

The Daily Examiner.

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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1882.

VOL. II.—NO. 31.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

IS ISSUED EVERY EVENING,
BY THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY,
FROM THEIR OFFICE, CORNER OF WATER
AND GREAT GEORGE STREETS,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Six Months, \$2 50
Three Months, 1 25
One Month, 0 50
Advertising at most moderate rates.
Contracts may be made for monthly,
quarterly, half yearly or yearly advertise-
ments, on application.

ALMANAC FOR JUNE, 1882.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Full Moon 1st day, 4h. 21m. p. m., N. E.
(below horizon.)
Third Quarter 8th day, 0h. 57m., p. m., W.
(below horizon.)
New Moon 15th day, 2h. 21m. p. m., S. W.,
First Quarter, 23rd day, 1h. 49m. p. m., E.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Moon sets	High water	Days len'th
1 Thursday	4 17 38	7 42 10	16	
2 Friday	5 17 39	8 36 10	58	
3 Saturday	6 16 40	9 24 11	39	
4 Sunday	7 15 41	10 5 21	15 22	
5 Monday	8 14 42	11 40 1 4		
6 Tuesday	9 13 43	12 11 1 49		
7 Wednesday	10 12 43	1 40 2 35		
8 Thursday	11 11 44	2 3 3 37		
9 Friday	12 10 44	3 16 4 49		
10 Saturday	1 9 45	4 37 6 10		
11 Sunday	2 8 45	5 7 7 24	15 27	
12 Monday	3 7 46	6 1 8 25		
13 Tuesday	4 6 46	7 22 9 13		
14 Wednesday	5 5 47	8 11 10 1		
15 Thursday	6 4 47	9 3 11 42		
16 Friday	7 3 48	10 21 12 22		
17 Saturday	8 2 48	11 5 1 58		
18 Sunday	9 1 49	12 9 2 31	15 31	
19 Monday	10 0 49	1 11 3 33		
20 Tuesday	11 0 49	2 13 4 8		
21 Wednesday	12 0 49	3 14 5 4		
22 Thursday	1 0 50	4 15 6 22		
23 Friday	2 0 50	5 16 7 5	15 31	
24 Saturday	3 0 50	6 16 8 59		
25 Sunday	4 0 50	7 16 10 15		
26 Monday	5 0 50	8 21 11 14		
27 Tuesday	6 0 50	9 25 12 22		
28 Wednesday	7 0 50	10 27 1 22		
29 Thursday	8 0 50	11 25 2 12		
30 Friday	9 0 50	12 17 3 1		

EDWARD T. RUSSELL & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
213 STATE STREET
BOSTON, MASS.
May 13, 1882—6m

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
General Commission Merchants
Particular attention given to the sale
of Island produce.
121 Atlantic Avenue & 20 Essex Avenue,
BOSTON, MASS.
May 27, 1882—wky

1882, Point du Chene House, 1882.
CED. L. HANINGTON, PROPRIETOR,
(FORMERLY P. SCHURMAN).
Our Regular Summer Tourists and the travel-
ling public will find the above Hotel one
of the best in New Brunswick.
Dinner on the table on arrival of the
P. E. Island steamboats.
Trains leave the platform (opposite the
Hotel), at 2.45 o'clock, giving passengers
ample time to dine. [ju 5 1m

PROFESSIONAL CARD.
PALMER & MULLALLY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICE—O'Halloran's Building, Great
George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
H. V. PALMER. JAS. W. MULLALLY.
April 10, 1882.

To shippers of Produce to
Newfoundland.
BOWN & WOODS,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.,
Give particular attention to Shipments from
Prince Edward Island. Consignments
Solicited.

REFERENCES—
The Manager Union Bank, St. John's, N. F.
Messrs. C. F. Bennett & Co.,
Messrs. Ayre & Marshall,
John H. Cathrae, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
April 24, '82—pat 2m eod w 2m

INSURANCE OFFICE.
Queen Insurance Company,
OF ENGLAND.
CAPITAL, TEN MILLION DOLLARS.
City of London Fire Insur-
ance Company.
CAPITAL, TEN MILLION DOLLARS.
Insurance effected on all kinds of property
at current rates. Losses settled promptly
and equitably.
F. KENNEDY,
General Agent.
O. Eoc—South Side, Queen Square,
Ch'town, Feb. 3 1882.

