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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☞ Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

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Seasonable Goods!

Just Received

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the following Goods, viz:

250 Pieces Fancy DRESS GOODS.
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COTTON WARP,

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Fancy Cloths and Heavy Coatings,

a splendid assortment.

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a great quality.

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

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Weeks & Co.

offer an ATTRACTIVE STOCK of

NEW CLOTHS

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Please call and get

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Inform their customers of the receipt of a consignment of

1760 Bundles of

Red, White and Blue Cotton Warp!

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Wholesale Prices--Terms Cash.

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

Queen Street Warehouse,
October 23 1871. } p a i

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

Piano and Organ Tuning,

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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.

MR. ANONYMOUS.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

PRESENT.

ONE afternoon, towards the end of September, the clock in the city of London struck four, and the daily routine of business in the house of Pumkin Brothers came to a close. These events were not peculiar to that particular day, but a story must have a beginning. The numerous clerks closed their ledgers, and stowed away their papers with far greater alacrity than they had shown in bringing them out some six or seven hours before; and as they put on their overcoats, hats and gloves, they began to chat with each other. One had got an order for the theatre for two, and asked another to have a chop with him somewhere, and then go thither; others were members of a volunteer corps, and were in a hurry to get on their disguises, and go and be half-right turned somewhere. All had some personal object, pertaining to love, war, pleasure, or dinner, in view; in short, the striking of the clock had a magic power, and turned them from mechanical cogs into men.

One young man went up to the head of a department, and from him received papers which he put into the breast-pocket of his coat, and then walked off without speaking to his fellow-clerks, beyond bidding good afternoon to one another, and assenting once or twice to the fact of the weather being fine.

'A mean beggar, that Mapleson,' said Jones, as he arranged the flower in his button-hole.

'Ay,' replied Brown: 'He dines for a shilling.'

'And inks the rim of his hat.'

'Perhaps he is poor,' suggested the charitable Robinson.

'Poor!' cried Jones. 'Who isn't? Millionaires are not commonly found on clerks' stools. He has a salary, and he is not married; and yet, he stints, and never goes anywhere, or does anything.'

'Perhaps he has a vice,' suggested Robinson, who always fought the battle of the absent.

'Ah! he may have, certainly,' replied Jones the Just.

'But it isn't only his meanness,' said Brown, who had made overtures to Mapleson, which had been met with more politeness than cordiality; 'he is so confoundedly stuck up. Now, of all pride; I hate mean pride.'

The unconscious subject of all this disparagement walked down Cheapside to Saint Paul's Churchyard, where he stopped before a bonnet-shop.

'Still there,' he muttered: 'that is lucky. How well it will become her!'

He entered, bought the bonnet which had taken his fancy, and with the little cardboard box in his hand, started off in the direction of Islington. In vain did Hansom cabbies raise their whips, and omnibus cads cry: 'Ton, Ton!' He walked every step of the way home.

Home was a parlor on the ground floor—a bright, a cheerful parlor, the ornaments and furniture of which, though not costly, were in perfect taste. There were flowers; there was a piano, open; music and books lay about in a comfortable, but not untidy way. Home was a girl of nineteen, who welcomed him with a smile, called him Harry, and went into ecstasies over the bonnet. Home presently was tea, tea treated as a meal, not the meaningless supplement late dinners understand by the term.

'What do you think, Harry!' exclaimed the young lady in the course of the meal.

'Think?' replied Harry Mapleson, with his mouth full; 'why, I think that if there were many men of fortune who knew that I had a sister who could make such anchovy toast as this, they would soon carry her off from me.'

'Young men of fortune do not marry their cooks; the new bonnet is much more likely to rid you of me. But what I was going to say was, we have got a goose.'

'It isn't you, pussy, and it is not me,' quoted the brother, turning to the cat.

'Oh, what grammar!'

'The verb 'to get' takes an accusative, Susan. But about the goose. How did you steal it?'

'Nohow: it came; together with it giblets, and half a dozen of sherry.'

