The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.---1872.

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These Biscuits and Crackers are of the best description, and can confidently be recommended to the public, and are warranted to be BETTER and CHEAPER than can be imported.

☞ Orders from the Country promptly attended to,

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AN APPRENTICE for the Blacksmith business. A good, strong Boy from the country, will find this an excellent opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of Shipwork, and the general trade of Blacksmith. Apply to

GEORGE H. FOSTER.

Charlottetown, Aug. 21, 1871

CHEAP PRINTING DONE AT THE "EXANINER" OFFICE.

FIRST FALL IMPORTATIONS

OF

Seasonable Goods!

Just Received

By Steamers from England and Scotland, and for Sale Cheap, by

HEARTZ & SON,

the following Goods, viz:

250 Pieces Fancy DRESS GOODS.
200 " Black and Colored COBURGS & LUSTERS.
80 " Plain and Fancy WINCIES.
60 " Printed COTTONS.
100 " Grey COTTONS.

COTTON WARP,

White & Coored.

Fancy Cloths and Heavy Coatings,

a splendid assortment.

TAILORS' TRIMMINGS!

a great quality.

Also various other articles, too numerous to mention, which we offer

Wholesale and Retail.

HEARTZ & SON.

Ch'town, Sept. 18, 1871.

COTTON WARP!

AT

COST & CHARGES!

Messrs. DAVIES & SON

Inform their customers of the receipt of a consignment of

1760 Bundles of

Red, White and Blue Cotton Warp!

which will be sold retail at

Wholesale Prices--Terms Cash.

☞ We have received this week from LONDON an addition to our former Stock.

Queen Street Warehouse, October 23 1871. } pai

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.

MR. HOOPER, of Boston, having a long experience in

Piano and Organ Tuning,

intimates that he is at present in CHARLOTTETOWN, where he will attend to any business entrusted to him. Having facilities for repairing Pianos and Organs he can warrant giving perfect satisfaction. Pianos re-capped and renovated to a good condition at a reasonable charge.

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400 Boxes RAISINS,
400 Half do
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THE ARLINGTON PIANO

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THE above instruments are amongst the best manufactured in the United States.

Those about to purchase a first Class Piano or Organ would do well to address the subscriber.

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Nov. 28, 1870.

NOTICE.

THE Notes issued by the MERCHANTS' BANK will be redeemed at the Bank Counter until the Decimal Currency Act comes into operation, at the rate of six shillings and two pence for each dollar.

WM. McLEAN, Cashier.

Dated 2d Nov., 1871, 2m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted the late JOHN FRASER, Seal River, Lot 50, deceased, are hereby required to make immediate payment, and any persons having legal demands against the estate are required to furnish their accounts duly attested, to the undersigned.

J. R. BOURKE, Executor.

Nov. 20 3m

Literature.

SO AS BY FIRE.

'I wish father, you would not let yourself get so excited, I know it is an injury to you.'

"*Let* myself! As if a man could help getting excited, when a man stands by and sees a span of horses like mine, come into their stable in such a condition as Brave and Hero were in, to-night. One look into their flashing eyes was enough, without those tell-tale marks on their glossy sides. But it will be the last time. I gave the rascal fair warning.'

'Do you mean to dismiss Rollins?'

'No, for I *have* dismissed *him. He goes out* of this house the moment he's had his supper. I would'nt turn a dog away hungry, but I do abhor cruelty to animals, and I will not have a man about my stable that will misuse a single creature there is in it, let alone such magnificent fellows as Brave and Hero.'

'It is an abominable thing, truly. Why, those horses are so swift, and yet so docile, that I thought they never needed touch of whip or spur.'

'They never do, the noble, sagacious, free-spirited things! A word, a tone, even is enough to turn them almost into embodied lightning or calm into the quiet of a sleeping baby. The idea of their needing such a flagellation as they have received this afternoon. It was done out of pure deviltry. The man is full of that mean, cruel spirit that delights in tormenting anything, and every thing that happens to be in one's power. I know, very well, what he has been about. In the first place he has been drinking, and then he tried to put the horses through some wretched trick or other of his own devising, and to which the sensible creatures had no idea of submitting; so he gave vent to his irritation, and his natural inclination, by breaking up his whip—and not that only — over their defenceless heads.'

'Well, I dare say it is best that he should go, and yet I had half hoped you would give him another chance.'

