

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. 2.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1878.

NO 196.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

Is Published every Evening.
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INGS' BUILDING, CORNER OF WATER
AND GREAT GEORGE STREETS,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Advertising at most moderate rates.
Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, or half-yearly advertisements, on application.
W. L. COTTON, J. W. MITCHELL,
Manager, Office Sup't.

The Weekly Examiner

Is Published every Friday.
OFFICE:
INGS' BUILDING, CORNER OF WATER
AND GREAT GEORGE STREETS,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Subscription price, postage prepaid, \$1.00 per year, in advance.

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First insertion, per inch, \$0 50
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Contracts may be made for quarterly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements on application at the office.

W. L. COTTON, J. W. MITCHELL,
Manager, Office Sup't.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE NO. 8.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

To come into force MONDAY, DEC. 24, 1877

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 5 EXPRESS		No. 7 MIXED	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
GEORGETOWN				
Cardigan	Dp. 8.40			
Mount Stewart Junction	Ar. 10.25			
Royalty Junction	Dp. 10.35			
CHARLOTTETOWN				
Royalty Junction				
North Wiltshire				
Hunter River				
Bradalbane				
County Line				
Kensington				
SUMMERSIDE				
Wellington				
Port Hill				
O'Leary				
Alberton				
Tignish				

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 2 EXPRESS		No. 4 MIXED	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
TIGNISH				
ALBERTON	Dp. 8.00			
O'Leary	" 8.55			
Port Hill	" 9.52			
Wellington	" 11.07			
SUMMERSIDE				
Kensington				
County Line				
Brakalbane				
Hunter River				
North Wiltshire				
Royalty Junction				
CHARLOTTETOWN				
Royalty Junction				
MT. STEWART Junc.				
Cardigan				
GEORGETOWN.				

SOURIS BRANCH.

Going West. Going East.

STATIONS.	No. 5 MIXED		No. 6 MIXED	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Souris	Dp. 7.30		Dp. 3.50	
Harmony	" 7.55		" 4.26	
St. Peter's	" 9.10		" 4.32	
Morell	" 9.42		" 5.05	
Lot 40	" 9.48		" 6.20	
Mt St'w't Jnc.	Ar. 10.25		Ar. 6.45	

C. J. BRYDGES, W. McKECHNIE,
Gen. Superintendent Sup't. P. E. I.
Govt. Railways. Railway.

Smoked Halibut, &c.

40 boxes SMOKED HALIBUT,
20 bundles DRIED POLLOCK.
For sale by HAZARD BROS.
December 14, 1877.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

WHILE taking this opportunity of thanking our numerous customers for the liberal manner in which they have patronized

OUR NEW STUDIO,
we would inform them that we have now increased facilities for the production of first-class work, and are prepared to make PHOTOGRAPHS of a Style and Quality that has never before attempted in this City.

We have on exhibition, at our Rooms, a large number of Photographs of every variety, including the

BEAUTIFUL PHOTO-ENAMEL
the most beautiful style of Photograph known, possessing a softness and delicacy of coloring that has never been equalled. This elegant picture has become deservedly popular elsewhere, and cannot fail to become so here.

Though the finish of our Photographs cannot be excelled, we would direct attention to the beautiful

Glaze Pictures

which we make. They possess a highly enamelled surface, and are practically indestructible, and will retain their freshness and beauty for any length of time. If they become soiled they can easily be cleaned, as they will not lose any of their beauty by being wet. This valuable quality, combined with their remarkable elegance, make them very suitable for presents; while the difficulty of their production will prevent them ever becoming so common as to lessen their value. Our patrons can have one or all of their Photos finished in this style—an advantage which cannot be obtained elsewhere.

We give special attention to making Groups of Families, Societies, Schools, &c. Our pictures of children are sufficient evidence of our success in this difficult branch of our art.

Our ENLARGEMENTS, finished in India Ink, Pastel, Crayon, Oil and Water Colors, have made a favorable reputation for them selves throughout the Lower Provinces.

Parties intending to have Photographs made will find it to their advantage to sit early, as the number of our customers makes some delay in the delivery of the Photos unavoidable. We prefer to have our sitters come by appointment.

Photographs can be obtained for less money elsewhere; but in this case we ask that quality be given the preference; assuring the public that they will find our charges very moderate.

ROSS BROS.,
Cor. Queen and Dorchester Streets,
opposite Connolly's Bank.
Sept. 19, 1877—3m eod

Coarse Salt for Packing.

FIFTY TONS Coarse Salt, three hundred Bags do.
For sale by **HASZARD BROS.**
Dec. 8, 1877—1m eod

HERRING! HERRING!

FOR SALE AT
W. W. CLARKE'S.
Water St., Ch'town, Dec. 1—eod tf

P. E. Island Railway,

In connection with the Winter Steamship

NORTHERN LIGHT!

