all  
parts of the World.  
POLICIES ISSUED AND FURTHER INFORMATION OBTAINED OF  
**J. S. CARVELL, Agent,**  
Charlottetown, September 23, 1861.

**A CARD.**  
**NEL RANKIN** begs leave to inform the MERCANTILE  
AND TRADING COMMUNITY of Prince Edward Island,  
and the Neighboring Provinces, that he has made arrangements  
for the immediate presentation of business as an  
**Auctioneer, Commission Merchant & General Agent,**  
in each of which lines all Commissions with which he may be  
furnished (at home or from abroad) shall receive his prompt  
and best attention.  
Charlottetown, July 8, 1861.

**EXTENSIVE**  
**CONSIGNMENT.**  
**EX "ISABEL" FROM LIVERPOOL, G. B.**  
Genova, Whiskey, Tea, Soap, and Staple  
Goods.  
10 Hhds. De Cuyper GENEVA,  
5 Casks fine old (small still) WHISKEY,  
50 Chests superior Congo TEA,  
16 Boxes SOAP,  
6 Bales  
2 Cases, } **STAPLE GOODS.**  
—ALSO—  
Ex "Prince Alfred" from London, (hourly expected)—  
20 Chests TEA.  
The Subscriber begs to intimate to the Trade, that he is  
now prepared to offer for sale to wholesale buyers the above  
Goods, on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased in  
the City, for cash or approved paper.  
N. RANKIN,  
12 Queen Street, Oct. 21, 1861. (1st)

**Cheap Travelling!**  
**GREATLY REDUCED FARES!**  
From Charlottetown to Boston for \$7!  
PROM Subscriber having been instructed to sell THROUGH  
TICKETS to Boston and intervening Points, viz., West-  
morland to Shediac, European North American Railway, to  
St. John, and International Steamship Co.'s Steamers to Bos-  
ton—is prepared to issue Tickets at greatly reduced prices,  
as under:  
Shediac, \$2.50 St. John, \$4.50  
Boston, \$8.00  
Freight by this route forwarded with despatch, and at rates  
below any previous arrangement.  
Aug. 12, 1861. J. S. CARVELL, Agent.

**Molasses, Sugar, &c.**  
THE Schooner "SAGO" is daily expected from BAR-  
BADOS with  
100 Casks Bright Muscovado MOLASSES  
A few Barrels SUGAR  
500 Fresh COCOA NUTS, &c.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 18, 1861. H. HASZARD.

**MAILS.**  
THE Mails for England and the neighboring Provinces, &c.,  
will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the  
General Post Office as follows:  
For the United States, Canada and New Brunswick, via  
Summerside and Shediac, every Monday and Thursday morning,  
at nine o'clock.  
For Nova Scotia via Schooner ALMA to Pictou, every Monday  
and Thursday, at 12 o'clock, noon.  
For England, Newfoundland and Bermuda, will be made up  
at twelve o'clock, noon, on  
Monday, November 25th, Monday, December 22nd,  
Monday, December 31st.  
L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.  
General Post Office, 22, Queen Street, 1861.

## Literature.

### WHY APOLLO FLAYED MARSYAS.

A Study from the Antique.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

A mighty minstrel on a morning summer  
Came to Arcadi, singing songs divine,  
And all the people gathered from the pastures,  
From dale and mountain side,  
And from the flowery banks of blue Meander,  
From hamlets, and from villages far scattered,  
From hill and dale, and marsh and portico,  
And from the green recesses of grove and forest,  
Came young and old, the merry and the sorrowful,  
The thoughtful and the thoughtless, high and lowly,  
And all to listen to a Poet's song.

O song, divinest ever breathed to mortal!  
It caused the eye to glow, the pulse to throbb,  
The brain to reel with beauty and delight;  
It moved the harp-toned lyre to frantic strains,  
And warmed the coldest blood to martial frenzy,  
Waking all passion and all mystery,  
By touches masterful 'Twas now a storm,  
Housing and chafing the quiescent sea  
To wrath sublime and thunderous hills of foam;  
And now a whispering breeze 'mid lily flowers,  
Breathing sweet odours and delicious calms.