'Yes, and give Brave and Hero another chance to shrink and quiver under his merciless blows! *No*, Steve! I have done well by that scoundrel, and would have done well by him, unpromising jail-bird that he was, but generosity and forebearance are thrown away on such people. My mistake was in not dismissing him before, for this isn't his first offence. A cruel man is never to be trusted—ought never to be trusted; and mind you, it is the same evil in kind, if not in degree, to have low, vicious characters dealing with our humble friends of the barn and stable, as with our children at home and school.'

A week or two later we find our friends, Philip Horton and his son Stephen sitting before a glowing fire, made welcome by the coolness of the autumn nights, that at this season often follow days of deep blue skies and atmosphere of almost summer's warmth. It would seem that the owner of the finest farm in all the region round about, the master of a substantially-built, and tastefully-furnished home, the father of a well-educated young man of generous and unselfish nature, and free from every taint of vice; such a man it seems if any, ought to sit in serene enjoyment of his fireside such a night as this when the hard labor of the year has ended, and the brilliant harvest-moon shines down upon well-filled granary and barn, while, on every hand, the eye meets tokens of that abundance that certainly goes to far to substantiate the farmer's claim to superior independence. For, in all his dealings with neighbors and fellow-townsmen, Philip Horton has shown himself no grasping, avaricious man, caring only for the fulness of his own purse, but kindly considerate toward the poor who needed consideration, and just and manly with those who stood on his own pecuniary level. Yet, as he sits in his wide arm-chair, extending his slippered feet to woo the grateful warmth, and lunching daintily off a Flemish Beanty pear, he is, by no means, the picture of content with all things.

'Steve!'

'Yes father,' returned the young man brightly, looking up from a similar occupation on the other side of the hearth.

'A pretty pass this is, we're coming to!'

'What, sir?'

'I wish you'd wake up. I say we're coming to a pretty pass.'

'Never was broader awake in my life, sir. What's the matter?'

'Matter! You'l find out one of these mornings when you do wake up in easnest, and can't find a shirt fit to put on; and come down here where you can see nothing but an empty grate, and yesterday's clutter, and go out into the kitchen where you shall seek diligently for the signs of breakfast, and shall find none!'

'Ay! all this and more, unless, like a true man, you rouse yourself and come to the rescue. You fancy yourself awake. Where are your eyes, and your ears, and what are you thinking about, generally? Because a pretty girl of eighteen, who was as good and unselfish as she was pretty, said 'no,' on a momentous occasion when she wanted to say 'yes,' for the sole and simple reason that she could not find it in her tender heart to desert a certain helpless, puny, wailing, motherless little creature of two years old, and its desolate father, do you suppose it is her bounden duty, after she has loveingly ministered to the aforesaid baby for the space of twenty-two years, and filled his home with continual freshness and prettiness, to go on ministering thus to the end of her existence? Especially, when a big, handsome fellow, who didn't like the 'no,' and didn't want anybody else's 'yes,' has come back, bronzed, and bearded, and benging like a young lover for the boon so long withheld?'

'Bravo! And that is Colonel Frazer! Well, sir, I didn't hold the key to the past as you did, but I was brilliant enough to think, the first time I saw them together, what a charming little wife aunt Jenny would make him, *if she were only a marrying woman*! My pretty little aunt Janet! To be sure, father, you and I must not stand in her way a moment.'

'Oh, yes, I dare say you can slip that off glibly enough, but you'll find something besides talking is necessary. Here, only this morning, I heard her putting the Colonel off with a—'I know, Frank, but what are Steve and his father to do without me?' I will confess that it was Steve and his father, and not Philip and Steve, for I'm afraid, you young rascal, that you stand first in Janet's heart, as your name stood first on her tongue.'

'No, no, father! But about this matter. True enough, we shall miss the dear little woman every hour in the day, and ever day in the week; still we shall certainly be able to manage some way, with our faithful Lucinda to the fore.'

At this juncture, Philip Horton caught up the tongs, punched the coals excitedly, and then turned to his son with a queer mixture of triumph and dispair in his countenance.

'Young man, if you flatter yourself that you've got any such reliable anchor to windward as our faithful Lucinda, you're mightily mistaken, let me tell you. I grant you we might get on quite comfortably with such service as Lucinda's, trained under Janet's eye, as she has been, lo! these many years; but unluckily, young Joe Moore has an eye to comfort, too, the last night, my blushing damsel seeks an audience of Miss Janet, and stammeringly informs her astonished and despairing mistress, that she and Joe have made up their minds to set up their own wigwam about Thanksgiving-time.'

'So soon as that?'