GREAT CLOSING UP AT 83 QUEEN STREET.

GREAT BARGAINS in Dress Goods,
Tweeds, Winceys, Silks, Curtains, and all
kinds of Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS.
Come early and secure Bargains.

N. B.—Customers will please not ask
credit, as sales are for cash only; hence
bargains. Parties owing accounts will
please call and settle without delay.

For Scotch and English Tweeds or Worsted Suits
For Canadian Tweed Suits,

For Overcoats of all Descriptions,

—GO TO—

JOHN MACLEOD & CO'S,
UPPER QUEEN STREET,

TWO DOORS ABOVE APOTHECARIES HALL CORNER

There you will find the largest and best assortment of Cloths in the
Island. Prices very moderate. The best workmanship and a perfect fit
guaranteed.

A complete line of Gents' Furnishings and Felt Hats, cheap, &c. &c.
Remember the address, two doors above Apothecaries Hall Corner
Charlottetown, Oct. 12, 1881.

"CITY STEAM BAKERY."

THE proprietor of this Establishment, owing to the increased
demand for his Goods, has added new facilities to his
Bakery, consisting of the latest and most improved machinery,
etc., and is now prepared to supply the trade with

Hard Bread, Plain and Fancy Biscuits, &c.,
AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

1000 lbs. CHOICE CONFECTIONERY
To arrive per Steamship "Miramichi" from Montreal.

Orders by mail promptly executed.
J. QUIRK,
Prince Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

May 4, 1882.
D. A. BRUCE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Is now offering Cash Buyers the BEST VALUE that
can be had in the market, in
Broadcloth, Worsted, Scotch and Canadian
Tweed Suits.

A magnificent range of
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

AMERICAN WHITE & COLORED SHIRTS
Collars, Ties, Underclothing, English and American Hats.

Our Readymade Clothing is Manufactured on the Premises,
fashionably cut, well sewed, and having good trimmings,
Will be sold as Cheap as Imported.

We invite you to inspect our Goods.
D. A. BRUCE,
74 Queen Street
Charlottetown, May 22, '82.

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

JUNE 27, 1882.

The Author of "Evangeline."

He is gone, America's sweetest singer, to
that mysterious bourne, that shadowy land,
of which he so often spoke in the songs of
Hiawatha. No longer does he linger amid
his books and flowers, and birds and friends,
he loved; no longer does he sing nature's
rhymes, or depict the hopes and fears, the
loves and passions, of the human heart.
Nature grieves for him, and

"The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain."

Tears start as spontaneously from the
hearts of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irish-
men and Canadians, as they do from those
of Americans. Wherever the English
tongue is spoken, will Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow be mourned; for he was not the
poet of a nation, but of the world. His
death is as a national loss to America
and English-speaking Europe. His pure
and refined language, his "affinity with all
that is noblest in human nature," have
placed him far above the level of ordinary
poets; and his death marks the close of the
first era of American poetry. America as
yet has produced but few poets; but their
brilliance atones for their paucity; and
Longfellow's name alone will be sufficient
to render the first century of the American
Republic, a bright one in her literary his-
tory, and as long as that nation shall exist
will his name be cherished. Poe, Bryant,
Lorell, Steadman, serve but as a rich back-
ground to the picture of which Longfellow
is the central figure.

We may give Longfellow an honorable
place in the second rank of poets. To the
first we assign such names as Virgil,
Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, Dante,
and a very few others, whose works are so
noble and grand and sublime, that
centuries can never tarnish their fame.
But while the thoughts of those greater
men are our wonder and admiration, still
the general reader of poetry requires some-
thing that appeals more sympathetically to
the heart than the wonderful epics of
Homer or Milton. Thus it is that Byron,
Shelley, Burns, Moore, Tennyson or Long-
fellow are read with infinitely more satis-
faction by the majority of the literary
world. Thus it is that an humble poet,

"Whose songs gush from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start,"

leaves to the generations that follow him,
thoughts that become as household words
ideas that find their way to men's minds
and remain always present in living letters,
helping and encouraging them through life's
rough path. How many a man, sinking
under life's burden, has felt his soul cheer-
ed by the "Psalm of Life," and going forth
with new resolutions, has left behind him,
"Footprints on the sands of time."