'What! Mr. Anonymous again?'

'Yes.'

'He is very good,' said Harry, a serious expression coming over his face. 'But there is one thing that I do wish he would send—his name. I hate mystery.'

'But you like goose,' added his sister.

'Well, yes; frankly, I do—sherry, likewise. He says that he is an old friend of our parents; but he is ashamed to acknowledge us now, I had sooner be without his charity. However, it is ungracious to say so; and after swallowing a twenty pound note, it would be absurd to strain at a goose and giblets. We will eat the bird on the day set apart for that purpose by the church. Shall we invite our fellow lodger?'

'Mr. Nicholson? Oh, certainly.'

When the tea-things were cleared away, and the lamp lit, Susan Mapleson set to work upon her brother's buttons and socks, and while she sewed and darned, he read a novel aloud to her: equitable division of labor!

Just as he had finished a chapter, the hall door closed, and observing that Mr. Nicholson had come in, and that it would be a good plan to give him his invitation at once, Harry Mapleson arose and went out, returning presently, followed by the fellow-lodger, an elderly man with a slight stoop, who placed his hat and umbrella on a chair, and came forward to greet Susan, who took off her thimble to shake hands with him.

'Have you been to the British Museum, to-day?' she asked.

'Yes, my dear; yes, as usual: I am a leech applied by the publishers to old books.'

'A leech? No; a bee.'

'Well, that is perhaps the prettier way of putting it, and more complimentary to myself and the venerable authors I draw from: they are flowery enough sometimes too. But the bee skips from bud to blossom in a gay coquettish manner, which would never draw the honey out of a black letter volume, let alone a mediæval manuscript. I fear that leech is more literal.'

'But then, what term would you have left to apply to the publishers?' asked Harry.

'Nay, nay,' said the old man, 'I cannot complain. They pay me very well; there is not much competition in my musty line.'

A tyro in physiognomy might have pronounced Mr. Nicholson to be intellectual and benevolent, but it would have taken an adept in the art to decipher the expression habitually spread over his features. There was a weary, hopeless, hunted look, which told of great suffering, either mental or physical—probably the former, for the deep lines about his mouth and eyes were of character which is worn by sustained rather than spasmodic action of the muscles. He was a man with a terrible because a secret sorrow. I do not say that you would have gathered all this on the present occasion, for when he was in the society of the Mapletons he was a different being. He was a lonely man, most workers have two lives, a professional and a natural one, but until quite lately he had been a student and nothing else; studying for his livelihood; studying for companionship, even at meal times; studying to find an opiate. But since he had formed an acquaintanship which soon ripened into friendship with the young brother and sister, life had acquired a new interest for him, and that little parlor was an ark on the salt waste of his existence.

He promised to dine with them on Michaelmas day; and then Susan gave him his great treat—some of Mendelssohn's music. He would sit and listen till the water came in to his eyes; and this was not such a very curious phenomena, for though the girl was not a very brilliant performer, treating her instrument like a musical trapeze, and going through all sorts of wonderful gymnastic feats upon it, she played with rare feeling and expression, sending the notes into the hearts, as it were. At half past ten the party broke up. Harry Mapleson considered that as his sister rose early to look after domestic matters, and get his breakfast for him (for even a very small establishment requires considerable attention when you have only got the third part of a servant to 'do' for you), she ought to be early at the other end of the day too; so he invariably yawned and went up to his room at the top of his house before eleven. But when he got there, he made no preparations for going to bed, but put writing materials out on a table, and drawing from his pocket the papers which he had received from one of the heads of departments before leaving the office, he sat down to work. It was three o'clock before his task was accomplished.

'A slice of luck this,' he said to himself on turning in at last; 'just as I was wondering how I should meet those payments I had overlooked without cutting off some little expense, which would show Susan that I was hard up, I got this extra job of work, which will set me straight. What a manager that girl is! I am afraid she stints herself in dress and that, though, which must not be; it shall not be, mother, if I can help it.' And thinking of her who was gone, he fell asleep.