A Special Train will Connect Closely.

TRAIN will leave Charlottetown at 6 a. m., on the mornings of the day on which the Steamer will leave Georgetown, arriving at the latter place at 9 a. m. The Boat will leave immediately after the arrival of the Train.

The Train will be ready immediately on the arrival of the Boat from Pictou and will start at once for Charlottetown.

This arrangement will continue during the winter, and until the "Northern Light" ceases to run.

WM. McKECHNIE, Sup't.
Ch'town, Dec. 17th, 1877—6in

A. McNEILL.

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant

NO. 1 QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

SALES, of all descriptions, attended to in city and country at moderate rates.
May 21, 1877.

QUEEN INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND.

Capital - - Two Millions Sterling.

INSURANCE effected on all kinds of Buildings, Merchandise, and Produce Also, on Vessels on the stocks. Special rates for isolated residences. Losses settled promptly.

GEORGE MACLEOD (Union Bank),
Agent for Prince Edward Island
June

CHEAPEST YET!

IN order to reduce our Large Stock, we will Sell, at a great reduction on former prices.

We will Sell—

Good Gray Cotton, from 4 1-2 cts.
Good White Cotton, from 6 cts.
Good Print Cotton, from 6 cts.
Good Heavy Winceys, from 6 1-2 cts.
Good Tweed Dress Goods, 7 1-2 cts.
Boy's Winter Tweed, 25 cts.
Heavy Winter Shawls, \$1.25.
All Wool Flannel, 20 cts.

SCARFS, CLOUDS, GLOVES VERY CHEAP.

All other goods at proportionately low prices.

Buying our goods for Cash, we are in a position to sell all goods at our bottom prices.

J. B. MACDONALD,
QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
Dec. 7—ne pat

To Trustees of Country Schools

THE Trustees of several Districts have been applying for school furniture, and in every instance consider the American and Canadian Combination Seat and Desk too expensive. I have just got up a Combination that is stronger, neater, and one-third cheaper than those that have been imported. Call and see samples of the different sizes. City School Trustees fully approve of them.

MARK BUTCHER
Dec. 18, 1877—ex 1m ne a pat pres 4i

SWEET ORANGES,

APPLES, Lemons, Grapes, Figs, Nuts, Onions, Raisins, Currants, Spices. All kinds Crackers, Preserves, and the largest assortment of Confectionery to be had on the Island. Fancy Toys, Flour (by the bbl. or lb.), Tea, Sugar, Soap, Candles, Pepper, Mustard, Vinegar, and a variety of Groceries.

ALEX. MCKENZIE,
Queen Street.
Ch'town, Dec. 27, 1877.—tu&fr3w

GENERAL AGENCY NOTICE.

I BEG to announce to the TRADE of this City, and the Island generally, that on the 14th of JANUARY I will have a complete

ASSORTMENT OF SAMPLES,

of the following lines of Goods for Spring and Summer:

English & Canadian

TWEEDS & WOOLLENS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

AMERICAN COTTONS,

Readymade Clothing

AMERICAN

RUBBER GOODS,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Tobacco & Cigars, Confectionery,

Coffee & Spices, Naval Stores,

Teas, Sugars.

I am also SOLE AGENT for the Lower Provinces for WYATT & Co's (London) CELEBRATED

Pickles, Sauces, Jellies, Etc.,

—AND—

E. James & Son's (Plymouth) celebrated

STARCH, BLUE & DOME LEAD.

This Notice is only to the Trade—no Retail orders being solicited or accepted.

Sample Rooms at No. 9 Queen St., over the Office of Messrs. Hyndman Brothers.

JOHN H. CATHRAE,
Ch'town, Nov. 23, 1877—w & lew o

H. VINNICOMBE,

PIANO FORTE REGULATOR

ALL parties leaving their orders for Tuning at Bremner Bros. will receive the best attention.

All who have Pianos in Charlottetown would do well to have them tuned by the year, keeping their instruments in perfect order all the time.

A visit once a year at least will be made all parts of the Island, or often if required Ch'town, July 13, 1877.

THE TURKS.

[Extract from N. O. Willis' account of his Travels.]

SACKING THE WOMEN.

A Turkish woman was sacked and thrown into the Bosphorus this morning. I was idling away the day in the bazaar, and did not see her. The ward-room steward of the "United States," a very intelligent man, who was at the pier, when she was brought down to the caïque, describes her as a young woman of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, strikingly beautiful; and with the exception of a short, quick sob in her throat, as if she had weaned herself out with weeping, she was quite calm, and submitted composedly to her fate. She was led down by two soldiers, in her usual dress, her yasmack only torn from her face, and rowed off to the mouth of the bay, where the sack was drawn over her without resistance. The splash of her body in the sea was distinctly seen by the crowd who had followed her to the water.