Longfellow was more fortunate in many
respects than most poets. While a crown
of fame and honour gladdened the sunset
of his life, while he saw his genius duly
appreciated, others have lived and died in
poverty and obscurity, their merits recog-
nized only after death. Milton was not
paid the honour due him till years after he
had laid down the burden of existence.
Burns, the humble and almost uneducated
child of nature, received in life but a small
share of the praise since accorded him, and
died as he had lived—a farmer of Ayrshire;
but to day he is the pride of a great nation-
ality.

To the last, with almost unimpaired in-
tellectual vigor, Longfellow loved to spend
much of his time amid his favourite books
and choice flowers, surrounded by the
staunch friends of a lifetime, to converse
with them of the happy days gone by, and
to show them, with a justifiable pride, the
souvenirs of former triumphs. The prome-
thean fire still burned; but with the
softened glow that spoke of coming dis-
solution. Well might he look with pride
over the record of his stainless life, the
noble old man who never harmed a bird
or caused a tear to flow except in loving
sympathy. His own existence was an echo
of the "Psalm of Life." It was, in itself,
a poem, "full," as Griswold says, "of
beautiful thoughts and imaginations; a
painting of conceptions that float in the
solitary mind of a man of genius, refine-
ment and feeling." He lived in obedience
to his motto: "Look not mournfully into
the past, it comes not back again. Wisely
improve the present: it is thine. Go forth
to meet the shadowy future, without fear,
and with a manly heart." Is not this a
lesson we should all learn, a motto we
should engrave in golden letters on the
tablets of the heart, to strengthen and
encourage us when sinking under the heat
and burden of life's noonday? His poems
are the voice of his soul, speaking in tones
that appeal to the depths of human nature.
Though there was none of the grand and
sublime, none of the majestic rolling and
roaring ocean like grandeur of Homer or
Milton in his language, there was some-
thing sweeter and more irresistible—the
gentle, brook-like murmurings that delight
us more than sublimity, that find their way
to humbler minds, and that leave a deeper
impression on the nation's being and inmost
life than the sweeping waves of the "grand
old masters." As long as America shall
exist, will Longfellow's poems be the life
principle, stirring its literary soul into
active being, and his songs find a response
in American hearts. "Though," as he
tells us, "the sunshine of life is made up
of very few beams that are bright all the
time," yet we feel sure that he has shed
many rays over the garden of poetry that
shall shine through the long roll of
years, that shall glow with mellow
radiance through the vista of coming
centuries, and brighten the march of future
generations. Now that he has gone the
way of all living, and his voice no longer
resounds through the halls of thought and
corridors of fancy, the only epitaph we need
inscribe over his tomb, the best eulogy we

can pronounce is, "He sang the songs of
Hiawatha: he told the story of Evangeline."

One great reason that Longfellow's poems
have found their way to so many homes,
is that they are free from the little im-
morality and loose language of Byron and
others. There is no fear, when deep in his
pages, of finding a lax sentiment creeping
up. No impurity mars the sweetness of
his lines. We may call Milton's poems the
diamonds of our literature, Byron's the
rich red rubies, Moore's the sparkling
emeralds, and Longfellow's the pearls of
purity. We may search the whole range
of English or American poetry, and fail in
finding a poem more chaste and pure than
"Evangeline."