The mighty Poet? Is he god or man?  
Exclaimed the people. "Is he man or god,  
Who sings these songs, and sways us to and fro,  
E'en as he listeth? If he be a god,  
Let us kneel down and give him reverence!  
And if he be a man, of men the chief,  
Let us entrust him that he be our king,  
For lo! his words are wisdom, and his songs  
Fill us with thoughts too mighty for our speech,  
But clear in his, as planets in the sky,  
Lo, he is mighty! Let him be our king!"

And thereat Marsyas—chief of critics he—  
Spoke to the crowd: "O foolish multitude!  
To be so smitten with an idle tune,  
Made for his pasture by a shepherd boy,  
He hath not studied in the schools of art!  
He cannot sing! his words are emptiness!  
His lyre is out of tune! and what he saith  
Hath been said better fifty times before.  
O, the boy! Big game, plough the fields,  
Or tend the kine, and vex thy soul no more,  
N't so, to buy in a world of care,  
To give attention to thy songs of lore!"

"Thou fool!" the poet said. "Who made thee judge,  
Or gave thee license to at loose thy tongue?  
What art thou Marsyas? One of those who sing  
The garland and the crown? Who sound the deeps  
Of mighty nature, should have eyes to scan  
The lightning line to which the plummet pend,  
Who measure heavenly harmony should hear  
The heavenly music in his own true soul.  
What hast thou done, presumptuous? or canst do?  
Sing, that the people who have ears to hear,  
And hearts to feel may judge 'twixt thee and me?"

Angry and scornful—Marsyas snatched the lyre,  
And struck the quivering strings, with rude bold hand,  
And sang a lulling song of Love and Wine,  
Merry and harsh, that jangled out of tune,  
Soothing as croak of frogs within the marsh,  
Or rattling of wheels of quarrelsome waggon,  
And all the people laughed. The shepherd's eye  
Gleamed fiery wrath; his red lips curled with scorn;  
His stature doubled to heroic bulk;  
And all his visage brightened with disdain,  
And quizzed the boldness as he spoke.

"And this thing saith in judgment on the gods,  
And calls it a crime! Fool! rash fool!  
Know 'tis Apollo's self who thou hast scorned,  
And hear thy fate. Not for a poor revenge  
Unworthy of the poet or the god,  
But for example to thy kind and craft—  
Example to be fresh till end of time—  
I flay thy skin from thy presumptuous flesh,  
And nail it to a tree to rot or burn.  
That gods and men may see the punishment  
Of envious churls and disappointed knaves,  
Who have the heavenly fire that warms them not,  
And strive to trample genius in the mire."

Quick as a lightning flash the deed was done.  
The victim raised, a one agonizing shriek,  
And then was mute forever. On the tree  
The bleeding trophy hung; and ere the crowd  
Could draw one breath for wonderment of awe,  
Apollo's place was vacant, and the sky  
Shone with a slanting ray of purplish gold,  
On which he mounted, swift as light, to Heaven.

## UP IN THE AIR.

Some few months back I was called in—I am a surgeon by profession—to attend a Senator Tornado, who, despite his name, was as true an Englishman by birth and parentage as any of the Lambeth crowd ever tried and reared. I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness, brought on by the overland journey of the steamer, and the loss of his wife and child, and that he was a rhymer, clock and tight, a number, stiff and loose; spirit, acrobatic, and gentle-quietist; and many other things which have escaped my memory.

His family consisted of his wife, a pale sickly woman, somewhat older than himself, and a very handsome little girl. Accustomed as I was to witness the devotion of women by a sick bedside, and the unruly of male patients, the self-sacrifice and the demonstrative gratitude of her of her husband for each attention, struck me as a number, stiff and loose; spirit, acrobatic, and gentle-quietist; and many other things which have escaped my memory.

"You see Sir," he began, "my father was a lawyer over in London, but my mother, she was a quack, and she was a quack when I was quite young. I don't know how it was I learned quackery. The first thing I can remember is standing on my head on a string. Now, my boy, the gentleman said, 'd'you know, which I did. Now, said he, 'sping!' which I did, and came on my feet again. 'Good boy,' said he and pat me on the head. That gentleman, Sir, was the great Dr. Burrows. Well, Sir, of course after such a success I was from such a man, a number I become. I spent neither pain nor trouble, and precisely till I became master of my art and lord of my profession.