Susan's bedroom communicated with the parlour, and when her brother and Mr. Nicholson went upstairs, she passed into it, returning again soon with a quantity of millinery material, from which she proceeded to concoct one of those articles of feminine adornment which fathers and husbands pay so high for.

'Poor old Harry!' her thoughts ran as her nimble fingers worked, 'He thinks I do not see that his salary is too little for our expenses, and I durst not remonstrate with him when he wastes his money upon things I really do not want; it would disappoint him so! How fortunate it is that I have got his knack of making things, which secures me employment at my own home! How little he thinks that I so often follow him into London, carrying my work to the shop when it is completed! The ordidary seamstress's work I tried at first was not worth while, but they pay well for this. I wish Harry would spend a little upon himself; I durst not give him a new coat or hat in return for his mantillas and bonnets. The idea of his getting me that bonnet; how surprised he would be to learn that I made it!'

PAST.

The air of Harrow-on-the Hill must be peculiarly bracing, if the proverbial sentiment about the bird of Saint Michael, attributed to the boys educated there, be founded on anything like practical experience. The goose, they say, is an awkward dainty, being too much for one and not enough for two. I know that if I had two sons who 'asked for more' after finishing a goose at a sitting, I should write to the *Times*. It is true that there are geese and geese, and the specimen sent to the Maplesons may have been exceptionally fine; but though they had gone into training, as it were, by dining at six instead of at one, and though they had the fellow-lodger to help them, they left pickings; and if some Harrovian curls the lip of scorn, I cannot help it; truth is my hobby.

When they had got their first glasses of sherry after the meal, Harry said: 'We must drink the health of Mr. Anonymous, please.'

'Mr. Anonymous,' repeated Susan, sipping.

'Mr. Anonymous,' echoed Mr. Nicholson, who drank, and then added: 'Some relative?'

'I don't know,' replied Harry. 'He is a deed, or rather a succession, of deeds, without a name. He sent us the goose; he sent us this sherry; he has made us more valuable presents. Do you think I ought to receive benefits without knowing from whom they come.'

'Certainly,' said the fellow-lodger. 'I think you have told me that in one of his first letters this unknown professed himself a friend of your—your mother's. Am I not correct?'

'Yes. But why such mystery?'

'Oh, there are several probable reasons for that; he may be ashamed of not doing more. You have substantial claims upon him as a trustee of those funds which I think you said had been unwisely invested; or he may have a morbid dislike to being thanked.'

'It is strange, anyhow,' said Harry, 'that our mysterious benefactor should not have come forward and assisted us when we most needed it.'

'When you lost your mother.'

'Yes.'

'Perhaps,' said Susan, 'he was not in England then, and knew nothing about what had happened.'

'That is very likely,' said Mr. Nicholson, especially as you were supposed to be well provided for. Have you not said so?'

'Yes,' replied Harry; 'our poor mother's little property was in a bank which broke, but, thank God! she did not know what had happened. She died in the belief that her children were beyond the reach of sordid cares.'

'It was about two years ago, I think you have said.'

'Yes, two years ago last August. I was at college when summoned away to her bedside, for her illness was sudden and short. And just as we were recovering a little from the shock, ruin came. If I had been alone in the world I think that I should have enlisted or emigrated, for I felt very desperate; but fortunately I had Susan to look after, and that steadied me. Well, we must not complain. I was fortunate to get my clerkship, and we managed to save that piano, and a few things which were sacred in our eyes, from the wreck.'

'It was a sad blow; and the cares of life have fallen upon you early, my young friends, said Mr. Nicholson. 'But pardon me for having led the conversation into such a melancholy channel,' he added, seeing that Susan had much ado to restrain her tears. 'I do not know how it happened.'

Oh, Harry and I often talk over old times; I like it,' said Susan. 'It would be a dreadful thing to avoid speaking of mamma because she has been taken from us; it seems to me that those we love are only really 'lost' when we banish them from our memories.'

