

THE EXAMINER

VOL. XXVI.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1875.

NO. 45.

The Examiner

Printed and Published every Monday Forenoon, BY William L. Cotton,

OFFICE: Corner Queen and King Streets. TERMS—Per Annum, Postage prepaid by publisher, \$1.40 in advance; \$1.62 if paid within the year; \$2.00 if not paid within the year.

CLUB RATES: THE EXAMINER will be forwarded to Clubs at the following rates per year—payment strictly in advance— 5 copies, one address, \$ 6.00 10 " " " " " 10.00 20 " " " " " 18.00 Clubs may be made up at any time, but not for a shorter period than a year.

Table with columns for Month (Jan-Dec) and Day (1-31) showing rates for advertising.

ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER 1875.

MOON'S CHANGES: First Quarter, 6th day, 5h. 40m. a. m., N. below horizon. Full Moon, 13th day, 5h. 17m., a. m., N.E. Third Quarter, 19th day, 8h. 20m., p. m., N.E. below horizon. New Moon, 27th day, 7h. 32m., p. m., N.W. below horizon.

Table with columns for Day, Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water, and Day's Water.

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, Nov. 2, 1875.

FISH.

Table listing prices for various fish species like Codfish, Herring, Mackerel, etc.

BREADSTUFFS.

Table listing prices for Flour, Oatmeal, etc.

BOARDS.

Table listing prices for various types of boards.

POULTRY.

Table listing prices for Chickens, Ducks, Geese, etc.

MEAT.

Table listing prices for Beef, Pork, Mutton, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Table listing prices for Apples, Butter, Calfskins, etc.

NOW OPEN!

"International Hotel," Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.

I wish to inform the public that I have now opened one of the best as well as one of the most commodious Hotels on this Island. I am prepared to accommodate the travelling public with a first-class table, sleeping apartments, and good stabling, sheds, &c., where their horses will be thoroughly attended to.

W. J. S. GLOVER, Proprietor. May 24, 1875.

PLAIN JOB AND BOOK PRINTING done at the EXAMINER OFFICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Mackenzie & Stumbles, Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, and General Agents, 77 North Side Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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 Square, Georgetown, P. E. I.

Standard Life Insurance Co., Sept. 1, 1873.

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.

INSURANCE.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: ROBERT LONGWORTH, Esq., President, Hon. Jas. DeGowan, Hon. L. C. Owen, Hon. A. A. McDonald, Hon. J. C. Pope, Thomas Handley, Esq., GEORGE B. PERRY, Esq., Risks taken daily at their office, corner Great George and Lower Water Streets.

F. W. HALLES, Secretary, Ch'town, March 22, 1875—ly

ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co. OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Authorized capital, \$200,000. Subscribed Capital, \$143,950.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, President, JOHN F. ROBERTSON, ARTHUR LOYD, P. W. HYNDMAN, GEORGE B. PERRY, THOMAS MORRIS, GEORGE D. LONGWORTH.

Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building, FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN, Ch'town, March 22, 1875—ly Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

IMPERIAL Fire Insurance Company OF LONDON. Subscribed & Invested Capital, £1,965,000 Sig.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y. Cash Assets, \$2,015,393.34.

The above Offices being UNDOUBTED STANDING, guarantee perfect security and Prompt Payment of Losses.

FENTON T. NEWBERY, AGENT, Jan. 18, 1874. ly

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE AND LIFE. Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y, 1874, \$21,628,356 Deposited with Receiver-General of Canada, 162,800 Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 267,091

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, Charlotte town, P. E. I. R. R. FITZGERALD, Agent, Ch'town, July 27, 1874.—6m

POETRY.

Written for the Examiner. AUTUMN.

The wine of this radiant season, With rosy cheeks and glowing heart; And wrap in its purple mantle, We dwell from the world apart;

We dream in its splendid veal, And beat in its amber floods, Content to go down with its ebbing; Nor wait for the freshening buds.

A bird of the sliver spring-time, May croon the glee of June; But deeper the song and richer, That sleeps beneath the Autumn Moon.

The year all glow with treasure, Brings all that she hath to bring; She never doth weigh nor measure; And each doth glad to sing.

The air with its fingers golden, Doth bend o'er a silent lyre, Whose strings, though they're lashed, are quivering, And glow with a lambent fire.

But ever and ever they're throbbing, With gladness akin to pain; And ever and ever they're sobbing, When falleth the Autumn rain.

The air is so full of wonder, It never doth touch a string; But lists to the passing sea-gull, That floats on a drowsy wing.

A song with a plaintive ending, Doth come with the fall heart's beat, Like that of the passing sea-gull, When leaves lie red on our feet.

The heart is so full of music, To love in its depths for sound, Their pain in its very grandeur, When snow the red leaves the ground;

And strange is that wondrous sadness, That wandereth close on pain, That fainting and ecstatic sadness, Which comes with the yellow grain.

