

POETRY.
WHISTLE AND HOE.
There's a boy just over the garden fence
Who is whistling all through the evening
And his work is not just a mere pretence,
For you see the weeds he has cast away.
Whistle and hoe,
Sing at the hoe,
Shorten your row,
By the songs you know.
Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear;
He has scarcely time to growl, I know;
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,
He must and will be pleased in every row.
Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row,
By the songs you know.
But then when you whistle be sure that
You are
For you are idle the whistles will spread;
And whistle alone to the end of the row
May do for the weeds, but is had for
the hoe!
Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row,
By the songs you know.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.
Little they know, or even think
Of the work there is in shedding ink
By the busy wielders of pencil and pen—
Generally known as newspaper men—
"Jottings," "In General," "Spice of Life,"
"Variations," and rumors rise,
"Saturday Notes" and Sunday news,
"All sorts of paragraphs" to amuse,
Market reports and marine disasters,
Puffs of pills and patent physicians,
Now at the theatre in white cravat,
Clawhammer coat and open hat,
Then to the prize-where you write
Sickening details of a bloody fight—
Back to the city, just in time,
To report the sermon of some divine;
Steamboat collision, smash up of trains,
Election returns to both your brains;
Agents dramatic, with long-winded story,
To wring his star to theatrical glory,
Deaths and marriages, murders, rows,
Balls and parties, minstrel shows,
Stock speculations, bubbles of air,
Clawhammer coat and open hat,
Praising the hub in the dancer's pose,
And next the calves in the cattle show;
Pencil in hand at the racing course,
Taking the time of a trotting horse,
Laying down each stroke and catch
Made in a famous base-ball match;
Now of a street row taking a note—
And then of a row in a college boat,
These are a few of the many things
Which the tireless penman swings.

LITERATURE.
THE DESERTER.
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
In the year 1809, Pierre Pitou was sergeant in the 12th regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasbourg. He was a native of that half savage, half civilized part of Burgundy, known under the name of Mornay; and his comrades ever spoke of him as a "tough customer." Always the first and last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder and the whistling of bullets.
Now, one day our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nursing the poor woman, and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should be restored.
The colonel's reply to Pierre's application was—that as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained.
Pierre Pitou submitted. A fortnight elapsed; and then a second letter was received by the colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying that "he could not state his reason for this request—it was a family secret"—but earnestly imploring the colonel not to deny him the favor.
Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said—"Pierre, the colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as the regiment leaves Strasbourg to-morrow."
Ah! the regiment leaves Strasbourg; but for what place may I ask you?" said Pierre.
"For Austria," replied the officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitou; we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow."
Pierre Pitou made no reply; he seemed lost in deep thought. The captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily, said—
"Why do you not speak, man? are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that, in less than a week, you are to have the pleasure of a seat-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news; nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me!"
Indeed, captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you with all my heart, for your news which I consider very good."
"I thought you would," said the officer.
"But, captain, I have no chance of obtaining the leave of absence."
"Are you mad?" was the reply. "Leave of absence the very day before taking the field!"
"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are, then, on the point of taking the field, and at such a time I suppose leave is never given."
"It is never even asked."
"It is quite right—it is never even asked. It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get on without it."
"And you will do well," replied the captain.
The next day the twelfth regiment entered Germany, and the next Pierre Pitou deserted.
Three months after, when the twelfth regiment, having rested in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphant entry into Strasbourg, Pierre Pitou was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of gendarmes. A court-martial was immediately called. Pierre Pitou was accused of having deserted at that very moment when his regiment was to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singular spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried—
"Pierre Pitou, you, one of the bravest men in the army, you, on whose breast the star of honor yet glitters, who never incurred either punishment or even censure from your officers; you, who could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive demands of you, for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you, which it could not, perhaps, either to do or to desire—at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy."
On the other side stood the accused, who answered—
"I have deserted without any reason, without any motive; I do not repent. If it were to do again, I would do it again. I deserve death—pass sentence."
And then came some witnesses, who deposed—
"Pierre Pitou is a deserter. We know it is a fact, but we do not believe it."
And others averred—
"Pierre Pitou is mad; the court cannot condemn a madman. He must be sentenced then, not to death, but to the lunatic asylum."

