

# The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1859.

No. 23.

## FOR SALE,

A CARGO of TIMBER and DEALS, of the following description, viz:—  
130 to 160 Tons of square Birch sound good TIMBER,  
20 to 25 M of 3 inch Spruce DEALS,  
6 to 8 M of 1 inch WHITE HEMLOCK.  
As many Spars and LATHES may be required to suit the size vessel to load.  
About 100 tons of HARDWOOD, to suit the St. John's market, or for ship building, will be sold cheap if taken by the end of September next. Enquire of BENJAMIN DAVIES, Charlottetown, EDWARD ALBRO & Co., Halifax, THOMAS ANNAN, who has charge of the Cargo, or to PATRICK STEPHENS, Orwell.  
The above Cargo can be delivered at Three Rivers, by Mr. Thomas Annan, at ten days' notice.  
July 25, 1859. Isl. 11.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### FALSE RULES & COMMON SENSE PRACTICE.

Professional pretension is often wrong by dogmatic rules, while common sense is content to be right without them. This is pre-eminently true as regards the science of medicine; and the superiority of a common sense practice over the cut-and-dried system of mere slaves of precedent, has been abundantly established by the success of HOLLOWAY'S world-renowned remedies.

This extraordinary man is especially appreciated in Spain. The Spanish people know that his preparations will cure, with entire certainty, what are usually termed hopeless cases. Immense success has attended the use of the Pills in violent fevers and severe and dangerous bowel complaints, more or less prevalent in all parts of that country during the Summer and Autumn. In fact, their operation in disorders of this kind is little short of miraculous. Signor Jose Martinez, a gentleman from Havana, recently arrived at Cadiz, has stated through the press that on the voyage he was attacked with malignant fever, accompanied with vomiting, purging, and terrible pain and constriction of the bowels. The ship's physician deemed him past recovery, and as a last resort, a box of Holloway's Pills was taken from the captain's medicine chest, and a dose administered to the sick man. From that hour, according to his own account, he began to convalesce, and before the vessel entered the harbour of Cadiz he was quite well.

Facts like this render arguments unnecessary, and with such facts the journals of Mexico, Brazil, Central America, Peru, Chili, Buenos Ayres, and all Spanish America, literally teem. Nor is the reputation of the Ointment, as a means of eradicating blotches of the skin, erysipelas, scrofula, and all external disorders less widely known. Our ladies use it with confidence as a means of removing superficial blemishes, for they are aware that it contains no deleterious substance; and as a family curative for reducing exterior inflammation, and healing wounds and bruises, it is esteemed above every other outward application by all ranks.

### AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

The sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed their utmost to produce this best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these PILLS have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they win unprecedentedly upon the esteem of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. These penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my preparations contribute immensely to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men.

The Agent is pleased to furnish gratis his American Almanac, containing directions for their use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints:—  
Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pains arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Catarrhal Diseases which require an evacuant medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by some unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other they can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX. FIVE BOXES FOR \$1.

Holloway's Pills.—In indigestion, and all inflammatory and constipated disorders of the bowels, growing out of indigestion there is something chemically wrong in the fluids which should dissolve and assimilate the food. These searching Pills, acting upon the gastric juice, and upon the bile, as chemical agents, restore to the one its solvent properties, and to the other its modifying and tempering qualities. Such seems to be the philosophy of their operation. As regards their almost magical effect in dyspepsia, and all complaints affecting the digestive functions of the liver, there can be but one opinion among candid observers.

Perry Davis' Pain Killer has been used with great success in cases of what is called painters' colic, by taking it in molasses and water, and bathing the stomach and bowels with the medicine laid on warm with flannel cloths; repeat as often as they get dry. Sold by all dealers in family medicines.

During our visit to Lowell we were shown through the Laboratory of our celebrated countryman, Dr. J. C. AYER. Scarcely could we have believed what is seen there without proof beyond dispute.

They consume a barrel of solid Pills, about 50,000 doses, and 3 barrels Cherry Pectoral, 120,000 doses, per diem. To what an inconceivable amount of human suffering does this point; 180,000 doses a day!! 50,000,000 of doses per year!!! What acres and thousands of acres of sick beds does this spread before the imagination! And what sympathies and woe! True, not all of this is taken by the very sick, but alas, much of it is. This Cherry Drop, and this sugared Pill are to be the companion of pain and anguish, and sinking sorrow—the inheritance our mother Eve bequeathed to the whole family of man. Here the infant darling has been touched too early by the blight that withers half our race. Its little lungs are affected, and only watching and waiting shall tell which way its breath shall turn. This red drop on its table is the talisman on which its life shall hang. There the blossom of the world just bursting into womanhood, is stricken also. Affection's most assiduous care skills not, she is still fading away. The woe messenger comes nearer and nearer every week. This little medicament shall go there, their last, perhaps their only hope. The strong man has planted in his vitals, this same disease. This red drop by his side is helping him to wrestle with the inexorable enemy; the wife of his bosom and the cherubs of his heart are waiting in sick sorrow and fear lest the doctor on spare no lean in this world be broken.

