

# THE EXAMINER.

POSTAGE PREPAID

VOL. XXVII. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1876. NO. 9.

## The Examiner

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## ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1876.

MOON'S CHANGES—First Quarter, 2d day, 9h. 41m. p. m., S. W. Full Moon, 9th day, 11h. 34m. p. m., S. S. W. Last Quarter, 17th day, 12h. 42m. a. m., N. W. below horizon. New Moon, 25th day, 2h. 5m. a. m., N. E. below horizon.

DAY	WEEK	SUN	MOON	HIGH DAY'S	
		rise sets	rise sets	water (feet)	
1	Tuesday	7 29 4 55	9 49	1 58	9 31
2	Wednesday	28 50	10 41	2 28	31
3	Thursday	27 5	11 30	3 15	34
4	Friday	26 3	12 18	4 30	37
5	Saturday	25 5	1 5	5 59	40
6	Sunday	24 7	1 18	7 42	43
7	Monday	23 8	2 31	9 5	47
8	Tuesday	19 9	4 6	9 52	50
9	Wednesday	18 10	5 24	10 33	52
10	Thursday	17 11	6 43	11 18	54
11	Friday	16 13	8 0	11 55	57
12	Saturday	15 15	9 21	12 10	1
13	Sunday	14 16	10 23	0 53	4
14	Monday	13 17	11 30	1 33	7
15	Tuesday	9 19	1 18	2 14	10
16	Wednesday	8 21	2 4	2 59	13
17	Thursday	7 22	3 52	3 39	15
18	Friday	6 24	5 1	4 15	17
19	Saturday	5 26	6 53	4 47	19
20	Sunday	4 27	8 4	5 10	21
21	Monday	3 29	9 57	5 38	23
22	Tuesday	2 30	11 10	6 0	25
23	Wednesday	1 32	12 24	6 18	27
24	Thursday	0 34	1 38	6 32	29
25	Friday	0 36	2 52	6 42	31
26	Saturday	0 37	4 6	6 49	33
27	Sunday	0 38	5 20	6 53	35
28	Monday	0 39	6 34	6 55	37
29	Tuesday	0 40	7 48	6 55	39
30	Wednesday	0 41	9 0	6 53	41

## PRICES CURRENT.

Charlottown, Feb. 28, 1876.

## BREADSTUFFS.

Buckwheat Flour, per lb. 0.50 to 0.54  
Flour, per bush. 3.50 to 3.75  
Flour, per 100 lbs. 3.00 to 3.25  
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs. 2.70 to 3.00

## FISH.

Codfish per cwt. 3.50 to 5.00  
Herring per qt. 4.57 to 6.00  
Mackerel per doz. 0.48 to 0.72

## BOARDS.

Bealock, 100 feet. 0.81 to 0.94  
Pine do. 1.2 to 2.40  
Spruce do. 0.97 to 1.30  
Singles, per M. 2.11 to 2.48

## POULTRY.

Chickens, per pair. \$0.50 to 0.75  
Ducks, (each) 0.24 to 0.30  
Pigs, (each) 0.25 to 0.40  
Partridges, (each) 0.25 to 0.30  
Turkeys, (each) 0.50 to 0.75  
(each) 0.50 to 0.75

## MEAT.

Beef, (small pieces) per lb. \$0.08 to 0.14  
Beef, (by the quarter) 0.05 to 0.10  
Ham, per lb. 0.10 to 0.12  
Lamb, per quarter 0.05 to 0.10  
Pork, per lb. 0.07 to 0.12  
Lard, (small pieces) per lb. 0.08 to 0.12  
Pork, per lb. (by the carcass) 0.05 to 0.07  
Veal, per lb. 0.04 to 0.08

