

# The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Vol. IX.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

No. 21.

## FOR SALE,

**A CARGO OF TIMBER AND DEALS,** of the following description, viz:—  
130 to 150 Tons of square Birch sound good TIMBER,  
20 to 25 M of 3 inch Spruce DEALS,  
6 to 8 M 3 inch WHITE HEMLOCK.  
As many Spars and Lathwood as may be required to suit the size vessel to load.  
At about 100 tons of HARDWOOD, to suit the St. John's market, or for Ship building, will be sold cheap if taken by the end of September next. Enquire of BENJAMIN DAVIES, Charlotetown, EDWARD ALBRO & Co., Halifax, THOMAS ANNEAN, who has charge of the Cargo, or to PATRICK STEPHENS, Orwell.  
The above Cargo can be delivered at Three Rivers, by Mr. THOMAS ANNEAN, at ten days' notice.  
July 25, 1859. [Is.]

## NOTICE TO MILLERS.

**JUST ARRIVED,** from Nova Scotia, and for sale at Sims's Old Stand, corner of Queen and Sydney Streets, opposite the Hon. Daniel Brennan's: 14 pair of SHELLING STONES—the best article imported into this market.  
Also—From Boston, a very large assortment of MARBLE SLABS, for Tomb Stones, of a very superior description.  
The subscriber having appointed no Travelling Agent, can, therefore, afford to work to order and sell much cheaper than any similar establishment in the City, and respectfully invites the Public generally to call and inspect the articles and specimens of workmanship before purchasing elsewhere.  
JOHN CAIRNS, Stone Cutter.  
Ch. Town, October 3, 1859. [Is.]

## Information Wanted,

**OF** the Family of HUGH KENNEDY, who emigrated from the County Mayo, Ireland, about 25 years ago. He had several sons, among whom were Bryan and Abraham, Blacksmiths. Intelligence will be received at the office of this paper.  
Sept. 19, 1859.

## HIGH PROOF SPIRITS.

**ON** CONSIGNMENT, 900 Gallons High Proof SPIRITS, for sale at 6 months credit by approved Joint Note, by Nov. 14, 1859. 31 SAMUEL A. FOWLE & Co.

## Grain, Grain.

**THE** highest price given for BARLEY and OATS at

## Coles's Brewery and Distillery.

Constantly on hand at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the Market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of old Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.  
Charlotetown, November 14, 1859.

## JUST RECEIVED,

**PER** Schooner "HELENA," from New York, and for Sale by the Subscriber—  
200 Barrels Extra and Superior FLOUR,  
20 Chests superior TEA,  
which will be sold low for Cash.  
M. LOWDEN.  
Peake's Building, November 7, 1859. [Is.]

## FOR SALE,

**ONE** of Morrice & Sons' best CARDING MACHINES Apply to G. COLES.  
July 4, 1859. [Is.]

## JUST OUT OF BOND.

**A** SPLENDID Pun, of real JAMAICA SPIRITS, and a good article of PALE BRANDY, warranted genuine—and no humbug.  
HUGH FRASER.  
Charlotetown, March 21.

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

### Apples! Apples!

**JUST** received at CHEBUCTO WAREHOUSE, 100 Bbls. prime APPLES, 100 Boxes Dugby HERRING, now selling at private sale. P. W. HYNDMAN.  
Charlotetown, Nov. 21, 1859.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

The sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed their utmost to produce the best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these Pills have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they are unexcelled in their effects upon the system of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the bad humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cases have been made which surprise belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of a truth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my preparations contribute liberally to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men. The Agent is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing directions for their use and certificates of their cure, of the following complaints:—  
Croup, Whooping Coughs, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a full stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pains arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Venereal and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints when it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Fevers, Putrid Blisters, Neuralgia and Nerve Irritability, Derangement of the Liver and Kidneys, &c. and other kinds of complaints arising from a low state of the body or debility of its functions.  
Do not be misled by some unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make mere profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other they can give you any benefit with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they will have it.  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.  
Price 25 Cts. per Box. Five Boxes for \$1.

Passing Count' er Money. No law in America is more strictly enforced than that against passing counterfeit money yet some otherwise respectable dealers sell worthless counterfeits of Perry Davis' excellent Pain Killer, thus imposing upon the afflicted. Purchasers should be sure to get bottles, having P. Davis & Son's due bill on one side. Sold by druggists.