And Winter, it surely cometh, So smooth his frosts and rain? The year is but seeking treasure To pour at our feet again.

'Tis well that the Winter cometh, Adown from the northern sky, Or hearts would be full to breaking, 'Mid crimson and gold line dye. CHRISTINA.

LITERATURE.

MARCUS WARLAND; OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING. CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Marcus was to remain several days with his friends, and bright and pleasant days they were. Mr. Alston, at each meal inflicted upon him one of his formal addresses, but he was now prepared for them, he knew better how to reply. He found that Florence had a highly cultivated mind for so young a girl; that she was a passionate lover of books, with a marvellous memory that retained all she read. She took him to her library, a small and tastefully decorated room, opening by a bow-window into the garden. Full, rich, scarlet curtains shaded this window, looked up on each side to let in the light, and a sweet-scented vine that came clambering up of its own accord and twined about the frame.

"I know," said Florence, sweeping aside the folds of the curtains, so as to give him a broader view of the gilded tones; "I know it is in very bad taste to have this red drapery to adorn a library. It should be green, dark, classic green or imperial purple; but neither green nor purple will do to bring in contact with my Egyptian face. I must contrast it with the brilliant scarlet, or gorgeous orange. These volumes," continued she pointing to some of more massy form and antique binding, "were my father's, and belong by right to George; though I find much to admire and venerate in the old masters, and sometimes, when I change their position and wipe the dust from the binding, I stand, like Dominic Sampson mounted on that fight or steps, forgetful of time or place. These shelves," added she, turning to a lighter, more ornamented range, "are all my own exclusively my own. It is here I feel the wizard spell of genius, and wander in the moonlight climes of poetry and romance."

"And it is here," said Marcus, laying his on a superb portfolio that was laid upon the table; "here you enclose the burning thoughts, whose influence other minds must own and feel. Here you imprison the electric fire, whose sparks might kindle the coldest substances, and even pass through insulating mediums."

"Does Marcus Warland condescend to flatter?" asked she, with a dash of scorn in her manner. "Oh! if you know how I detest flattery! I have had so much of it, merely because I am an heiress, and had the misfortune to lose my parents when I was very young. I was two years at a northern school, and found my true level there. When I attended your commencement I had just returned, and found it difficult to persuade George not to acknowledge me as his sister on that occasion."

"If he had," said Marcus, colouring, "I should have been saved some keen after-pangs."

"How is that?" cried she quickly, without looking up.

"I should not then have mistaken the affection of a brother for the permitted endearments of a lover," replied Marcus, emboldened by her vivid blushes.

"And why should that pain you, my selfish being that you are?" said she with her own peculiar, mocking smile. "Is the heart so narrow that it can contain but one object of interest? Is it a dungeon, when the poor captive sits in solitary confinement, pining for the fresh air that struggles through the iron gate? Cannot I love George, and like you, and fifty others too, if I choose? I feel that I have a magnificently large heart."

"Florence—L'Edair," cried he earnestly; "though your heart were as large as the whole universe, it should not have room for another love than mine, if I once gained admittance there. I speak not of sisterly affection, friendship, or esteem. I speak of love—such love as you were born to inspire, and I was born to feel."

"I wish you would not talk of love," said she, fluttering the leaves of a book she held in her hand; "I want you to be my friend, my true and sincere friend. I want you to tell me of my faults, as you did when we first met at the university; to speak to me in that tone of beautiful, solemn earnestness, to make me feel that you are above me, that I have something to reach after and attain. But don't go to talking raptures, and so forth. Don't try to make me feel my power. I shall grow wilful, haughty, and overbearing—and then—"

"And then," said Marcus, with calm self-possession, "you would have no power over me at all. The moment you tried to make me feel the weight of chains, I could break them as easily as the unshorn giant did the green wisps that bound him."

"I have always dreaded the idea of love," she said, more seriously, "because I know if I once yielded to its power, I should become far more of a vassal than any slave on this broad plantation. There is something terrible to me in the thought of giving one's happiness so completely in another's power; to hang trembling, palpitating on the frail dependency of another's truth and constancy. No?" she added, commanding the agitation of her voice, and waving back her ringlets with sportive grace. "Let me follow my own volitions, for at least three or four years to come; let me enjoy my emancipation from daily rules and schoolastic discipline; let my mind soar untrammelled to the heights where I wish to stand, and then, perhaps, when I am more worthy of the heart's homage I may be tempted to wear those bonds, which, though covered with roses and seeming light as air, must be stronger than steel, and heavier than iron."

"Listen to me one moment, Florence," said he, taking her hand and seating her within the shadow of the scarlet curtains, while he sat down by her side. "We are both very young, I know, but we may talk of the future, may we not?"

"The future," repeated she; "that seems a mighty shadow rolling far off!"

"Of the past, then—those lightning letters!"

"Ah! you promised never to allude to them."

