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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

VOL 10.--NO. 4.

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Have just received 3 cases Newest and Best Shapes, in Plush, Beaver, Felt and Straw Hats.

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Cotton Warp and Cottons of every description, of the best qualities, and at the lowest prices. Flannels, Blankets, Horse Rugs and Railway Wrappers, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs and Mats, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

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AS I WANT TO CLOSE OUT MY STOCK IN THIS LINE.

Some Expensive Ladies' Cloth Mantles and Dolmans, and Fur Lined Cloaks, Sealettes and Colored Dress Goods.

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FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS!

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(LIMITED),

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

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Deposited with Dominion Govt. 100,000

Policies issued and losses settled promptly without reference to Head Office.

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Sept. 13, '81—3m 2aw, pat 3m

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Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, &c. Cotton Warps, Best Makes, CHEAP

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Nov. 10, 1881—pat

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For particulars, apply at the office of Messrs. Sullivan & Morson, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Sub-Agent.

Aug. 24, 1881.

CHANGE OF TIME.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 17th inst, the STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAMERS

Will Leave Charlottetown for Pictou

Landing at Six o'clock in the Morning,

instead of at half-past seven as during the summer months.

By order,

FRED. W. HALES, Secretary Steam Navigation Company.

Oct. 13, 1881—10

THE WAR-TRAIL!

CHAPTER I.

SOUVENIRS.

Land of the opal and magney—home of Moctezuma and Malinche!—I cannot wring thy memories from my heart! Years may roll on, hand wax weak, and heart grow old, but never till both are cold can I forget thee! I would not; for thee would I remember. Not for all the world would I bathe my soul in the waters of Lethe. Blessed be memory for thy sake!

Bright land of Anahuac! my spirit mounts upon the aerial wings of Fancy, and once more I stand upon thy shores! Over thy broad savannahs I spur my noble steed, whose joyous neigh tells that he too is inspired by the scene. I rest under the shade of the *corozo* palm, and quaff the wine of the *acrocornia*. I climb thy mountains amygdaloid and porphyry—thy crags of quartz that yield the white silver and the yellow-gold. I cross the fields of lava, rugged in outline, and yet more rugged with their coverture of strange vegetable forms—the ceyas and cactus, yacacs and zamias. I traverse thy table-plains through bristling rows of giant aloes, whose sparkling juice cheers me on my path. I stand upon the limits of eternal snow, crushing the Alpine lichen under my heel; while down in the deep barranca, far down below, I behold the feathery frouds of the palm, the wax-like foliage of the orange, the broad shining leaves of the potato, the arums, and bananas! O that I could look with living eye on these bright pictures! But even palely outlined upon the retina of memory, they impart a soothing pleasure to my soul.

Land of Moctezuma! I have other souvenirs of thee, more deeply graven on my memory than these pictures of peace. Thou recallest scenes of war. I traversed thy fields a foeman—sword in hand—and now, after years gone by, many a wild scene of soldier-life springs up before me with all the vividness of reality.

The *Bivouac*!—I sit by the night camp-fire; around are warlike forms and bearded faces. The blazing log reflects the sheen of arms and accoutrements—saddles, rifles, pistols, canteens, strewn the ground, or hanging from the branches of adjacent trees. Picketed steeds loom large in the darkness, their forms dimly outlined against the sombre background of the forest. A solitary palm stands near, its curving frouds looking hoary under the fire-light. The same light gleams upon the fluted columns of the great organ-cactus, upon agraves and bromelias, upon the silvery *tillandsia*, that drapes the tall trees as with a toga.

The wild tale is told—the song is sung—the jest goes round—the hoarse peal echoes through the aisles of the forest, frightening the parrot on this perch, and the wolf upon his prowl. Little reck they who sing, and jest, and laugh—little reck they of the morrow.

The *Skirmish*!—Morning breaks. The fragrant forest is silent, and the white blue-light is just tinging the tree-tops. A shot rings upon the air; it is the warning-gun of the picket-sentinel, who comes galloping in upon the guard. The enemy approaches! 'To horse!' the bugle thrills in clear loud notes. The slumbers spring to their feet—they seize their rifles, pistols and sabres, and dash through the smouldering fires till ashes cloud the air. The steeds snort and neigh; in a trice they are saddled, bridled, and mounted; and away sweeps the troop along the forest road.

The enemy is in sight—a band of *guerillas*, in all their picturesque *manga* and *serape*—of scarlet, purple, and gold. Lances, with shining points and streaming pennons, overtop the trees.