Holloway's Pills.—Sick headache, one of the most common of all ailments, is removed by a few doses of this gentle aperient. It does not act upon the seat of the pain, but upon the disordered stomach, the obstructed bowels, the distended liver, by the irregular action of which organs the derangement is occasioned. As a remedy for offensive breath, the Pills are most confidently recommended. They purify the whole internal organization, and impart to every function a degree of vigour which insures the regular discharge of all refuse matter through the natural and legitimate channels. 19

## Literature.

### ONCE BEFORE.

She sat beside her window,  
Hearing only rain-drops pour,  
Looking only at the shore,  
When outside the little casement,  
Weeping in a feigned abasement,  
Love stood knocking—  
Knocking at her bolted door.

Slow she swung the little casement,  
Where the Autumn roses glowed,  
Sweet and sad her deep eyes shined;  
And her voice in love measure,  
Said aloud—"Nor Love nor Pleasure  
Can come in here any more—  
Never, any more!"

"But I am not Love nor Pleasure—  
I am but an orphan baby—  
Lest, my mother is, or may be,  
Dead she lies while I am weeping."  
Sobbed the child, his sooty eye creeping  
Softly through the bolted door—  
Through the maiden's door.

Low she said in accents fondly:  
"Once I let him in before,  
Once I opened wide my door.  
Ever since my life is dreary  
All my prayers are vague and weary:  
Once I let him in before,  
Now I'll double lock the door."

In the rain he stands imploring;  
Tears and kisses storm the door,  
Where she let him in before.  
Will she never know repenting?  
Will she ever, late relenting,  
Let him in, as once before?  
Will she double lock the door?

### BAPTISTE,

### THE BANDIT WOOD-CUTTER OF STRASBOURG FOREST.

A TALE, BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ., M. P.

### CHAPTER I.

The way  
Lies through the perplexed paths of this dear wood,  
The maddening horror of whose shady bowers  
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.—MILTON.

It was about the middle of the winter of 1704 that I left Paris, where I had stayed for nearly two months, thoroughly disgusted with its frivolities and its dissipation, and bent my steps towards Germany with a view of visiting most of the principal Courts there. Prior to this, however, I meant to make some little stay at Strasbourg. On quitting my chamber at Luneville, to take some refreshment, I observed a splendid equipage, attended by four domestics in rich liveries, waiting at the door of the Silver Lion. Soon after, as I looked out of the window, I saw a lady of noble presence, followed by two female attendants, step into the carriage, which drove off immediately.

I inquired of the host who the lady was that had just departed.  
"A German baroness, monsieur, of great rank and fortune; she has been upon a visit to the Duchess of Longueville, as her servants informed me. She is going to Strasbourg, where she will find her husband, and then both return to their castle in Germany."

I resumed my journey intending to reach Strasbourg that night. My hopes, however, were frustrated by the breaking down of my chaise: the accident happened in the middle of a thick forest, and I was not a little embarrassed as to the means of proceeding. It was the depth of winter: the night was already closing round us; and Strasbourg, which was the nearest town, was still distant from us several miles. It seemed to me that my only alternative to passing the night in the forest, was to take my servant's horse and ride on to Strasbourg; an undertaking, at that season, very far from agreeable. However, seeing no other resource, I was obliged to make up my mind to it: accordingly, I communicated my design to the postilion, telling him that I would send people to assist him as soon as I reached Strasbourg. I had not much confidence in his honesty; but Stephano being well armed, and the driver, to all appearance, considerably advanced in years, I believed I ran no risk of losing my baggage.

Luckily, as I then thought, an opportunity presented itself of passing the night more agreeably than I expected. On mentioning my design of proceeding by myself to Strasbourg, the postilion shook his head in disapprobation.  
"It is a long way," said he; "you will find it a difficult matter to arrive there without a guide; besides, monsieur seems unaccustomed to the season's severity; and 'tis possible that, unable to sustain the excessive cold—"  
"What use is there to present me with these objections?" said I, impatiently interrupting him; "I have no other resource; I run still greater risk of perishing with cold by passing the night in the forest!"

"Passing the night in the forest!" he replied. "Oh, by St. Denis! we are not in quite so bad a plight as that comes to yet. If I am not mistaken, we are scarcely five minutes' walk from the cottage of my old friend Baptiste; he is a wood-cutter, and a very honest fellow. I doubt not but he will shelter you for the night with pleasure. In the meantime, I can take the saddle-horse, ride to Strasbourg, and be back with proper people to mend your carriage by break of day."  
"And in the name of God," said I, "how could you leave me so long in suspense? Why did you not tell me of this cottage sooner? What excessive stupidity!"