It is horrible to reflect on the summary executions, knowing as we do, that the poor victim is taken before the judge upon the least jealous whim of her husband or master, condemned often upon bare suspicion, and hurried instantly from the tribunal to this violent and revolting death. Any suspicion of commerce with a Christian, particularly, is with or without evidence, instant ruin.

THE MAD-HOUSE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

We passed the porter at the gate without question, and entered a large quadrangle; surrounded with the grated windows of cells on the ground floor. In every window was a chained maniac. The doors of the cells were all open, and, descending by a step upon the low stone floor of the first, we found ourselves in the presence of four men chained to rings, in the four corners, by massy iron collars. The man in the window sat crouched together, like a person benumbed (the day was raw and cold as December) the heavy chain of his collar hanging on his naked breast, and his shoulders imperfectly covered with a narrow blanket. His eyes were large and fierce, and his mouth was fixed in an expression of indignant sullenness. My companion asked him if he were ill. He said he should be well if he were out—that he was brought there in a fit of intoxication two years ago, and was no more crazy than his keepers. Poor fellow! It might easily be true. He lifted his heavy collar from his neck as he spoke, and it was not difficult to believe that misery, like this, for two long years, would, of itself, destroy reason. There was a better dressed man in the opposite corner, who informed us, in a gentlemanly voice, that he had been a captain in the Sultan's army, and was brought there in the delirium of a fever. He was at a loss to know, he said, why he was imprisoned still.

We passed on to a poor, half-naked wretch in the last stage of illness and idiocy, who sat chattering to himself, and, though trembling with the cold, interrupted his monologue continually with fits of the wildest laughter. Further on sat a young man of a face so full of intellectual beauty, an eye so large and mild, a mouth of such mingled sadness and sweetness, and a forehead so broad and marked so nobly, that we stood, all of us, struck with a simultaneous feeling of pity and surprise. A countenance more beaming with all that is admirable in human nature, I have never seen even in painting. He might have sat to De Vinci for the "beloved disciple." He had tied the heavy chain by a shred to a round of the grating to keep its weight from his neck, and seemed calm and resigned, with all his sadness. My friend spoke to him, but he answered obscurely; and seeing that our gaze disturbed him, we passed unwillingly on. O what room there is in this world for pity! If that poor prisoner be not a maniac (as he may not be), and if nature has falsified, in the structure of his mind, the superior impress on his features, what Prometheus-like has he suffered! The guiltiest felon is better cared for. And, allowing his mind to be a wreck, and allowing the hundred human minds in the same cheerless prison to be certainly in ruins. O what have they done to be weighed down with iron on their necks, and exposed like caged beasts, shivering and naked to the eye of pitiless curiosity? I have visited lunatic asylums in France, Italy, Sicily and Germany; but, culpably neglected as most of them are, I have seen nothing comparable to this in horror.

"Is he never unchained?" we asked. "Never." And yet, from the ring of the iron collar, there was just chain enough to permit him to stand upright! There were no vessels near him, not even a pitcher of water. Their dens were cleaned, and the poor sufferers fed at appointed hours, and, come wind or rain, there was neither shutter nor glass to defend them from the inclemency of the weather.

We entered most of the rooms, and found in all the same dampness, filth and misery. One poor wretch had been chained to the same post for twenty years. The keeper said he never slept. He stalked all the night long. Sometimes at mid-day his voice would cease, and his head nod for an instant, and then with a start, as if he feared to be silent, he raved on with the same incoherent rapidity. He had been a dervish. His collar and chain were bound with rags, and a tattered coat was fastened up on the inside of the window, forming a small recess, in which he sat, between the room and the grating. He was emaciated to the last degree. His beard was tangled and filthy, his nails curled over the ends of his fingers, and his appearance, save only an eye of the keenest lustre, that of a wild beast.

In the last room we entered, we found a good-looking young man, well-dressed, healthy, composed, and having every appearance of a person in the soundest state of mind and body. He saluted us courteously and told my friend he was a renegade Greek. He had turned Mussulman a year or two ago, had lost his reason, and so was brought here. He talked of it quite as a thing, of course, and seemed to be entirely satisfied that the best had been done for him. One of the party took hold of his chain. He winced as the collar stirred on his neck, and said the lock was on the outside of the window (which was true), and that the boys came in and tormented

him by pulling it sometimes. "There they they are," he said, pointing to two or three children who had just entered the court, and were running round from one prisoner to another. We bade him good morning, and he laid his hand to his breast and bowed with a smile. As we passed toward the gate, the chattering lunatic on the opposite side screamed after us, the old dervish laid his skinny hands on the bars of his window and talked louder and faster, and the children approaching close to the poor creatures, laughed with delight at their excitement.