"About seven years ago—I was just twenty-three—I first met with James Ranford, who was also in my line, and he proposed that we should work together. I consented, and we travelled about and exhibited at town halls and assembly rooms and large rooms at times; but we did very badly. Ranford had a wife and child, so it fell harder upon him. I was forced to lend him what little I could spare, for I could not see a young woman and a little baby go without while I had it, could I?"

"Well, Sir, things got bad to worse; and my partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink; and he was always getting into the gutter, and when the quack's son and a lot of young gentlemen came in, asked us to perform for them, which we did; and they gave us a couple of sovereigns, and more than that, asked us to supper at the hotel. After supper the quack looked at one of our bills of the day, and said 'Hello! I see you call yourself Messrs. J. Ranford and W. K. K.' No wonder you get no audience. I suppose those are your real names? He answered that they were.

"Oh, that's never do," said he. "You must have an alias, you wouldn't let the public suppose you are Englishmen. It is contrary to the rules of professional etiquette. You must make out that you are foreigners."

were to call ourselves 'The Two Poesart—the English Siamese of Syria?'"

"Well, Sir, from that moment Ranford and I began to do well; but I'm sorry to say that our good luck only caused my partner to drink the harder, and in consequence, to become more and more of a drunkard. His child he took to be very fond of, particularly his little boy, and he was very fond of him; but Ranford was one of those men who liked new faces. As soon as he met a stranger he was all life and spirit, and he would do anything or go anywhere to oblige him; but when he had known a man some time he didn't care for him, but grew cross and contradictory.

"At last we got an engagement at a garden near London, where there was a grand gala night every week, on which occasion a balloon ascended, I scraped acquaintance with the astronomer, and one evening I went out with him. The sensation was singular. I cannot describe it, but I liked it very much. The astronomer showed me how he managed to steer through the air, when to throw out the sand, and how to descend. As we were sailing over London he said to me, 'You couldn't do the trick you're up here, Poesart, could you?'"

"Why not? I said; and as I spoke the idea flashed upon me that a splendid feature in the programme it would be. 'Perfect Performance of the Two Poesart Brothers who will go through their immutable Evolutions on a sack Wire suspended from a Balloon floating thousands of yards above the surface of the earth!' A balloon, I thought, could bear the weight of two men, and I could be seen from the sides of the city, and when at a sufficient height, we could get out and perform.

"As soon as I reached ground I went to Ranford, who first laughed at the notion, and then agreed to it. The proprietor of the garden asked us to name our terms. We did so, and tried to get us down, but at last consented, and we went up about 1000 feet.

"I interrupted him by asking if the danger were not extreme. 'Not a bit,' replied my partner. 'I fell from a few fifty feet from the ground the chances are that I should break my neck; I fell from a height of fifty miles I could do no more.' 'Then, if my feet miss, we leave our hands to hold on by.' However, I was saying we went up, and when we had risen a certain distance, we got out of the sack and commenced the performance. It seemed all right at first, tumbling and swinging in the air, with the gardens and the audience, and the houses and the trees, such a depth beneath us; but what struck me as being strange was when we hung head downwards, and looked up at the clouds. I used to feel that the earth could not be so very distant, for high as we had risen, the sky seemed as far off from us as ever.

"Our performance gave great satisfaction, and was favourably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. We were told that the sack that thrilled the audience most was the last one we performed before descending. Ranford, who was a heavier man than I, hung from the rope with his head downwards; then, taking hold of both his hands with both hands, I swung by their support; and then, by way of climax I let go my left hand, and hung on only by my right. I never felt the least fear. We let each other get up, and we were all right. We were told that the sack that thrilled the audience most was the last one we performed before descending. Ranford, who was a heavier man than I, hung from the rope with his head downwards; then, taking hold of both his hands with both hands, I swung by their support; and then, by way of climax I let go my left hand, and hung on only by my right. I never felt the least fear.