Turning to the "Voices of the Night,"
"By the Seaside," and "Poems on Slavery,"
we behold his great manhood standing out
in faithful relief. Stripped of its pleasing
imagery, his nature speaks; we get a glimpse
into its innermost consciousness, and find
nothing to disappoint us. As straws show
how the wind blows, literary trifles, written
at odd times or as the fancies of the moment
direct, often show us a man's real nature
more clearly than his elaborate epics. The
kindest disposition, intense sympathy for
the down-trodden or sorrowing, strong,
deep affection for friends and associates, a
love of birds and flowers, a longing, wistful
yearning for the seashore and the music of
the wild waves as they sang through their
varying moods and passions, are portrayed
by these minor works. A most fertile
imagination, a vivid fancifulness, a truth-
fulness of expression, a profound acquaint-
ance with human nature, blended with a
shade of weird superstition, are shown in
the "Spanish Student," "Hiawatha," the
"Courtship of Miles Starbuck," &c. The
purity of the man gleams forth from the
fascinating pages of "Evangeline." The
songs of the Scandinavian Vikings, faith-
fully translated from the old Norse Scalds,
and "The Golden Legend," show his love
of the medieval. "Kavanagh," "Hyperion,"
and other tales, portray his attachment to
romance.

The one in whose soul the sad story of
Evangeline fails to awaken a sympathetic
thrill, is utterly devoid of all poetic feeling,
and beyond reach of the voice of pity.
It is an old story now, but a history like that
of Evangeline, even though it may come
down to us with the dust of garnered years
clinging to it, can never fail to be inter-
esting. Evangeline has an individuality
peculiarly its own, and that is the insight
it gives into the lives and homes of those
humble Acadian farmers; and it gives us
that insight in pure and touching
language, that goes at once to the
heart. As we read Evangeline, we
fancy we find ourselves in the rude and
humble log cabins on the beautiful shores
of Grand Pre; and, as we sit by their
glowing firesides and watch the fitful
gloams and shadows chasing each other
across the rough ceiling, and in and out of
the chunks of the logs, and listen to the
music of the blue waters of Minas Basin
beating on the pebbly shore without, and
the music of happy French chatter and
laugh and song within, we know we are in
the midst of peace, comfort and content-
ment. We know these humble Acadians
are happy, that they wish for nothing
earthly beyond what they enjoy. Their
greatest ambition is to till the soil in peace,
as they have done for years, to go on Sun-
day and holidays to worship in the little
chapel on the hill, and when life's fetters
are worn and broken, to lay their bones
to rest beside their fathers in the green
churchyard upon the shore, within the
sound of the wild waves' requiem. We
mingle with the Acadians in their toil,
their home life, their simple pleasure that
gladden the long winter evenings; we kneel
with them on the rough benches of the
chapel, with heads bowed in thankful
adoration; and then, rudely awakened from
our pleasant dreams, we turn our gaze to
the black and smoking ruins of these once
happy homes—the long files of soldiers, the
sad gathering on the seashore, the noise
and hurry of embarkation, the wailing and
weeping, the cries of children, the curses
"not loud but deep," the parting forever
on earth of the friends of a lifetime, and
with all this sadness is mingled the sullen
roar of the sea. Finally we go with poor
Evangeline in all her weary wanderings in
an alien land, until at last, having found
the lover of her girlhood, far from the old
Acadian home, she lies down beside his
dead body, and murmuring, "Father, thy
will be done," the soul bids good bye to its
tired habitation, and beams forth in a new
land, glorious and immortal. It is a sweet,
though sad, tale of woman's patient suffer-
ing, lasting devotion, and unwavering
faith. And are there not many Evan-
geline's in the land to-day?

To those who delight in gentle, rhyth-
mic, sympathetic language, Evangeline is
a gem. There is nothing in Longfellow's
masterpiece that can fail to charm; the
language in which the story of Evangeline
is clothed may always stand as a model of
purity, as an example of the fascinating
power that renders such a tale irresistible.