'Precisely; so soon as that. Feel just like having Thanksgiving, to-morrow? Thought you would, when you heard the news. Steve! I'll tell you what it is. It's a clear case for a homœopathist, if ever there was one. *Similia similibus curantur.* Matrimony it is that stabs our domestic peace, and matrimony it must be that will heal the wound.'

Then there fell a long silence between the two men, during which the younger built up the fire carefully, putting on another stick, and then gazing with a faraway look into the leaping flames. Evidently his thoughts were not all of a disagreeable character, notwithstanding the somewhat unwelcome communication that had been made, for a smile, now and again, lighted up his handsome face, and, altogether, he had the air of one determined to submit gracefully to the inevitable. By and by he roused himself and turned to the other, with a courteous gesture.

'Try another beauty, father? Here's a fine specimen. I don't believe you made the best choice possible, the other time.'

'Confound it all, Steve! What do you mean, taking the words out of my mouth, in that way?'

'I, sir?'

'Yes, you sir. That's precisely what I've been wanting to say to you this half hour.'

'Me, father! Why, I'm very well satisfied with my selection.'

'I dare say, I dare say. But I am not. By no means, Steve, by no means.'

'Why, father,' returned the young man, laughing a little nervously, 'the selection of a pear is not, after all, a matter of so great importance.'

'Nonsense, Steve! You know very well, what I mean; that the Beauty in your hand, is not, in the least, the beauty I refer to.'

And the young man laughed no longer, but schooled his lips to a silence which he feared it would be difficult to maintain.

'The best choice possible!' repeated the elder, his broad expanse of forehead drawing up into ominous wrinkles as he spoke. 'You certainly have not made the best choice possible, Stephen.'

'Sir,' replied the young man, respectfully but firmly, 'you are touching upon a subject, the discussion of which had best be omitted between us. I shall not forget that you are my father, but I must insist that this is a matter in which the right of choice belongs to myself, alone.'

'To a certain degree you are right, Steve; but since you are my boy (a good boy, too, you have always been to me, I will say that for you) and since you and I do not propose to go our seperate ways just yet, it seems to me when I see you on the point of making an unsuitable choice in the most important matter in the world—Zounds! Steve, I feel as if I had something to say in the matter, and had a right to say it, too. I want you to marry; in fact you must marry, unless you want everything in-doors to go to the—destruction—for Frank Frazer shall have Janet, whether she will or no, and if I go without my favorite pudding to the end of the chapter—but all our future comfort depends on your getting the right kind of a wife. If there's a man on earth that needs a good, smart, dependable, wide-awake woman, it's a farmer. I've worked hard, young man, in my day, and feel a pardonable pride in saying that every one of these broad acres, board, brick and stone in this pleasant house, I owe to the labor of my head and hands, and to the thrift and care that have always been exercised in-doors. As for you, you have had privileges that I would have given my right arm for, when I was a boy, and I'm glad and proud to see that the college has not spoiled you for the farm. Now understand, Steve; I'm not such an old fool as to want you to marry an ignorant woman who will be no sort of companion for you; neither do I want your wife to slave herself to death as my poor wife did before our better days began to dawn; but I do protest against your bringing home a woman, well-meaning enough, no doubt, but who, from pure inefficiency, will fritter away the hard-earned substance of years of toil, and, in the end, will overwhelm you with disappointment and regret.'

The speaker paused a moment, as if expecting from his listener, approbation or dissent; but as the young man made no effort to improve his opportunity, the father, after another vigorous punching of the coals, went on:

"Of course you know I have nothing to say against Ruby Deane, as a lady. A pretty, blue-eyed little girl—a charming companion, no doubt, for the dance, or the moonlight walk, but she's had no training at all, or rather, worse than none, for the duties of life. A useless butterfly for a mother, an indolent spendthrift for a father. What can you expect? And now that her troubles have come, poor child, and swept away friends and money together, she can find nothing better to do than to sit down and write verses! Just think of it! What kind of a woman would that be for a farmer's wife? I can fancy her, going about the house with her head in the clouds, searching for weak rhymes in pantry or closet, putting on the tablecloth wrong side out, sitting down to dinner with collar awry, or with none at all, and forgetting to scrub off the ink-stains from her pretty fore-finger; salting our tea, peppering our jam, and with her absent-mindedness, jeopardizing our health and peace generally. Now, I like a good poem, myself, as well as anybody. In short, I respect power, of whatever kind it may be; but I presume that even you are not so infatuated as to fancy Miss Deane a genius! And the power that is wanting in her poetry, is probably wanting in her character throughout. No, Steve, there is more energy in that wide-awake Nettie Sewall's little finger, than in a dozen editions of the blue-eyed little creature that has so bewitched you; and, in my opinion, of all characteristics in man or woman, there is none quite so indispensable as energy."