The old man bowed his head and sighed deeply. 'Have you any likeness of her?' he asked after a pause.

'O yes,' replied Susan; and she rose and placed a miniature in his hand. He gazed at it in silence for some time, and then murmured: 'How like!'

'You knew our mother!' exclaimed Harry in surprise.

'I mean, how like your sister,' said Mr. Nicholson, handing the minature to him.

'Oh yes; there is a strong family resemblance,' said Harry. 'But since you will not have any more sherry, suppose we go up to your room, and smoke a pipe, while Susan makes tea.'

When the old man and the young one had settled down to the mutual absorption of nicotine, the latter referred again to the subject of his personal affairs: 'The only thing I regret,' said he, 'is the way in which my sister is shut up. It must be a dreadful thing for her, poor girl, to be alone all day; and it is bad for her to be entirely without any companion of her own sex.'

'Have you no relatives or friends?' asked Mr. Nicholson.

'Our relatives cast us off many years ago, on account of a family misfortune. But there were some friends who got me my present appointment, and who would have taken charge of Susan. We declined, because of that family affair; for Susan thought, and I thought, that it would perhaps be brought up against her, if she mixed in the society to which these friends would have introduced her. Of course we did not put our refusal on that ground; Susan said that she would not leave me; and I believe that they think me very wrong and selfish. I am not quite confident that I am right myself, and yet the pride that shrinks from raking up an old shame can hardly be a false pride—can it?'

It is not an easy thing to decide in a moment the degree of pride which every man ought to allow himself—to point out where the Proper ends, and the False begins—to beat the parish bounds between self-respect and vanity. No wonder that Mr. Nicholson puffed hard at his pipe in silence. It was evidently no lack of interest that held his tongue, however for he turned away his head, and his hand shook though it were palsied. And probably Harry did not look for a reply—he was thinking aloud as much as talking to the other; and presently he perceived this, and said with a laugh: 'A pleasant sort of companion I must be, with my sentimental egotism! My excuse is the relief it affords me to speak out, and there is no one else upon whom I can inflict the ideas which sometimes plague me; for, of course I want Susan to think me as free of care as a lap dog. And then I seem to have known you all my life; I forgot that it is hardly six months since we left the house together one morning, and both walked citywards, and fell into conversation. But I know that you will pardon me.'

'There is no need for pardon,' said Mr. Nicholson, 'You do me a favor by taking me into your confidence. I am a lonely old fellow, who has spent the better part of his life away from his country.'

'Ah! where?'

'The last few years at Simancas; before that, in Paris; before that at Gottingen. I am a little more than a musty old book-worm crawling from library to library; living so much in the past as to have lost all connection with the present. You have recalled feelings, sympathies, associations, which I thought were lost to me forever.' He paused for a while, and then said abruptly:—'How you must hate that member of your family who brought upon it the shame—of which you speak!'

'O no, no, no!' cried Harry. 'You little think—— But I will tell you all about it some day. I see you have finished your pipe, suppose we go down stairs again.'

Sad subjects of conversation did not crop again, and the rest of the evening, though 'musical,' was not 'melancholy.'

FUTURE.

One evening in October, Harry Mapleson came home at the usual time, but not in his usual state of calm composure. His face was pale, his eyes were sparkling with excitement, his forehead was bathed in perspiration, and he flourished an evening paper about.

'What is the matter?' cried Susan.

'Don't be alarmed; it is good news. We can look the world boldly in the face, my dear, our father was innocent.'

'I know it, dear mamma always said so.'

'Ay, but it is proved! See here. I don't think that you ever knew the details of the matter?'

'No; I never wished to do so.'