In Hiawatha, Longfellow "sanctified the
wigwam," and threw the rich coloring of
romance over the life of the red man. In
it we study all the noble traits of Indian
life, and forget the dark. Side by side
with Hiawatha we walk, with subdued step
and awe shadowed heart, beneath the dark-
ening forest, listen to the roaring river or
the leaping cascade, go with him in his
wild hunts, accompany him when he
carries the red deer and lays it at the feet
of Minnehaha, and, in the mysterious lan-
guage of the heart, —the same heart, as
far as love goes, whether it beats in white
bosom or dusky,—wins the beautiful
"Laughing Water." We pass the quiet
months with manly Hiawatha and lovely
Minnehaha, till a change came over the
spirit of our dream, in the dreadful famine.
We behold her wasting away, while the
heart of Hiawatha is rent with anguish.
We follow him as he slings his bow and
quiver over his shoulders, and goes forth
to the snow-clad forest to seek food for his
dying love. We hear the rending—
"Minnehaha," "Hiawatha,"—ringing through

the frosty night, while the cold moon looks
unpitifully down. We return and mingle
our tears with his over the fair dead body,
and gently lay it to rest beneath the moan-
ing hemlocks, and kindle the fires to light
the soul on its path to the spirit land, and
bid good bye to Minnehaha, until life's
trials are ended forever and aye.

We cannot exhaust the homage due to
the genius of Longfellow. His poems may
not stand the adverse criticism of a few
who look but for the grand and majestic in
poetry; but he was not the poet of the few,
he was the poet of the people, and in their
hearts his memory will be enshrined, and
his beautiful words will delight them until
the end of created things.

"He is gone, who seemed so great,
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the fame he made his own, being here,
And we believe him something far advanced
in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him;
But lay your earthly fancies down,
In the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him."
S. M. BENT.

Indian River, P. E. I.

A Peculiar Accident.

In a very mountainous Eastern State, in
a very picturesque region, a line of railroad
was in operation. It was built at one
point upon the opposite side of two moun-
tains, with of course, a valley between. A
locomotive was stationed at the summit of
each to pull up the trains. In one instance,
when a long passenger train had reached
within a short distance of the top, the
heavy wire cable broke, and away it went,
more rapidly than the imagination of the
narrator, to the valley and up the other
mountain, a half mile, like a flash, and
the presence of mind of a passenger
—a book agent by the by—arrested it
from rushing down the other side, as he
checked it by the brakes. Anyhow, back
the train went to the bottom, and again as-
cended the other side, thus see-sawing for
the greater part of the day before the
power of gravity overcame the
momentum. The ladies shrieked,
but the speed was such that the train left
the sound behind, and the prayers that
were uttered on the crest of one mountain
were met by the returning train in the
valley.—Waco Examiner.

Can Sealer!

WANTED immediately one good Can
Sealer to whom good wages will be
paid. Apply at the FISH MARKET, GRAFTON
STREET. [June 21, 1882, 3in.

"THE OLD RELIABLE" COAL DEPOT.

ALWAYS ON HAND, PICTOU ROUND
AND NUT COAL, which will be sold
as cheap as any in the city.
Terms cash. CAPT. J. HUGHES,
Ch'town, June 7, '82.—7m 2aw pat pres

FOR SALE.

ENGLISH PORTLAND CEMENT.
PEAKE BROS. & CO.
May 9, 1882—cod

LAWN TENNIS.

LAWN TENNIS RACKETS,
LAWN TENNIS NETS,
LAWN TENNIS BALLS,
LAWN TENNIS SHOES,
LAWN TENNIS HATS,
LAWN TENNIS JERSEYS,
—AT THE—
LONDON HOUSE.
May 27, 1882—1m

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD.
MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE.
Nerve Food

Is a Sure, Prompt and Effective Remedy for Ner-
vousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of
Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats,
Superstitions, Seminal Weakness, and General
Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, Rejuve-
nates the Depleted Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled
Brain, and Restores Surprising Force and Vigor to the
Exhausted Gen. Nature Organs. The experience of
thousands proves it an IRRESISTIBLE Remedy. The
Medicine is pleasant to the taste, and each box con-
tains sufficient for two week's medication, and is the
cheapest and best. For full particulars in our
pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address,
address:
Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Drug-
gists at 50 cts. per box, or 12 boxes for \$5, or will
be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by
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Windsor, Ont., Canada
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Agents for Prince Edward Island, and by all Druggists
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