Mr. Horton rose hastily from his chair, strode half a dozen times up and down the room, and then seated himself to breast the tide of remonstrance and reproach that he supposed would follow.

But much to the astonishment of the impetuous old gentleman, his son calmly answered:

'Is that all, sir? I believe I have kept my word, and have only to say that I prefer taking my chance of salted tea and peppered jam from the hands of Ruby Deane, to the ministrations of the energetic Nettie."

It was early evening of a chill and gloomy November day. The clouds hung heavy and threatening, as they had hung for hours, or days, for that matter, as if only a slight reduction of temperature was necessary to condense their misty contents into a drenching rain. Not a pleasant prospect for belated travellers, but especially dreary for a young lady who, without escort, has something more than six miles of lonely road before her, to say nothing of the rather disorderly streets of a noisy manufacturing town to traverse afterward, before she can reach her quiet lodgings.

"Dear me, how dark it is, and how thoughtless I have been, Miss Ruby, to keep you here so late! I am afraid my trouble has made me selfish," and the speaker, a sad-faced woman, peered anxiously up and down the black road with a wistful look. "If Johnny were only here to go with you! I don't see what *does* keep him so long. Hadn't you better stay all night, Miss Ruby? It is so far."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Brooks. And don't trouble about me. Indeed I am not in the least afraid. You know I am quite used to going alone, and I do not mind the distance."

"I know, but it don't seem safe. Still I ought not to say a word to discourage you, if it can't be helped. Well, good night, dear, and God bless you."

"Good night," echoed a clear, sweet voice, and, in a moment, the slight form was swallowed up in darkness.

Ruby Deane went forward with a light tread and by no means heavy heart, for she had come from a mission of kindness, and was hastening home to congenial work. She would, no doubt, have preferred the pleasant moonlight, or the light of stars; yet, possibly, she felt a little safer in the darkness after all. And as for companions, why she had her thoughts, and they were not ignoble, and her fancies, which were not unlovely. So, with quick step, and calmly beating heart, she went on, picturing, by and by, the cheery little room that awaited her, and the probable letter, thick and white, save for its heavy black address, that would smile up at her from her table. Besides she had grown more accustomed to the darkness, which really seemed to have lessened about her.

She had thus accomplished nearly one mile of her lonesome walk, without meeting a single pedestrian, when, suddenly, as she reached a certain point where the road was wooded on both sides, she heard the sound of voices. The speakers were yet at some distance, but, being unusually keen-sighted, she presently made out that they were advancing toward her, and something in their appearance inspired her with a swift impulse to avoid a meeting which was inevitable if she went on. In a moment she had concealed herself behind a huge tree a few feet from the road, and waited, with suspended breath, for the strangers to pass. The darkness was so great and her movements had been so quick and noiseless, that she had felt quite sure she had not been observed; but her confidence changed into alarm, as the men, instead of passing, came slowly to a halt directly opposite the tree behind which she had secreted herself. Her heart throbbed painfully, and a fervent prayer went silently up for protection; but she knew, in a few moments, that she herself had nothing to do with the men's movements. They had simply paused to talk more unrestrainedly over some deed of darkness that was in contemplation.

She still stood trembling, though greatly relieved, and wishing only that their evil conference were over and they would move on, when the sound of a familiar name aroused every sense into alertness.

'Where's Rollins to-night? He'd ought to be on hand if he expects us to go shares.'

'Well, he's got a little job of his own to attend to.'

'What's that?'

'Why, you see, he has'nt squared up his account, yet, with old Horton for sending him off on the doublequick the time he undertook to play the deuse with that No. 1 span o' his; and if the old pepper-pot wakes up, about midnight, to-night, and finds it a little difficult to breathe, you understand, well—he's got himself to thank for it.'

'Goin' to smoke him out o' his fine crib, eh?'

'Exactly. Rollins is an ugly customer, get him stirred up enough; but hark! there's wheels comin'; we must get on.'