O Doctor! spare no skill, nor cost, nor toil, to give the perishing sick the best that human art can give.—[Galveston, Texas, News.]

## Literature.

### THE PRESSMAN.

Pull up my boys, turn quick the rounce,  
And let the work begin,  
The world is pressing on without,  
And we must press within—  
And we who guide the public mind,  
Have influence far and wide,  
And all our deeds are good although  
The devil is at our side.

Let fly the frisket, now my boys,  
Who are more proud than we,  
While wait the anxious crowd without  
The inward power to see?  
So pull away—none are so great,  
As they who run the car,  
And who have dignity like those  
Who practice at the bar?

And you who twirl the rollers there,  
Be quick thou inky man;  
Old Time is rolling on himself,  
So beat him if you can;  
Be careful of the light and shade,  
Nor let the sheet grow pale,  
Be careful of the monkey looks  
Of every head and tale.

Though high in office is our stand,  
And pi-ous is our case,  
We would not cast a slur on those  
Who fill a lower place.  
The gaping world is fed by us,  
Who retail knowledge here;  
By feeding them we feed ourselves,  
Nor deem our fare too dear.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,  
And thus the chase we'll join:  
We have deposits in the bank—  
Our drawers are full of quoin;  
And who should more genteely cut  
A figure or a dash?  
Alas! that we who press so much,  
Should e'er be pressed for cash!

### COLDSTREAM.

A large party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the north-west coast of Devon. The various branches of English society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some guardsmen, some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man; yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley resembles Sir Charles Coldstream, inasmuch as he has been everywhere and done everything; but he is by no means used up, and can still take an interest in whatever his hand finds to do. Nor is his everything everybody else's everything. It is not bounded by Jerusalem and the pyramids.  
Mr. Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket and dress himself. Not that it must be supposed that he has ever been in the habit of wearing less clothing than the custom of the country in which he may have been located required; but only that at the present time he devoted much attention to buff waistcoats and gauze neck-ties, braided coats, and curled mustaches.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and he cannot be more than two-and-thirty. And the ladies at Ravelstoke outnumber the men; for although it is still rare for the fair sex to participate actively in the saturnalia of the partridge god, they will be always found hovering in considerable numbers on the outskirts of the feast: and the varieties of the British lady are fairly represented.

There are some mammas with daughters to marry, and there are some daughters with a mamma to prevent marrying again, which is, perhaps, the most difficult thing of the two, as she has an income in her own right. There are blondes and brunettes, and pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls who hover between the two orders, and combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the one colour than they do in the other; but who always command your suffrage in favour of that which they are wearing when you look at them.

And there is Constance Baynton with grey eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after he left her; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are! The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the widow) says, "not clever enough to hide it."

Is she a little vexed at her present condition? Certainly she does not exhibit any tendency to carry out Mrs. Mellish's suggestion, if it has ever been repeated to her. The young men are more afraid of her than ever; and certainly she does say very sharp things, sometimes. Especially she is severe upon idlers, the butterflies of fashionable existence. She appears to consider that she has a special mission to arouse them; but they do not appear to like being lectured. With the young ladies she is a great favourite, for she is very affectionate; and though so beautiful and distinguished, she has proved herself to be not so dangerous a rival as might have been expected. Indeed, it has happened, more than once, that male admiration, rebounding from the hard surface of her manner, has found more yielding metal in the bosom of her particular friends. Besides, she is always ready to lead the van in the general attack upon the male sex, when the ladies retire to the drawing-room.

Not that she ever says anything behind their backs she would not be ready to repeat to their faces; but in that

course probably she would not meet with such general support.

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated as her opinion to her intimate friends, that she did not believe he ever had done, or ever would do anything worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual; but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favourite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning when she had been reading Scott to three or four of her particular friends,—and it must be confessed that she read remarkably well,—that she began to lament the decline of chivalry. Tyrawley was sitting half in and half out of range. Perhaps she talked a little at him. At any rate he chose to accept the challenge.

"I cannot agree with you, Miss Baynton," he said. "It is true we no longer wear ladies' gloves in our helmets, nor do we compel harmless individuals, who possibly may have sweethearts of their own, to admit the superiority of our lady love at the point of the lance; but of all that was good in chivalry, of courage, truth, honour enterprise, self-sacrifice, you will find as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth."