"I thought that monsieur would not deign to accept—"  
"Absurd! Come, come; say no more, but conduct us without delay to the woodman's cottage."  
He obeyed, and we moved onwards; the horses contrived, with some difficulty, to drag the shattered vehicle after us. My servant was become almost speechless, and I began to feel the effects of the cold myself before we reached the wished-for cottage. It was a small but neat building; as we drew near it I rejoiced at observing through the window the blaze of a comfortable fire. Our conductor knocked at the door; it was some time before any one answered; the people within seemed in doubt whether we should be admitted.

"Come, come, friend Baptiste!" cried the driver with impatience. "what are you about? Are you asleep? Or will you refuse a night's lodging to a gentleman, whose chaise has just broken down in the forest?"  
"Ah! is it you, honest Claude?" replied a man's voice from within: "wait a moment, and the door shall be opened."  
Soon after the bolts were drawn back; the door was unclosed, and a man presented himself to us with a lamp in his hand; he gave the guide a hearty reception, and then addressed himself to me.

"Walk in, monsieur; walk in, and welcome. Excuse me for not admitting you at first; but there are so many rogues about this place that, saving your presence, I suspected you to be one."

Thus saying he ushered me into the room where I had observed the fire. I was immediately placed in an easy chair, which stood close to the hearth. A female, whom I supposed to be the wife of my host, rose from her seat on my entrance, and received me with a slight and distant reverence. She made no answer to my compliment, but immediately reseating herself, continued the work on which she had been employed. Her husband's manners were as friendly as her's were harsh and repulsive.

"I wish I could lodge you more conveniently, monsieur," said he, "but we cannot boast of much spare room in this hovel. However, a chamber for yourself and another for your servant, I think, we can make shift to supply. You must content yourself with sorry fare; but to what we have, believe me, you are heartily welcome."  
Then turning to his wife—  
"Why, how you sit there, Marguerite, with as much tranquillity as if you had nothing better to do! Stir about, lame, stir about! Get some supper; look out some sheets. Here here! throw some logs upon the fire, for the gentleman seems perished with cold."

The wife threw her work upon the table, and proceeded to execute his commands with every mark of unwillingness. Her countenance had displeased me on my first examining it: yet, upon the whole, her features were handsome unquestionably, but her skin was sallow, and her person thin and meagre; a lurking gloom overspread her countenance, and it bore such visible marks of rancor and ill-will as could not escape being noticed by the most inattentive observer; her very look and action indicated discontent and impatience; and the answers which she gave Baptiste, when he reproached her good-humoredly for her dissatisfied air, were tart, short, and cutting. In fine, I conceived at first slight disgust for her, and possession in favor of her husband, whose appearance was calculated to inspire esteem and confidence. His countenance was open, sincere, and friendly; his manners had all the peasant's honesty, una accompanied by his rudeness; his cheeks were broad, full, and ruddy; and in the solidity of his person he seemed to offer an ample apology for the leanness of his wife's. From the while on his brow I judged him to be turned of sixty; but he bore his years well, and seemed still hearty and strong. The wife could not be more than thirty, but in spirits and vivacity she was infinitely older than her husband.

However, in spite of her unwillingness, Marguerite began to prepare the supper, while the woodman conversed gaily on different subjects. The postilion, who had been furnished with a bottle of spirits, was now ready to set out for Strasbourg, and inquired whether I had any further commands.

"For Strasbourg?" interrupted Baptiste, "you are not going thither to-night?"  
"I beg your pardon; if I do not fetch workmen to mend the chaise, how is monsieur to proceed to-morrow?"  
"That is true, as you say, I had forgotten the chaise. Well, but, Claude, you may at least cut your supper here? That can make you lose very little time; and monsieur looks so kind-hearted to send you out with an empty stomach on such a bitter cold night as this is."

To this I readily assented, telling the postilion that my reaching the next day an hour or two later would be perfectly immaterial. He thanked me, and then leaving the cottage, with Stephano, put up his horses in the woodman's stable. Baptiste followed them to the door, and looked out with some anxiety.

"This sharp biting wind," said he; "I wonder what detains my boys so long! Monsieur, I shall show you two of the finest lads that ever stepped in shoes of leather; the eldest is three-and-twenty, the second a year younger; their equis for sense, courage and activity, are not to be found within fifty miles of Strasbourg. Would they were back again! I begin to feel uneasy about them." His discourse was here interrupted by a loud halloo, which rung through the forest.  
"My sons, I hope!" exclaimed the woodman, and ran to open the door.