This alternative had very nearly been adopted; for there was not one person in the court who did not consider the desertion of Pierre Pitou as one of those singular occurrences beyond the range of human possibilities, which, while every one is forced to admit as a fact, no one can account for, or comprehend. The accused, however, pleaded guilty, and positively, and was most pertinaciously in his demand for the infliction of the law to be inflicted on him. He so boldly and fearlessly avowed his crime, continually repeating that he did not regret it, that at length his firmness assumed the character of a bravado, and left no room for clemency. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced.
Pierre Pitou heard his sentence read with the most unflinching gaze. He was warmly urged to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed.
He was carried back to the military prison, and it was announced to him that, as a mark of special favor, he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.
In the middle of that night on which was to dawn the day fixed for the execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the gate of the camp in which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping, and after gazing on him some time in silence, awoke him.
Pierre opened his eyes, and starting about him, said—
"The hour, then, is at last come!"
"No, Pierre," replied the officer, "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come."
"And what do you want with me until then?"
"Be silent, and listen to me, Pierre! No matter, I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz—and bravely didst thou thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had for thee a regard no less warm than sincere. Yesterday, on my arrival at Strasbourg, I learned thy crime and condemnation. I have prevailed on the jailor who is a relation of mine, to allow me to see thee. And now that I have come, I would say to thee about thy death, that I should be a man about to die, that I have no friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and trust with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I will be to thee that friend."
"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre.
"Why, hast thou nothing to say to me?"
"Nothing."
"What! not one word of adieu to thy sweetheart?—to thy sister?"
"A sweetheart? a sister? I never had either."
"Is no more. Two months ago he died in my arms."
"Thy mother then?"
"My mother?—Pierre's voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated, "my mother! Ah, comrade, do not utter that name, for I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart—without feeling melted like a child, and even now, methinks, I am to speak of her."
"What then?"
"The tears would come, and tears do not become a man. Tears!" continued he— "I have not had a few hours to live! Ah, there would not be much courage in that!"
"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other men, and yet I would be ashamed of weeping. Were I to speak of my mother?"
"Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. "You, a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep."
"When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me much, and I, too, love her dearly."
"She loves you, and you love her. Oh! then, indeed, I may tell you all. My heart is full—it must have vent; and however strange my feelings may appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at me. Listen, then for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad when about to die, to have a heart into which he can pour out his own. Will you listen to me and not laugh at me?"
"Surely I will listen, Pierre. A dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."
"You must know that since I came into this world I never loved but one being—that being was my mother. But her I loved as none else. While yet a babe I used to read her and her name. I guessed her thoughts and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweetheart or wife; I never had a friend; my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take up arms; and when they told me I must leave her, in paroxysm of despair I said that they might tear me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy solitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose."
"Pierre, you must go, she said, 'it is my wish.'"
"I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go mother.'"
"Pierre," she said, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfill. Every citizen owes himself to his country; it calls thee—oh! Thou art going to be a soldier. From this moment thy life is no longer thine own; it is thy country's.' If its interests demand it lay it down cheerfully. It is the will of God that thou shouldst die before me. I should weep for thee my heart's love; but I would say, 'He giveth and taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' Go now, and then love thy mother do thy duty. Oh! how precious those holy words; I have never forgotten them. Do thy duty, said she. Now, the duty of a soldier was always, and in all things, to obey; and in all things and always, I obeyed. It was to go straight forward—to go home without hesitation—without second thought; and I went straight forward—faced danger without hesitation—without a second thought. Those who saw me thus, seek, as it were, to meet the bullets, said, 'This is a brave fellow!' They might have better said, 'This is a man who loves his mother!'"
"One day a letter brought me the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother. I longed to go to her. I asked for leave of absence; it was not granted. I remembered her last words—'If thou love thy mother do thy duty.' I submitted. A little after I heard that she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me; at any risk I determined to travel to the country. Where proceeded so ardent so impetuous a desire to see once more a place where my mother had just died? I will tell you, and as you have a mother; and as she loves you, and you love her, you will understand me."
"We peasants of Marvon are a simple and confiding race. We have not received the instruction, nor attained the knowledge that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the towns-folk call superstitions. What matters the name? Be thy superstitions or beliefs, I have them and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now, one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave mould, such a virtue that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forsaken. I believe, how dear, how sweet! With it death has no terrors—nor for death, without forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep and calm repose after a long toil. That flower—I panted to see it!"