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Apples per bushel 0.80 to 1.00  
Butter per bushel 0.09 to 0.75  
Butter (fresh) per lb. 0.05 to 0.10  
Butter per lb. by the tub 0.10 to 0.12  
Calfs, per lb. 0.05 to 0.12  
Cheese (new milk) per lb. 0.14 to 0.16  
Cheese, per lb. 0.05 to 0.08  
Eggs, per doz. 0.22 to 0.30  
Green Peas, 0.00 to 0.00  
Hay, per ton 0.00 to 10.00  
Hides, per lb. 0.01 to 0.05  
Hemp, per lb. 0.05 to 0.10  
Hempseed, (men's wear) per yd. 0.65 to 0.92  
Hempseed, (women's do) per yd. 0.25 to 0.45  
Hempseed (Flannel) per yard 0.14 to 0.18  
Lard, per lb. 0.14 to 0.16  
Oats, per bushel 0.32 to 0.40  
Potatoes, per bushel 0.25 to 0.32  
Peanut Butter, per lb. 0.05 to 0.10  
Sausages, per lb. 0.05 to 0.10  
Sawdust, per ton 0.07 to 0.10  
Tallow, per bush. 0.07 to 0.10  
Wool, per lb. 0.17 to 0.25

## CARTER'S RAILWAY HOTEL!

Situate about thirty yards from Tignish Station—having ample accommodation for permanent and transient boarders at Reasonable Rates.

The Proprietor solicits the patronage of the travelling public.

JOHN CARTER, English Station, Dec. 6, 1875.—3m

## REVERE HOUSE,

ADJOINING THE POST OFFICE, ALBERTON, — — — P. E. I.

The subscriber has fitted up the above House in a good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate

Transient and Permanent Boarders. Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises. RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor. Alberton, Sept. 13, 1875.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**CUMMINGS & WORTH,**  
JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS  
51 WATER STREET,  
Charlottetown, — — — P. E. Island,  
Jan. 17/76 ly

**E. G. NELSON,**  
IMPORTER & REPAIRER  
OF  
**SEWING MACHINES.**  
ADDRESS—P. O. Box 303, Charlottetown.  
Oct. 25, 1875.—ly

**MacKENZIE & STUMBLES,**  
Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,  
AND

**GENERAL AGENTS,**  
77 North Side Queen Square,  
Charlottetown, — — — P. E. Island,  
October 18, 1875.—ly

**WILLIAM DODD,**  
Commission Merchant and  
AUCTIONEER  
QUEEN SQUARE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

**CARVELL BROS.,**  
AUCTIONEERS,  
Commission Merchants,  
AND  
GENERAL AGENTS.  
Lower Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**F. M. CAMPBELL,**  
General Merchant  
COMMISSION AGENT,  
AUCTIONEER & BROKER  
TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.

AGENT FOR THE  
**Standard Life Insurance Co.**  
Sept. 1, 1873. ly

**HASZARD BROS.,**  
Commission Merchants & Auctioneers,  
FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS,  
AND  
General Agents,  
61 WATER STREET,  
Opposite Merchants Bank,  
Charlottetown, — — — P. E. I.

J. E. HASZARD, & HORACE HASZARD,  
REFERENCES:  
Messrs. Greenhalghs, Son & Co., Montreal,  
Messrs. J. S. Farrow & Co., Boston,  
Henry Lawson, Esq., Halifax, N. S.,  
Hon. Daniel Davis, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
May 3, 1875.

## INSURANCE.

## MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:  
ROBERT LANGWORTH, Esq., President,  
Hon. J. DUNCAN,  
Hon. L. C. OWEN,  
Hon. A. McDONALD,  
Hon. J. C. POPE,  
THOMAS HANDEMAN, Esq.,  
GEORGE R. HYNDMAN, Esq.,  
Messrs. J. S. Farrow & Co., Boston,  
Great George and Lower Water Streets.  
F. W. HALES, Secretary.  
Charlottown, March 22, 1875.—ly

## ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co.

Authorized Capital, — — \$300,000.  
Subscribed Capital, — — 143,950.

ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, President.  
JOHN F. ROBERTSON,  
ARTHUR LORD,  
P. W. HYNDMAN,  
RALPH B. PEARE,  
THOMAS MORRIS,  
GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.  
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.  
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,  
Charlottown, March 22, 1875.—ly Secretary.

## IMPERIAL Fire Insurance Company

OF LONDON.  
Subscribed & Invested Capital,  
\$1,965,000 Sig.

The above Office being of UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantees perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.

DETACHED DWELLINGS insured for One, Two, or Three Years on SPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

**FENTON T. NEWBERRY,**  
AGENT.  
Jan. 18, 1874. ly

## THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE AND LIFE.

Invested Funds, let Jan'y, 1874, \$21,628,356  
Deposited with Receiver General of Canada, 162,800  
Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 367,091

FAIR RATES.  
Prompt & Liberal Settlements.

Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for

One, Three or more years, At Reduced Rates.

Office—Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent.  
Charlottown, July 27, 1874.—3m

## POETRY.

### THE WORKINGMAN.

Ye hardy sons of honest toil,  
Be leas't to leave and truce;  
The building up of this great world  
Is left for you to do.  
Your lots may be the humblest ones,  
And you who work and plan,  
But is your labor not your gain?  
God bless the workingman!

We owe our architectural domes,  
And all our city's pride,  
The letters of a hundred lands,  
Our thrifty fields; besides  
The various implements of art  
For those who labor on,  
To labor's energetic sons—  
God bless the workingman!

Ah, it is those who sow and reap,  
And plough the stubborn soil,  
That know what sweet contentment is  
And gratitude to God.  
And those who bear the anvil high,  
Or wield the ready pen,  
Or build or mould, or lift the adze—  
God bless the workingman!

And what our nation is to-day  
We owe to laboring men—  
Our streets who turned our stony lands  
To golden fields of grain,  
They reared our cities and our towns,  
And led the warrior van—  
And best of all, they loosed our chains,  
God bless the workingman!

Our pioneers were laboring men,  
With mind and muscle strong,  
Our greatest authors wrote for bread,  
And deemed it nothing wrong,  
Your walks may be in lowly life,  
But do the best you can,  
Tis no disgrace to humble toil,  
God bless the workingman!

O, ye who labor day by day,  
Be ever strong of heart,  
You're building up a mighty world,  
And yours the better part,  
Whatever though your hands be rough,  
In heaven all stains are washed away,  
God bless the workingman!

### LITERATURE.

### MARCUS WARLAND; OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

CHAPTER XV.

The shadow of death lingered long on the threshold over which his footsteps have passed. When the family returned to Bellamy Place everything looked sad and changed. The foliage of the hickories had a darker tinge; even the negroes that thronged round the carriage to welcome them home seemed blacker in hue. The echoes of their footsteps, as they walked through the closed and silent rooms, sounded like 'voices from the dead.' They had returned, but one loved and revered we left behind. There was a vacant chair, which would never more be filled; there was a dark chamber that no one wished to enter; a name each lip trembled as it repeated.

Kate threw herself into her brother's arms, and wept. 'Oh! Marcus,' she repeated, 'it seems to me all the way home as if I should find him here.'

'He is here, my sister,' answered he, 'he is in our hearts, where we shall ever find him. Those only die who leave no memory of virtue.'

It was a sad moment to all when Marcus again left them, but he had professional engagements which he was bound in honor to fulfill. He was resolved too, according to his father's dying counsels, to visit Wood Lawn, and demand an explanation of the mysterious charges against him. The proof that Florence had given of self-sacrificing love made the immolation of his pride an act of justice and gratitude. His father too had left him a sacred trust, his orphan sister's happiness. If his own were irrevocably lost, that could never be restored.

'I will find out mine enemy,' cried the young man, 'though I rend asunder Bastille bars, to lay hold of him. He shall not escape my just and righteous vengeance!'