THE SLAVE-MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

We found slaves of almost every Eastern nation, who looked at us with an "Oh! I wish that somebody would buy us" sort of an expression. * * * In a low cellar, beneath one of the apartments, lay twenty or thirty white men chained together by the legs, and with scarce the covering required by decency. A small featured Arab stood at the door, wrapped in a purple-hooded cloak, and Mr. H— addressing him in Arabic inquired the nations. He was not their master; but the stout fellow in the corner he said was a Greek by his regular features, and the boy chained to him was a Circassian by his rosy cheek and curly hair, and the black lipped villian with the scar over his forehead was an Egyptian, doubtless, and the two that looked like brothers were Georgians or Persians, or perhaps Bulgarians. Poor wretches! they lay on the cold floor with cold easterly wind blowing in upon them, dispirited and chilled, with the prospect of being sold to a taskmaster for their best hope of relief.

A shout of African laughter drew us to the other side of the bazaar. A dozen Nubian damsels, flat-nosed and curly-headed, but as straight and fine limbed as species of black statuary, lay around on a platform in front of their apartment, while one sat upright in the middle, and amused her companions by some narration, accompanied by grimaces irresistibly ludicrous. Each had a somewhat scant blanket, black with dirt, and worn as carelessly as a lady carries her shawl. Their black polished frames were disposed about in postures a painter would scarcely call ungraceful, and no start or change of attitude when we approached betrayed the innate coyness of the sex. After watching the improvisatrice a while, we were about passing on when a man came out from the inner apartment, and beckoning to one of them to follow him, walked into the middle of the bazaar. She was a tall, arrow-straight lass of about eighteen, with the form of a nymph and the head of a baboon. He commenced by crying in a voice that must have been educated in a manure, setting forth the qualities of the animal at his back, who was to be sold at public auction forthwith. As he closed his harangue he slipped his pipe back into his mouth, and lifting the scrimped blanket of the ebony Venus, turned her twice round, and walked to the other side of the bazaar, where his cry and the exposure of the submissive young woman were repeated. We left him to finish his circuit, and walked on in search of the Circassian beauties of the market. Several turbaned slave-merchants were sitting round a manghal or brass vessels of coals, smoking and making their coffee, in one of the porticoes, and my friend addressed one of them with an enquiry on the subject. "There were Circassians in the bazaar," he said; "but there was an express firman prohibiting the exposing or selling of them to Franks, under heavy penalties." We tried to bribe him. It was of no use. He pointed to the apartment in which they were; and as it was upon the ground floor, I took advice of modest assurance, and, approaching the window, sheltered my eyes with my hand and looked in. A great fat girl, with a pair of saucer-like black eyes, and cheeks as red and round as a cabbage-rose, sat facing the window, devouring a pie most voraciously. She had a small carpet beneath her, and sat on one of her heels, with a row of fat red toes, whose nails were tinged with henna, just protruding on the other side from the folds of her ample trousers. The light was so dim that I could not see the features of the others, of whom there were six or seven, in groups in the corners. And so faded the bright colors of a certain boyish dream of Circassian beauty! A fat girl eating a pie!

As we were leaving the bazaar, the door of a small apartment near the gate opened and disclosed the common cheerless interior of a chamber in a klan. In the centre burned the almost extinguished embers of a Turkish manghal, and at the moment of my passing, a figure rose from a prostrate position, and exposed, as a shawl dropped from her face in rising, the exquisitely small features and bright olive skin of an Arab girl. Her hair was black as night, and the bright braid of it across her forehead seemed but another shade of the warm, dark eye that lifted its heavy and sleepy lids, and looked out of the accidentally opened door as if she were trying to remember how she had dropped out of "Araby the blest" upon so cheerless a spot. She was very beautiful. I should have taken her for a child from her diminutive size, but for a certain fullness in the limbs and a womanly ripeness to the bust and features. The same dusky lips which give the males of her race a look of ghostliness, either by contrast with a row of dazzling white teeth or from their round and perfect chiseling, seemed in her almost a beauty. I had looked at her several minutes before she chose to consider it an impertinence. At last she slowly raised her little symmetrical figure (the "Barbary shape" the old poets talk of) and slipping forward to reach the latch, I observed that she was chained by one of her ankles to a ring in the floor. To think that only a "malignant and turbaned Turk" may possess such a Hebe! Beautiful creature! Your lot

"By some o'er-hasty angel was misplaced In Fate's eternal volume."

Yes; buying too many steel rails from Cooper, Fairman & Co., and lending too many to Senator Foster; buying up too much land at Kaministiquia and giving too much for Neebing Hotels—these strokes of business indicate that the thing is being considerably overdone, we admit.—H; Herald.

Up to the 27th of November exports of wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye, from New York, were 44,718,428 bushels as against 40,775,263 bushels for the same period last year.