The bugle sounds the charge; its notes are drowned by the charging cheer. We meet our swarthy foeman face to face; spear-thrusts are answered by pistol-shots; our sabres cross and clink, but our snorting steeds rear back, and will not let us kill each other. We wheel and meet again, with deadlier aim, and more determined arm; we strike without remorse—we strike for freedom!

The *Battle-field*!—The serried columns and the bristling guns—the roar of cannon and the hoarse roll of drums—the bugles wildest notes, the cheer, the charge—the struggle hand to hand—the falling foeman and his dying groan—the route, retreat, the hoarse hurra for victory! I well remember, but I cannot paint them.

Land of Anahuac! thou recallest other scenes, far different from these—scenes of tender love or stormy passion. The strife is o'er—the war-drum has ceased to beat, and the bugle to bray; the steed stands chafing in his stall, and the conqueror dallies in the halls of the conquered. Love is now the victor, and the stern soldier, himself subdued, is trans-

formed into a suing lover. In gilded hall or garden bower, behold him on bended knee, whispering his soft tale in the ear of some dark-eyed *doncella*, Andalusian, or Aztec!

Lovely land! I have sweet memories of thee; for who would traverse thy fields without beholding some fair flower, ever after to be borne on his bosom. And yet, not all my souvenirs are glad. Pleasant and painful, sweet and sad, they thrill my heart with alternate throes. But the sad emotions have been tempered by time, and the glad ones, at each returning tide, seemed tinged with brighter glow. In thy bowers, as elsewhere, roses must be plucked from thorns; but in memory's mellowed light I see not the thorns—I behold only the bright and beautiful roses.

CHAPTER II.

A MEXICAN FRONTIER VILLAGE.

A Mexican *pueblita* on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte—a mere *rancheria* or hamlet. The quaint old church of Morisco-Italian style, with its cupola of motley japan, the residence of the *cura*, and the house of the *alcalde*, are the only stone structures in the place. These constitute three sides of the plaza, a somewhat spacious square. The remaining side is taken up with shops or dwellings of the common people. They are built of large unburnt bricks (*adobes*), some of them washed with lime, others gradually colored like the proscenium of a theatre, but most of them uniform in their muddy and forbidding brown. All have heavy, jail-like doors, and windows without glass or sash. The *reja* of iron bars set vertically, opposes the burglar, not the weather.

From the four corners of the plaza, narrow, unpaved, dusty lanes lead off to the country, for some distance bordered on both sides by the *adobe* houses. Still further out, on the skirts of the village, and sparsely placed, are dwellings of frailer build but more picturesque appearance; they are *ridge-roofed* structures, of the split trunks of that gigantic lily, the arborescent yucca. Its branches form the rafters, its tough fibrous leaves the hatch. In these *ranchitos* dwell the poor peons, the descendants of the conquered race.

The stone dwellings, and those of mud likewise, are *flat-roofed*; tiled or cemented, sometimes tastefully japanned, with a parapet breast-high running round the edge. The flat roof is the *azotea*, characteristic of Mexican architecture.

When the sun is low and the evening cool, the *azotea* is a pleasant lounging-place, especially when the proprietor of the house has a taste for flowers; then it is converted into an aerial garden, and displays the rich flora, for which the picture-land of Mexico is justly celebrated. It is just the place to enjoy a cigar, a glass of *pinote*, or, if you prefer it, *cacha*. The smoke is wafted away, and the open air gives a relish to the beverage. Besides, your eye is feasted; you enjoy the privacy of a drawing-room, while you command what is passing in the street. The slight parapet gives security, while hindering a too free view from below; you see, without being seen. The world moves on, busied with earthly affairs, and does not think of looking up.

I stand upon such an *azotea*; it is that over the house of the *alcalde*; and his being the tallest roof in the village, I command a view of all the others. I can see beyond them all, and note the prominent features of the surrounding country. My eye wanders with delight over the deep rich verdure of its tropic vegetation; I can even distinguish its more characteristic forms—the cactus, the yucca, and the agave. I observe that the village is girdled by a belt of open ground—cultivated fields—where the maize waves its silken tassels in the breeze, contrasting with the darker leaves of the capsicums and bean-plants (*trijoles*). This open ground is of limited extent. The *chapparal*, with its thorny thicket of acacias, mimose, in-gas, and robinias—a perfect maze of leguminous trees—hems it in; and so near is the verge of this jungle, that I can distinguish its undergrowth of stemless *sabal* palms and bromelias—the sun-scorched and scarlet leaves of the *pitá* plant shining in the distance like lists of fire.