While the inmates of Bellamy Place had been receiving the solemn lesson of mortality into their chastened hearts, the young master and mistress of Wood Lawn had been trying to escape from themselves by every means their wealth permitted them to indulge. But Florence carried an arrow in her bosom that penetrated deeper and deeper, while her eyes, like lamps unfed with oil, shone with faint and wavering lustre. Mrs. Lewis, noticing with alarm her fading colour, insisted upon sending for a physician, but this Florence strenuously forbade. Mr. Alston advised the waters of the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, but the season was too far advanced to remain long, and this too Florence resisted from a vague hope that something would occur at home—she knew not what—to relieve her unpeppery misery. Delaval endeavored to sustain her and himself too by the marble pillar of pride, which he grasped with cold and sliding hands; but though she pressed her aching heart against it, it only mocked its throbbing anguish. Those only who have loved as deeply passionately, and exclusively as Florence, can conceive of her utter desolation.

Letty, her negro attendant, watched her young mistress with sorrowful devotion. She was certain from the first there was treachery somewhere. She longed to discover it. That the unhappiness of Florence had its origin in the letter which had dropped from the pamphlet, and was written by Marcus, she was well aware. She was forbidden to mention the subject in terms she dared not disregard; but the determination to find out the mystery of the letter grew stronger every day. If she could only get to Mr. Patterson's! But, upon what plea could she ask leave of absence to visit a place which she had never any communication with? Her mistress would suspect her motive, and it would be a sufficient reason for denial. At length circumstances favored Letty's long-cherished wishes. There was a camp-meeting at Mr. Patterson's which she expressed a strong desire to attend. Florence, who was an indulgent mistress, readily granted her request. She was even glad to be rid of the surveillance of the negro's shrewd eye. She wanted to be alone in the solitude of her heart. She wanted no one near, not even her brother to say to her, by a glance of sympathy, 'How lone, how dreary it is!'

Letty departed in high spirits in a covered wagon filled with negroes, bound, as they were every believed for the promised land. The camp-meeting ground in their estimation, was the flooring of heaven, and many of them expected to find their ready-made wings, that would bear them up to the blue ceiling arching over them. They sang and shouted the whole way. Letty with the improvisation of genius, went off into impromptu, which the less gifted ones repeated after her with increasing spirit; and imparting inspiration to all, Letty went on her way rejoicing. The party were absent a week, and long after their return the night shades of Wood Lawn were made rood by the remembered strains.

Letty made ten times more graces than ever, and sometimes lit her tongue in a most portentous manner. Her odd, ugly contortions said as plain as words could speak it, I know what I know, but I wanna tell you.

In her brighter, merrier moments, Florence had made it a practice, after supper to play on the piano some inspiring air, for Letty to dance, who was one of the most light, airy, graceful sylphs on the floor one could possibly imagine. A few evenings after her return, Letty came in with a white handkerchief pinned to her side, and begged her young mistress just for one tune. 'She was obliged to dance,' she said, 'she could not help it, and it did look so bad to shake the toes without music.'

Florence, with a languid smile, seated herself at the instrument, and Letty was soon floating like a black feather, on the liquid golden black heels peeping in at the door to witness the performance, for Letty, in consequence of her wit, 'genius,' and grace, in spite of her ugly features, was the reigning belle of the plantation. She was compelled to stop in her airy performance by the ringing of the door-bell, whose summons she obeyed with alacrity.

'Master Alfred Patterson,' said she, 'trough the parlor door wide open showing all the ivory in her mouth, "please walk in."'

Florence rose from the piano, suffused with blushes. The remembrance of the letter addressed to him covered her with shame, and plunged her into humiliation. Surprised at her emotion the young man could not help indulging a hope, that, though once rejected, he was not altogether an object of indifference. The invitation too, he had so unexpectedly received, to visit Wood Lawn, made this emotion still more flattering, more easy to translate in his favour. Delaval felt embarrassed on his sister's account, but he was too much the master of himself not to welcome him with cordial politeness, and enter at once into familiar conversation.