'Well then, I will not enter into them now, it is sufficient for you to understand that our father was a man of considerable talent, who took a high degree at his university, and was looked upon as a rising man by the political party whose cause he espoused. Indeed, for a time he was private secretary to a minister, and it was only because of his desiring a more certain income upon his marriage, that he resigned that unstable office, and accepted an appointment which was not dependent upon one set of men going out of office, and another coming in. It was a position of trust, and large sums of money passed through his hands. Well, there was wrong doing—embezzlement, downright theft in the department. Our father could not clear himself, his name appeared to fraudulent documents which could not have been used without his signature—in short he was condemned—sent across the seas—lost; for from that time, our mother could hear no more of him. 'I am innocent,' he said when they parted; 'but what does that matter—the disgrace is the same. I hope to die soon: but if that blessing is denied me, I desire to be forgotten, as though I had escaped from this den of thieves. I will not drag you and my children down any lower: Do not speak of me to them—never seek for tidings of me.' Our mother prayed, remonstrated, wept in vain—he was firm, saying that it was for the best. That was eighteen years ago, Susan, when you were quite a baby, and I so young that I have only the vaguest remembrance of calamity and change. Well, my father had no more to do with that crime than we infants had—a man in the same department forged his name, and embezzled the money; he is dying—struck down with a painful disease, which leaves him in full possession of his faculties, and in his terror he has confessed, and he appeals to the family of the man he has worse than murdered—to us—for forgiveness. Here it is see! Can you forgive him, Susan. I can't. Forgive him! I wish him well and strong that I might have my fingers round his throat, and my knee in his chest, and watch his black soul stifling in his black heart!' Soul! I hope'——

'Harry, Harry!'

'Well well, I forgot myself, don't look frightened, Susan it is well that the wretch has spoken at last, at all events; our poor father's memory will be cleared from reproach and you can stay sometimes with those good Poynter people, and see a little society.'

Susan protested that she was quite contented and happy under present circumstances, when she was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the fellow-lodger entered the room. He too, held a newspaper in his hand, he, too, was evidently under the influence of strong emotion, for he stood glancing from one to the other with a strange yearning expression in his eyes, twice he essayed to speak, and twice his voice failed him.

'You have seen this account in the evening papers, and have concluded that we belong to the family of the Mr. Mapleson whose cruel story is told there?' asked Harry.

The old man nodded.

'You are right, we are his children. This sympathy is indeed kind.'

'Perhaps you yourself are a connection,' said Susan, with a women's penetration.

The fellow-lodger at last forced words to his lips—'Yes, he said, "—I"——'

'Look to him, Harry,' cried Susan; and if they had not ran forward to support him, the old man would have fallen.

They got him into a chair, bathed his forehead, gave him sherry, and he soon came out of his faint. 'The emotion was too much for me,' he said presently. 'I am myself again now. No, no, do not send for a doctor. I am not ill. It is nothing but an overdose of happiness, a medicine,' he added with a sad smile, 'that I have not been much accustomed to.'

'You were a great friend of his, perhaps?' asked Harry, who looked puzzled; but Susan glanced rapidly from the youthful features of her brother to the time and care worn face of the other, and a light flashed upon her.

'Father!' she cried.

'My girl! My children!'

In the course of that evening he told them all. How that, when a few years of his sentence had expired, he was allowed to live a free man within the boundaries of the colony: how his book-craft had gained him the situation of librarian to a wealthy settler, who had a touch of bibliomania, which it was difficult to gratify out there, how he nearly died of the gnawing desire to communicate with his wife, but fought the battle out with what he felt to be self, and conquered, how at length, when free to return to Europe, he had engaged in certain literary pursuits, which there is no occasion to specify, but in which he was eventually successful, as to be in receipt of an income, far beyond his wants; how that hearing of his wife's death, he had come to England, and had contrived to obtain lodgings in the same house, and to make their acquaintance.

'And if it had not been for this happy confession, would you never have told us who you were, papa?' asked Susan.

'After the trial I have gone through,' replied her father, 'I think I may boast never!'

It is felt in certain influential circles that 'something' should be done for 'poor Mapleson,' something also, is to be done for his son Harry. This vague announcement sounds, I grant, woefully like 'chops for two,' but I am in a position to state that Mr. Mapleson will