What could be done? What *must* be done? His home, his life, perhaps, in peril, and she, hiding here behind an oak-tree, knew it, and was ten miles away! Should she press forward toward home, and try to send help from the town? And how? She had, yet, a distance of more than five miles to walk. Arrived there, a telegram would be of no use, as there was no operator in Heathsville—the home of the Hortons. A horse? But who would trust a horse, on such a night as this, to unaccustomed hands? And what if she could procure no conveyance? For suddenly, she remembered that, yesterday and to-day, the great fair at O——, fifteen miles distant from Northport, had been held, and that seemingly, every horse and every species of carriage had been forced into service. Failing here, all would be lost. She dared not risk the delay. One way there was, however. She could risk herself. She could trust her feet. She was a good walker, and it could not be much more than eight o'clock. Ten miles. The evil men were beyond sight and hearing now. Thank God for that! She had never walked faster than four miles an hour, and that in broad day; still, if that villain really meant to delay his wicked work till midnight, or near it, it was possible she might reach Heathsville in season to put a stop to its very beginning. Should she try it? The way was long and dark, and indescribably dreary, but it seemed the surest. Yes, she would try it, and, retracing her steps for about a quarter of a mile, she took a road leading toward the south, and, with an earnest prayer that she might not be hurrying on to meet the terrible vision of fire, she walked on bravely, again, into the darkness.

"Does it rain, yet, Phillip?" asked Janet Horton, as her brother came in, on this same gloomy evening, from a final visit to his favorite span.

'Well, no, Jenny; I rather think it's lightened up a little, though it's dark enough now, in all conscience. But we shan't get any rain to-night; the wind's hauling round in shore. It does beat all—'

A quick ring at the door at this moment cut short the unfinished sentence.

'Bless me!' said the old gentleman as he comfortably seated himself in his arm-chair, and thrust his feet into his handsome slippers. 'It can't be that barrel of cranberries, that I ordered, coming at this time of night, can it?'

'How late is it?

'Half past ten. Anyhow, Steve, don't keep 'em waiting.'

The young man, laying down the book he was reading, hurried to the door with a half conviction that he would presently behold a rough teamster or so, with a barrel of cranberries for a companion. Instead of that——

'Good heavens! Ruby! dear Ruby! Come in! What has happened? And you all alone!'

For a moment the slender form drooped, unresisting, upon the protecting arm that drew the weary girl, at once, into the shelter of the hall; but after the first instant of weakness, Ruby Deane stood erect, and, though her white cheeks made her name for the time, a misnomer, she spoke clearly, and as rapidly as her quick-coming breath would allow:—

'That man—Rollins—means to set fire to your buildings—to-night—*Watch*! I found it out, and—hurried as fast—as I could. In the village—I met—my cousin—the sheriff—and told him—of the danger. He will be here—with a man—presently. Oh, I am so glad, so glad I am not—too late!'

The word 'fire' reached Philip Horton in his arm-chair, and brought him into the hall with the agility of a man of thirty—

'What—what—what's all this? Miss Deane? Fire? What does it mean, Stephen?'

'It means sir,' replied his son, with an exultant little flash in his voice, as, having tenderly committed the exhausted girl to the gentle hands of aunt Janet, he turned to answer his father, 'it means that to the brave, prompt spirit of Ruby Deane it will probably be owing, that to-morrow morning will find us with a roof over our heads. That revengeful rascal Rollins means to burn us out, to-night. In some way Ruby has gained a knowledge of his intention, and has found her way to us, alone, in all this darkness, taking care, moreover, to summon assistance on the road.'

'By Jupiter! Steve, and that is the girl I thought as helpless as a baby?'

'Exactly, sir, but it won't do to stand here talking. We've got a little important business to attend to, first.'

'I declare—it don't seem possible—that scoundrel—I'm quite bewildered'—and, for a few moments, the old gentleman darted about, from one room to another, with great rapidity, but accomplishing little, unable fully to believe in the reality of any danger, and yet as much excited as if he quite believed it.

The event proved the alarm by no means unnecessary. A few moments after the quiet arrival of the officers, the lights were extinguished and stillness settled down upon the household as though all had retired for the night. A watch was set, and in less than half an hour the would-be-incendiary, doubtless rejoicing in the thick darkness that he fancied would so effectually cover his retreat, was surprised 'in the very act,' and promptly delivered over to the safe custody of the law.

'You sly-boots,' said Philip Horton, bringing down his powerful hand on his son's shoulder, as he spoke, as the two gentlemen stood together, a few moments that night before going to their rooms. 'Why on earth didn't you defend that little woman, when you heard me slandering her so outrageously?'

'I preferred that Ruby should be her own defence. I knew very well that she would be, whenever you came to know her,' was the smiling answer.