'This is an unexpected pleasure,' said he, 'You have become so much of a book worm lately, I feared we never would see you again.'

'I could not refuse so polite an invitation,' answered Patterson, 'when it responded so well with my own wishes.'

The countenance of Delaval expressed such manifest surprise, that Patterson involuntarily turned towards Letty, who was fidgeting near the door.

'The fact is, master,' said Letty, giving one of her peculiar winks, 'I see master Patterson at the camp-ground, and I give him your 'spects, and Miss Florence's, too, and tell him you're glad to see him any time, but 'specially right off!'

'She anticipated our wishes,' said Delaval with ready politeness. 'The earliest time is always the best to welcome an old friend. Have you supper?'

'No,' said Patterson, 'wandering at the audacity of the negro, who had given him a pressing invitation, as if it came directly from her master and mistress.'

'Well, come into the dining room, where I left my uncle and Mrs. Lewis discussing family matters, while my sister regaled us with a little music.'

Delaval led their guest to the dining-room, while Florence turned to rebuke Letty for her unauthorized boldness, 'she had disappeared, and the bell again ringing, announced a visitor. She was now alone in the parlor, still seated at the piano, over whose keys her fingers were lightly running. There was something in the tread of the person who crossed the threshold that made her start up and turn her face toward the door. It was Marcus Warland, standing a few paces within, whose glance met hers not cold and haughty as she had seen him the last time, but beaming with intense emotion. His face was very pale, and he wore on his arm the sable badge of mourning. Florence gazed like one awaking from a dream, then clasping her hand with an expression of rapture, was about to spring forward, when suddenly something seemed to arrest her, and freeze her to the spot where she stood. If one could imagine fire suddenly congealing, it would convey the impression of the transition of that moment.

'Florence,' cried he, advancing, 'L'Enfer, in the name of heaven, tell me what I have done to estrange the heart I once thought wholly mine? If love is extinguished, justice and truth must still remain. In their sacred names I demand to know my crime, that I may justify my character, or if I have a secret enemy, as I well believe I have, avenge my wrongs.'

Florence looked upon him with an astonished glance. How could the man who had written such words of her assume this lofty tone and indignant air? He seemed the injured, instead of the injurer; the victim, instead of the sacrificer.

'Mr. Warland has no worse enemy than himself,' replied Florence with inexpressible dignity. 'His own words have condemned him, his own hand signed the death-warrant of my love.'

'By heaven Florence! I begin to fear that we are all going mad! I cannot be put off with these dark and enigmatical sayings. After all that has passed between us, I have a right to openness and sincerity. Oh, L'Enfer!—Oh, Rosa! by the memory of your unparalleled devotion, by those celestial ministrations which brought me back to life and which I can never repay, I implore you not to trifle with my happiness, and thereby destroy your own.'

This allusion to her disguise, and the cares she had lavished on him in his sick room, again sent the haughty blood to her cheeks. It was the crimson of shame blended with the deeper hue of pride and anger. The words seemed literally to sting her.

'That you should allude, at this moment, to an act of infatuation, that I now mourn in dust and ashes! cried she almost choked with contending passions. It is a crowning insult which I never can pardon. Go, sir, she continued, terror contracting her brows, and quivering on her lip; 'go sir, before my brother comes. I know not what he will do if he sees you here. Will you not go, or do you wish to drive me really mad?'

'Yes I will go, never again to expose myself to wrongs which, being inflicted by a woman, I can never redress. But Your brother and I must meet, and from him I will learn what you refused to reveal. He shall give me the name of my enemy, if he has to write it in my heart's blood.'

'Once again I repeat, you have no enemy but Marcus Warland. You need know not what he will do if he sees you here. Will you not go, or do you wish to drive me really mad?'

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