RANDOM READINGS.
"I panted to gather it! I abandoned my post and went on my way. After ten days of weary travel, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh—no flowers appeared. I waited. I saw a little white flower in the evening. I plucked it and I shed glad tears, for methought that little flower was my mother's soul; that she had felt that I was near, and under the form of that flower, had given herself to my heart once more."
"These was nothing more to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower; what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—do thy duty? I sought the gens d'arms, and I said I am a deserter—arrest me.....and now I am to die; and if, as you assured me, I have in you a friend I would not regret, for you will do me the only service I require. The flower which at the risk of my life, I plucked from the grave, is here, in a little case next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother; and if I thought that would be broken—ah! I should not say to the emperor do.....Say, do you promise to do what I ask of you?"
"I promise," said the officer.
"Your hand, that I may press it to my heart. You were very kind to me, and if the Almighty God were in his omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."
The friends parted.
The next day had dawned. They arrived at the place of execution, and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmur that ran through the ranks changed into almost deafening shouts—
"The Emperor! the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!" He appeared, dismounted from his horse; and then, with his short quick step, he walked up to the condemned.
"Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him.
"Pierre," continued the Emperor, "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; and I demand that thou shalt be a man about to die, that I have no friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and trust with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I will be to thee that friend."
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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
Carpeting.—To take grease spots out of carpets, mix a little soap in a gallon of warm soft water, then dip a clean cloth in it, and wash the part with a clean cloth, and the grease or dirty spot will soon disappear.
Cleaning Britannia Ware.—Britannia ware, says one who has tried it should first be washed with a woollen cloth, and sweet oil then washed in water and suds, and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. This treatment will retain its beauty to the last.
A Useful Hint.—Very often a screw hole is so worn that a screw will not stay in it. Where glue is handy, the regular carpenter makes the hole large and glues in a large plug, making a nest for an entirely new hole. But this is not the best way to meet it. It is to narrow strips of oak, and fill the hole completely. Then force the screw in. This will make as tight a job as if driven into an entirely new hole.
To Stop the Itchings of Moths.—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths in carpets after the insects have commenced eating. Nor will they then pay any regard to the presence of cedar and saloop. A good way in which to kill them is to take a clean cloth and wrap it out of clean water, and spread it smoothly on the carpet, and then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all soiled places, and those least used. The process does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least; and it is not necessary to press hard on the iron, but to pass it over the surface of the carpet, and repeat the operation on all soiled places, and those least used. The process does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least; and it is not necessary to press hard on the iron, but to pass it over the surface of the carpet, and repeat the operation on all soiled places, and those least used.
Breaking in Shoes.—The "Herald of Health" has the following on "breaking in boots and shoes." It is true to the letter. 1. Never break in boots or shoes. If they are not easy when new don't take them, for the boots will break your feet off rather than your feet will break the boots. 2. If you go to a shoemaker, he will give you a special last, made with all sorts of knobs and protuberances to correspond with your distorted joints. Then you will be sorry. 3. If you go to a shoemaker, he will give you a special last, made with all sorts of knobs and protuberances to correspond with your distorted joints. Then you will be sorry. 4. If you go to a shoemaker, he will give you a special last, made with all sorts of knobs and protuberances to correspond with your distorted joints. Then you will be sorry.

THE ALDINE,
THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
ISSUED MONTHLY.
"A Magnificent Conception, wonderfully carried out."
The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the production of an artist, has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which so invariably followed each other in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper approach was made to the subject, it was shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.
THE ALDINE, while issued with regularity, has none of the temporary or timely interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful illustrations, and a collection of the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its readers, and the reality and beauty of the ALDINE will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness and variety, the ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The prospectus of a complete volume can not duplicate the quantity of the art and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes for ten times its cost, and it is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character.

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Dyspeptic Crackers,
Coffee Crackers,
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Oyster Crackers,
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Thin Captain's do,
Butter Crackers,
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Which he can confidently recommend and warrant to be BETTER and CHEAPER than can be imported.