He brightened up as he spoke, and it was quite evident that he believed what he said, a circumstance which always gives an advantage to a disputant.

More than one pair of bright eyes smiled approval, and Miss Constance saw a probability of a defection from her ranks. She changed her tactics.

"You are too moderate in your claims for your contemporaries, Mr. Tyrawley. If I remember right, modesty has always been considered a qualification of a true knight."

"I am not ashamed to speak the truth," he replied; "your theory would have been more tenable before the days of the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; but the men who lit their cigars in the trenches of the Redan, and who carried the gate of Delhi, may bear comparison with Bayard or Cœur de Lion."

"Oh! I do not allude to our soldiers," said she. "Of course, I know they are brave; but"—and here she hesitated a moment, till possibly piqued because her usual success had not attended her in the passage of arms, she concluded,— "but to our idle gentlemen, who seem to have no heart for anything."

Tyrawley smiled. "Possibly you may judge too much by the outside," he said. "I am inclined to fancy that some of those whom you are inclined to call idle gentlemen may be found to have heart enough for anything that honour, or duty, or even chivalry, could find for them to do."

"I hope you are right," said Miss Constance, with a slightly perceptible curl of her upper lip, which implied that she did not think so.

Tyrawley bowed, and the conversation terminated a few minutes afterwards; when he had left the room, the conversation of the young ladies was interrupted by Master George Baynton, aged fourteen, who suddenly attacked his sister.

"I think you are wrong, you know, when you call Tyrawley a humbug."

"My dear," said Constance, with a start, "I never said anything so ru—"

"Well, you implied it, you know, in your girl's words, and I think you make a mistake; for he can shoot like one o'clock, never misses a thing, and I hear he can ride no end. He was rather out of practice in his cricket when he came down; but he is improving every day. You should have seen the hit he made yesterday—right up to the cedars."

"Do you think there is nothing else for a man to do, but ride, and shoot, and play cricket?"

"Oh! that's all very well; but you should hear what Merton, our second master says; and a great brick he is too. Whatever you do, do it as well as you can, whether it's cricket or verses. And I believe if Tyrawley had to fight, he'd go in and win, and no mistake."

"Ah!" said Constance, with a sigh, "he has evidently—what is it you boys call it?—tipped you. Isn't it?"

Indignant at this insult, George walked off to find his friend, and have a lesson in billiards.

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country houses. There was a little dancing after dinner; but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the morrow.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Pleasant, by Jove!" he soliloquised. "I wonder whether it's smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are; never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night, a sea flash of lightning illumined the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be about north-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall-door open without waking them up; what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting upon his expedition, he changed the remains of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for a flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near, he found that unnecessary, as springing to it he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across country "like a bird," to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with her," he asked of an old coast-guard man.

"Why ye see, sir, we have sent to Billford for Manby's rockets; but she must break up before they come."

"How far is it to Billford?"

"Better than seven miles, your honour."

"If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew."

"Every one of them, your honour; but it ain't possible."

"I think a man might swim out."

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to be lost: lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket, then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. "You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukaheva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that."

Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do," he said, "mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now, out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clear start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved outwards; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the spring-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its centre. The water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks, and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the waters. "Ship a-boy!" shouts a loud clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. "Throw me a rope or a buoy!" The life-buoy was still hanging in its accustomed place by the mainmast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and with well-directed aim throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, sir," he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the lower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board—then a second—and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking up, and there is a lady passenger. Whilst the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her up in his left arm, steadies himself with his right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear—five minutes more, and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with brandy and blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and thinking that he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady, whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavour to ascertain what was going on. The excitement culminated when the miscellaneous assemblage who had conducted the captain and some of the crew to the Hall, after being well supplied with ale and strong liquors, conceived that it would be the correct thing to give three cheers at the hour of half-past five.

It was then that Lord Todmorton, an Irish peer, labouring under an erroneous impression that the house was attacked, was discovered on the landing place, in array consisting principally of a short dressing gown, flannel waistcoat, and a fowling-piece.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished, and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain anything like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain appeared, and though almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question. Who was it that swam out to the vessel? Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighbourhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognise him.

"I scarcely saw him," said the captain, "but he was a dark tallish man, with a great deal of beard."

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Miss Constance Baynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair.

"Well, d'ye see Miss, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but, if he isn't he'd make a good one, that I'll go bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay, now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he pulled his fore-lock, half laughing, and said, 'Come on board, sir,' to me, when we pulled him up."

"Perhaps it was Rutherford," said Mr. Ravelstoke, naming the lieutenant in the navy, "he is tall and dark."

"And he has been letting his moustache grow since he came on shore," observed a young lady.

"Where is he?"