This propinquity of forest to the little *pueblita* bespeaks the indolence of the inhabitants; perhaps not. It must be remembered that these people are not agriculturists, but *vagueros* (herdsmen); and that the glades and openings of that thick chapparal are speckled with herds of fierce Spanish cattle, and droves of small sharp-eared Andalusian horses of the race of the Barb. The fact of so little cultivation does not abate the existence of industry on the part of the villagers. Grazing is their occupation, not farming; only a little of the latter to give them maize for their *tortillas*, chile to season it with, and black beans to complete the repast. These three, with the half wild beef of their wide pastures, constitute the staple of food throughout

all Mexico. For drink, the denizens of the high table-lands find his favorite beverage—the rival of champagne—in the core of the gigantic aloe; while he of the tropic coast-land refreshes himself from the stem of another native endogen, the *acrocornia* palm.

Favored land! Ceres loves thee, and Bacchus too. To thy fields both the god and the goddess have been freely bounteous. Food and drink may be had from them on easy terms. Alas! as in all other lands—only one excepted—Nature's divine views have been thwarted, her aim set aside, by the malignity of man. As over the broad world, the blight of the despot is upon thy beauty.

Why are these people crowded together—lived, as it were, in towns and villages? Herdsmen, one would expect to find scattered by reason of their occupation. Besides, a sky continually bright, a genial clime, a picturesqueness of scene—all seem to invite to rural life; and yet I have ridden for hours, a succession of lovely landscapes rising before my eyes, all of them wild, wanting in that one picture which makes the rural picture perfect—the house, the dwelling of man! Towns there are, and at long intervals the huge *hacienda* of the lauded lord, walled in like a fortress; but where are the *ranchos*, the homes of the common people? True, I have noticed the ruins of many, and that explains the puzzle. I remember, now that I am on the frontier, that for years past the banks of the Rio Bravo, from its source to the sea, have been hostile ground—a war-border 1500 miles in length! Many a red conflict has occurred—is still occurring—between those Arabs of the American desert—the *Horse* Indians—and the pale-faced descendants of the Spaniard. That is why the *ranchos* exist only in ruins—that is why the *haciendas* are loopholed, and the populace pent up within walls. The condition of feudal Europe exists in free America, on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte!

Nearly a mile off, looking westward I perceive the sheen of water: it is a reach of the great river that glances under the setting sun. The river curves at that point; and the summit of a gentle hill, have girdled by the stream, is crowned by the low white walls of a *hacienda*. Though only one story high, this *hacienda* appears, from its extent, and the style of architecture, to be a noble mansion. Like all of its class, it is flat-roofed; but the parapet is crenated, and small ornamental turrets over the angles and the great gateway relieve the monotony of its outlines. A larger tower, the belfry, appears in the background, for the Mexican *hacienda* is usually provided with its little *capilla* for the convenient worship of the *peou* retainers. The emblems of religion, such as it is, are thick over the land. The glimmer of glass behind the iron *rejas* relieves to some extent the prior-like aspect, so characteristic of Mexican country-houses. This is further modified by the appearance over the parapet of green foliage. Forms of tropic vegetation show above the wall; among others, the graceful curving frouds of a palm. This must be an exotic, for although the lower half of the Rio Bravo is within the zone of the palms, the species that grow so far north are fan-palms (*chamarops* and *sabal*). This one is of far different form, with plume-shaped pinnate frouds of the character of *cocos*, *pinax* or *enterpe*. I note the fact, not any botanical curiosity with which it inspires me, but rather because the presence of this exotic palm has a significance. It illustrates a point in the character of him—it may be *her*—who is the presiding spirit of this place. No doubt there is a fair garden upon the *azotea*—perhaps a fair being among its flowers. Pleasant thoughts spring up—anticipations. I long to climb that sloping hill, to enter that splendid mansion, and loathing still, I gaze.

The ring of a bugle reminds me of my duties. 'Tis but a stable-call; but it has driven those wet reflections out of my mind, and my eyes are turned away from the bright mansion, and rest upon the plaza of the *pueblita*. There, so far different scene greets their glance.

TO BE CONTINUED

Supplanting the Queen

Mr. Millais is at work upon a picture which will have a double interest. Many years ago, when Edwin Landseer was at the greatest, he began an equestrian portrait of the Queen, but went no farther than the horse—a white pony exquisitely painted. Baron Lionel de Rothschild bought the unfinished picture at Landseer's sale, and its present owner, his son, Sir Nathaniel, has commissioned Mr. Millais to supply a female equestrian picture in place of Her Majesty, whose riding days must be supposed to be over. As the work is to hang at Tring Park, Sir Nathaniel's country house, which was once given by Charles II. to Nell Gwynne, Mr. Millais suggested that the "pretty witty" dress should be painted into the vacant place. It is not the first time that she has supplanted a Queen.