Persons requiring any of the above articles will please send in their orders immediately. He has now ready

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of Superior No. 1, & No. 2
Navy Bread, which he
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usual liberal Terms.
All orders from town or country receive prompt attention.
JOHN QUIRK,
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QUEEN SQUARE
FURNITURE
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Our premises have been greatly enlarged and are now the

The Largest & Best Arranged in the City!
ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

I have 200,000 feet Seasoned Lumber under cover, for manufacturing purposes.
I have 20,000 feet Gilt and Walnut Picture Frame Moulding, 80 different patterns Cheap.
Oval, Gothic and Square Picture Frames, in Gilt and Walnut.
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English, German, and American Looking Glasses and Mirror Plates.
A few Large Mantle Mirrors and Pier Glasses, Cheap.

Window Furniture, &c.
Poles, Rings and Cornices, Rollers, Shades Blinds, Tassels, Cords, &c.

Upholstery Goods, Hair Seating, Bedding, &c.
New patterns, in Damask, Repps, Terry, Plushes, Poplins, Brocades, Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Tufts, &c., cheap.
Bedding—Woolen, Hair and Flock Beds, Pillows and Bolsters, constantly on hand, cheap.

IRON BEDSTEAS AND CRIBS.
a Great Variety, Cheap.

A few of the celebrated Iron Bed CHAIRS, —It makes a Bed, an Easy Chair, and invalid Chair, and a Lounger, in four seconds, very durable. No house should be without one.
HYNDMAN BROS.,
Ch'town, Sept. 14, 1874.—2m

Union Hall Meetings.
LORD'S DAY, 11, a. m. Worship and Brethren's Meetings.
LORD'S DAY, 6, p. m. Gospel Preaching.
Sept. 14, 1874. —1f

COAL!
Victoria Mines, Sydney.

The above Mines are delivering a superior article this season, quite free from slate, from a depth of 135 feet below any previous year. We can recommend to make IMMEDIATE PAYMENT to the undersigned, who alone is authorized to receive and grant receipts for the same.
By order,
W. L. COTTON,
Manager
Jan. 19th, 1874.

Houses for Sale.
THE Subscriber offers for sale a two-story house, with eleven rooms, fitted for a Boarding House, with stabling (the Rotsay House), on Kent Street, near Queen Street. Also, a Well (the first in Brockton) built on Fitzroy Street for Terms &c., apply to
MRS. TERLIZZICK,
Ch'town, Oct. 12, 1874.—p2m

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS indebted to the EXAMINER, either for Subscriptions or Advertisements, are requested to make IMMEDIATE PAYMENT to the undersigned, who alone is authorized to receive and grant receipts for the same.
By order,
W. L. COTTON,
Manager
Jan. 19th, 1874.

CHARLOTTETOWN CEMETERY COMPANY.
NOTICE.
AS the Act of our Legislature, passed in June, 1872, enacts, that from and after the first day of January, 1874, it shall not be lawful, under certain penalties, to inter any dead body in the Protestant burying Ground, on the Halpinco Road, in the fifth ward of this City, and as the New Cemetery is now ready for interment, application for burials therein must be made to the undersigned, whose residence in Kent Street.
Plots for interments, 15 by 20 feet, available for \$30, on payment of two-thirds of the purchase money, and subject to another call of \$10.
Persons desirous of obtaining allotments in the Cemetery, will please apply to William Candall, Esq., the Treasurer of the Company.
By Order
JOHN LEPAGE, Sec'y.
Dec. 29, 1873.

TEA ROSE!
NOW LANDING,
100 bbls. Tea Rose Flour,
ON CONSIGNMENT.
FENTON T. NEWBURY,
July 8, 1874.—1f

TOBACCO & CIGARS
THE Subscriber offers for sale (in Bond a choice lot of
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,
and three Cases CIGARS,
74 Boxes Tobacco, in Sole, St. Louis, Virginia, Navy and Black Diamond.
8 Cases Cigars in Victoria & Fort Gertrude Samples can be seen at Sale Room.
N. RANKIN,
Corner Water & Pownall Sts.
Ch'town, April 18, 1874.

\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us, than at any other place. Particulars free. Post card to States cost but two cents. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THE ALDINE,
THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
ISSUED MONTHLY.
"A Magnificent Conception, wonderfully carried out."
The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the production of an artist, has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which so invariably followed each other in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper approach was made to the subject, it was shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.
THE ALDINE, while issued with regularity, has none of the temporary or timely interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful illustrations, and a collection of the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its readers, and the reality and beauty of the ALDINE will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness and variety, the ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The prospectus of a complete volume can not duplicate the quantity of the art and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes for ten times its cost, and it is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character.

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