

# The Examiner.

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

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## POETRY.

### TEARS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Oh ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refused to flow.  
 Ye are welcome to my heart, thawing, thawing, like the snow;  
 I feel the hard clods soften, and the early snow drops spring.  
 And the healing fountains gush, and the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run,  
 Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall gladden in the sun.  
 The rainbow cannot shine, if the drops refuse to fall,  
 And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek,  
 I was selfish in my sorrow; I was stubborn, I was weak.  
 Ye have giv'n me strength to conquer, and I stand erect and free,  
 And I know that I am human by the light of sympathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,  
 The barren rock of Pride has been stricken once again:  
 Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,  
 It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.

There is light upon my path! There is sunshine in my heart!  
 And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.

Ye restore me to the freshness and the bloom of long ago—  
 Ye tears! ye happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow!

## MISCELLANY.

### THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We forget in what book it was many years ago, that we read the history of a lover who was to carry his mistress to the top of a mountain and how he did win her.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud nobleman, thought it impossible for a young man, so burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him to do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes—they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man, (the son of a small landed proprietor who had some pretensions to wealth, though none of nobility,) stood, respectfully looking, but confident—rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress; though at the

cost of a noble pain, which he should hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such transports, as is known only to real lovers; none other know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how dispensing with formality enables and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task, and dared neither to look at her father, nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd, (which, nevertheless, she beheld not) and now on her hand and finger's ends, which she doubled with pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice, a daughter or mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the Lord Baron, kissed the hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said—'Now, sir, put an end to this mummery!' and the lover turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice at the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill: they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The Baron with an air of indifference, bites the top of his gauntlet and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble is his steps, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again, he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers, but does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again, and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts her hands as if to lighten him. See: he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top: it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a move as if it would assist him,—see, at last, he is on the top—and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! He has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The Baron put spurs to the horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount: they ascend the rest of the hill together,—the crowd silent and happy,—the Baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reached the

top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

'Traitor!' exclaimed the Baron, 'thou hast practised this feat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!'

'You cannot expect it, sir,' said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind—'Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed!'

'Part them,' said the Baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close,—they kneel down,—they bend an ear,—they bury their faces upon them. 'God forbid they should ever be parted more,' said a venerable man, 'they can never be.' He turned his old face, streaming with tears and looked upon the Baron.—'Sir they are dead!'

### SPUNK AND PERIL.

There is a story, and which I believe is a fact, of two boys going to a jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfry window in the tower of All Saint's Church, Derby, England. As it was impossible to reach it standing, and equally impossible to reach that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window,—and while the heavier boy secured his balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far, the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and finding in it five fledged young birds announced the news to his companion.

'Five are there; then I'll have three.'

'Nay,' exclaimed the other, indignantly; 'I run all the danger, and I'll have three.'

'You shall not,' still maintained the boy inside; 'you shall not. Promise me three, or I'll drop you!'

'Drop me, if you please,' replied the little hero, 'but I'll promise you no more than two,' upon which his companion slipped off the plank.

Up tilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet from the ground. The little fellow at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs—three in one hand, and two in the other,—and they, finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a carter's frock secured from the neck, which filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground—when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion—

'Now you shall have none!' and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.—*Exchange pa.*

### AN APOLOGY.

Of all the wares and commodities in exchange and barter, wherein so mainly consists the civilization of our modern world, there is not one which is so carefully weighed—so accurately measured—so plumbed and gauged—so doled and scraped—so poured in minima and balanced with scruples—as that necessary of social commerce called an "apology." If the chemists were half so careful in vending their poisons, there would be a notable diminution in the yearly average of victims to arsenic and oxalic acid. But, alas, in the matter of apology, is not from the excess of the dose, but the timid, nigardly, miserly manner in which it is dispensed, that poor humanity is hurried off to the Styx! How many times does life depend on the exact proportions of an

apology! Is it a hairbreath too short to cover the scratch for which you want it? Make your will—you are a dead man! A life, do I say?—a hecatomb of lives! How many wars would have been prevented, how many thrones would be standing, dynasties flourishing, commonwealths brawling round a bema, or fitting out galleys for corn and cotton—if an inch or two more of apology had been added to the proffered ell! But then that plaguy, jealous, suspicious old vinegar-faced honor, and her partner, pride—as penny-wise and pound-foolish a she-skinflint as her self—have the monopoly of the article. And what with the time they lose in adjusting their spectacles, hunting on the precise shelf for the precise quality demanded, then (quality found) the haggling as to quantum—considering whether it should be apothecary's weight or avoirdupois, or English measure or Flemish—and, finally, the hullaboo they make if the customer is not perfectly satisfied with the monstrous little he gets for his money,—I don't wonder, for my part, how one loses his temper or patience, and sends pride, honor, and apology, all to the shades. Aristophanes, in his "Comedy of Peace," insinuates a beautiful allegory by only suffering that goddess, though in fact she is his heroine, to appear as a mute. She takes care never to open her lips. The shrewd Greek knew very well that she would cease to be Peace, if she once began to chatter! Wherefore, O reader, if ever you find your pump under the iron heel of another man's boot, heaven grant that you may hold your tongue, and not make things past all endurance and forgiveness by bawling out for an apology!—*My Novel.*

SKIRMISH AND A MOMENT OF DANGER.—The melee was much thicker in our neighborhood than was at all pleasant, and how we ever got out of it is unaccountable; but we did, after cutting our way from one end to the other of the Nassur camp. Somewhere about the middle of it, a tall ruffian, whom I was told afterwards was Shahzad's brother, walked deliberately at me with his juzail, and sticking it into my stomach, so that the muzzle almost pushed me out of my saddle, fired! The priming flashed in the pan, and as he drew back the juzail, I cut him over the head; but I might as well have hit a cannon ball: the sword turned in my hand, and the Nassur, without resettling his turban, commenced repriming his juzail, an operation which I did not stay to see completed. Between 1845 and 1849, there was no lack of peril on the Punjab frontier, and I, like all the rest, had my share; but I have always looked back to the moment when that juzail missed fire, as the one of all my life when I looked death closest in the face.—[*Edwardes' Year on the Punjab Frontier.*]

IMPORTANCE OF GUTTA PERCHA.—Of all modern discoveries, gutta percha deservedly stands in the first rank for its great utility. The public may not be aware of the progress made in the preparation and manufacture of this singular article. By different processes, it is made elastic like India-rubber, hard like marble, and fit to spread on cloth, thick or thin. A table slab has been made of it, and long used without injury, which possess all the external qualities of polished marble. Race horses are shod with it in England. An omnibus, we are assured, has been running in Philadelphia for a year or more with tires on its wheels made of gutta percha; and those best acquainted with its properties believe that in two years it will be adopted universally.