"I did not promise, Florence, though you required the bond. Those letters sealed my destiny. They showed our minds were one. The divided unity has been brought together by those electric sparks, and thinks and feels, and glows in unison. It was not chance that brought us together at the fountain's side. It was not an idea or whim that prompted you to write those kindling words. It was the impulse of the soul, seeking its kindred soul, the heart reaching after the mutual heart."

"At this moment, when all the softness and sensibility of womanhood mellowed the brightness of her countenance, and her lip trembled with unspoken words, Delaval opened the door, and laughing, was about to close it again. Florence sprang up and detained him.

"Your friend is too metaphysical for me," she said. "I cannot fathom him. He is a Transcendentalist."

"Well, I want him to make a ride on horseback with me over the plantation. That will clear away the German mist from his brain. Supposing you come with us, you will be a far better guide than I am, for there is not a nook or angle you have not explored."

"Away Florence, apparently as much excited at the thought of riding as if there were no such thing as sentiment in the world. She soon appeared, equipped in a dark riding dress, and cap, with black, drooping leathers. It looked like the same she had worn when he had first saw her, demurely waiting for her recent pony."

"The folds of the curtains, so as to give him a broader view of the gilded tones; I know it is in very bad taste to have this red drapery to adorn a library. It should be green, dark, classic green or imperial purple; but neither green nor purple will do to bring in contact with my Egyptian face. I must contrast it with the brilliant scarlet, or gorgeous orange. These volumes," continued she pointing to some of more massy form and antique binding, "were my father's, and belong by right to George; though I find much to admire and venerate in the old masters, and sometimes, when I change their position and wipe the dust from the binding, I stand, like Dominic Sampson mounted on that fight or steps, forgetful of time or place. These shelves," added she, turning to a lighter, more ornamented range, "are all my own exclusively my own. It is here I feel the wizard spell of genius, and wander in the moonlight climes of poetry and romance."

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"Of the past, then—those lightning letters!"

"I repeat," said he, emphatically, that his father was a low ferryman, and is now a common overseer. I saw him push the boat myself. I heard the old negro talk about his father. I inquired and found it was all true. I am willing to take my oath upon its truth."

"'Tis false," exclaimed Florence, in a passionate tone. "He brought up in a ferryman's hut. His father an overseer. Never!"

"This cannot be true," cried Delaval, indignantly. "I was with him three years in college and never heard a word of it before."

Before the young man could reply, Marcus advanced into the room, and walking in front of Pellam, said, in rather a husky tone of voice, "Is it of me you are speaking, sir?"

"It is," answered the young man, drawing back a few paces, and placing a chair between him and Marcus.

"Deny it Marcus," cried Florence, "it is nothing but slander—we all know it is!"

The earnestness with which Florence spoke; her excited countenance; the indignant looks which Delaval darted towards Pellam; the cold, sterner aspect of Mr. Alston, staggered the faith of Marcus in his own triumphant power to resist the prejudices of education on the part of his friends, and the narrow pride of the man of wealth and family. But he was glad the trial came to end on his side. He wanted to see the innate nobility of Florence put to a shaming test.

"I cannot deny it," said he, folding his arms across his breast, "I cannot deny what is truth, and nothing but the truth."

Mr. Alston rose with an air of offended dignity. "This is very surprising," said he, "a very surprising case. I did not imagine my friend Bellamy would have imposed on us in this manner. I, who have always been so particular to select irreproachable companions for my nephew and niece, to be so grossly deceived!"

He put his hands behind him, and walked across the room with an exceedingly imposing demour.

"I cannot allow a reflection to be cast on my noble benefactor," cried Marcus with warmth. He wished me to conceal those circumstances in my father's life connected with the story of his misfortunes and sorrows, and I obeyed him. Perhaps, knowing the world better than myself, he was aware there was some contracted mind, who measuring me by their own narrow standard, would expose me to the insults of this hour. But let me tell you, sir, that my father is a man of birth equal to your own, and of an education inferior to none of the magnates of the land. My mother was the daughter of a Virginia planter, who boasted of the royal blood of Pocahontas flowing in her veins. Of the misfortunes that impoverished my father, and induced him to seek the solitude of the river's shore, I cannot, but she had grown since that period, it must have been another, made in a similar fashion. Instead of the recumbent brown pony, she mounted a beautiful white horse, which displayed the dark outlines of his figure to great advantage. Wild and fearless she dashed ahead, regardless of obstructions, and mocking the speed of her companions.

"This is my life," said she to Marcus, as they paused to admire the rich rolling expanses of the cotton-field, bearing the downy wealth of the South. "I am a far better overseer than the one my uncle hires. The negroes will work better for their young mistress than anybody else, and sometimes Simpson mounted on that fight or steps, forgetful of time or place. These shelves," added she, turning to a lighter, more ornamented range, "are all my own exclusively my own. It is here I feel the wizard spell of genius, and wander in the moonlight climes of poetry and romance."

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