"At the moment we got up with us, but after a few times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that, had an accident happened to one, the other could have got safely down. 'We were earning a great deal of money, but I noticed that Mrs. Ranford looked paler and more care-worn every day, and I knew how her husband was conducting himself by that. She often said to me, 'I don't know how it came about, but after a long correspondence with my husband, I married her; and she comes with my husband—and here comes Ranford; for that's the very woman, Sir, and that's the very little girl, and a real beauty she is!'"

"The MORNING CALLER.—Observe him on the doorsteps after he has knocked, and before the door is flung open. Is that man at ease? Certainly not. There is no ordinary man (unless he is over 50 and very fat, but not always even then) who can keep still at such a time. He will turn rapidly about after knocking, and grasping his chin, will look up at the sky, as if profoundly interested in the weather. He will look down and cast an imaginary speck off his waistcoat. He will revolve once or twice, and glance nervously down the outside seam of his trousers, straightening the limb as he does so. I have even seen (but this was in Dorset-square only) a nice old fellow in this predicament, who so far forgot himself as to take aim from the doorstep at a certain sparrow with his umbrella, used judiciously. It was but the action of a moment—the desperate action of one trying to appear at ease. Of those gentlemen who, when they have knocked, stand with their backs to the door, posing themselves on their heels on the remotest verge of the step, it is not necessary to speak; they are without control over their actions, and may be consigned to oblivion in company with the gentleman who occupies himself, while waiting for admission, in chipping a mark with the point of his umbrella the loose bit of wood which has begun to peel off by the side of the servants' bell. Mark the sudden way in which he turns round, and the unnatural key in which he inquires whether Mrs. T. is at home? If your eyes were bandaged do you think you would recognize in the sharp cry of agony the voice of your friend? Surely not. Observe, again, the almost inextinguishable appearance of relief with which he learns that T. is not at home. Observe how quick he is with his card; how hurriedly he makes away from the house fearful of being sent for back again.—All the Year Round."

"SUPERSTITIONS OF GREAT MEN.—Most great men have been superstitious. The other bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician, Polidori, was stated, Lord Bacon remarked, 'I was convinced something unpleasant hung over me last night. I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead; so it turns out. Who can help being superstitious?' Scott believed in second sight; Rousseau tried whether he should be damned or not by aiming at a stick with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water, whether he was to succeed in the undertaking. Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing of a trout he had hooked out of the water.

Two tourists observing a pretty girl in a milliner's shop, the one, an Irishman, proposed to go and buy a watch ribbon, in order to get a nearer view of her. 'Flout man,' says his Northern friend, 'nae occasion to waste silver; let us gang an' see if she can gie us two saxpences for a shilling.'

"THERE'S a curious belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he feels sheepish."

"DAUGHTER," said an anxious parent to his little one, "Didn't I tell you to eat no more green apples?" "Yes, papa, but this is a yellow one."

NOX TO SPARE.—"I'll give that girl a piece of my mind," exclaimed a young fellow. "I wouldn't," replied his sister, "you've none to spare."

A FARMER, when flagellating two of his oldest boys, was asked what he was doing. "Thrashing wild oats," was his reply.

PEOPLE who are always talking sentiments have usually no very deep feelings. The less water you have in your kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not out side, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

A LEARNED young lady defines a thimble as a diminutive, argentine, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and sculptured with symmetrical indentations.

AN AMERICAN editor once, in attempting to compliment General Pillow as a "battle-scarred veteran," was made by the types to call him a "battle-scarred veteran." In the next issue the mistake was so far corrected as to style him a "battle-scarred veteran."

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said an Illinois magistrate to the masochist of a couple who stood up before him. "Wall, square," was the reply, "you must be a green 'un, to ask me such a question as that. Do you think I'd be such a plucky fool as to go to the bar, and take this gal from the quilter's frolic, if I was not conceptually certain and determined to have her? Drive on with your business."

No girl could take a more effectual method of driving a worthy man from her side than making love to him, or trying to do so; for we hold it to be scarcely possible that a woman, by being false to the delicacy of her sex, could be inspired by a genuine sentiment.