The halloo was repeated. He now distinguished the trampling of horses; and soon after a carriage attended by several cavaliers stopped at the cottage door. One of the horsemen inquired how far they were from Strasbourg? As he addressed himself to me, I answered in the number of miles which Claude had told me; upon which a volley of curses was vented against the drivers for having lost their way. The persons in the coach were now informed of the distance to Strasbourg, and also that the horses were so fatigued as to be incapable of proceeding any further. A lady, who appeared to be the principal, expressed much chagrin at this intelligence; but as there was no remedy, one of the attendants asked the woodman whether he could furnish them with lodging for the night.

He seemed much embarrassed, and replied in the negative, adding that a Spanish gentleman and his servant were already in possession of the only spare apartments in his house. On hearing this, the gallantry of my nation would not permit me to retain those accommodations of which a female was in want. I instantly signified to the woodman that I transferred my right to the lady; he made some objections, but I overruled them, and, hastening to the carriage, opened the door, and assisted the lady to descend. I immediately recognized her for the same person whom I had seen at the inn at Luneville. I took an opportunity of asking one of her attendants what was her name?

"The Baroness Lindenbergh," was the answer.  
I could not but remark how different a reception our host had given these newcomers and myself. His reluctance to admit them was visibly expressed on his countenance; and he prevailed on himself with difficulty to tell the lady that she was welcome. I conducted her into the house, and placed her in the arm chair which I had just quitted. She thanked me very graciously and made a thousand apologies for putting me to an inconvenience. Suddenly the woodman's countenance cleared up.

"At last I have arranged it," said he, interrupting her excuse. "I can lodge you and your suite, madam, and you will not be under the necessity of making this gentleman suffer for his politeness. We have two spare chambers, the one for the lady, the other, monsieur, for you; my wife shall give up hers to the two waiting-women; as for the men servants, they must content themselves by passing the night in the large barn, which stands at a few yards' distance from the house; there they shall have a blazing fire, and as good a supper as we can make shift to give them."

After several expressions of gratitude on the lady's part, and opposition on mine to Marguerite's giving up her bed, this engagement was agreed to. As the room was small, the Baroness immediately dismissed her male domestics. Baptiste was on the point of conducting them to the barn which he had mentioned, when two young men appeared at the door of the cottage.

"Hell and furies!" exclaimed the first, starting back.  
"Robert, the house is filled with strangers!"  
"Ha! there are my sons!" cried our host. "Why, Jacques! Robert! whither are you running, boys? There is room enough for you."

Upon this assurance the youths returned. The father presented them to the Baroness and myself; after which he withdrew with our domestics, while, at the request of the two waiting-women, Marguerite conducted them to the room designed for their mistress.

### CHAPTER II.

Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

—RICHARD THE THIRD.

The newcomers were tall, stout, well made young men, hard featured, and very much sun-burnt. They paid the compliments to us in few words, and acknowledged Claude, who now

entered the room, as an old acquaintance. They then threw aside their cloaks in which they were wrapped up, took off a leathern belt to which a large cutlass was suspended, and each drawing a brace of pistols from his girdle laid them upon a shelf.

"You travel well armed," said I.  
"True, Monsieur," replied Robert.  
"We left Strasbourg late this evening, and 'tis necessary to take precautions at passing through this forest after dark; it does not bear a good repute. I promise you."  
"How?" said the Baroness, "are there robbers hereabout?"  
"So it is said, madame; for my own part, I have travelled through the wood at all hours, and never met with one of them."

Here Marguerite returned. Her step-sons drew her to the other end of the room, and whispered her for some minutes. By the looks which they cast to us at intervals, I conjectured them to be inquiring our business at the cottage.

In the meanwhile, the Baroness expressed her apprehensions that her husband would be suffering much anxiety on her account. She had intended to send on one of her servants to inform the Baron of her delay; but the account which the young men gave of the forest rendered this plan impracticable. Claude relieved her from her embarrassment; he informed her that he was under the necessity of reaching Strasbourg that night, and that, would she trust him with a letter, she might depend upon its being safely delivered.

"And how comes it," said I, "that you are under no apprehension of meeting these robbers?"  
"Alas! monsieur, a poor man with a large family must not lose certain profit because 'tis attended with a little danger; and perhaps my lord the Baron may give me a trifle for my pains; besides, I have nothing to lose except my life, and that will not be worth the robber's taking."

I thought his arguments bad, and advised his waiting till the morning; but, as the Baroness did not sanction me, I was obliged to give up the point; and Claude shortly after took our letters and left the cottage.

The lady declared herself much fatigued by her journey, and now addressed herself to Marguerite, desiring to be shown to her chamber, and permitted to take half-an-hour's repose. One of the waiting-women was immediately summoned; she appeared with a light, and the Baroness followed upstairs. The cloth was spread in the chamber where I was, and Marguerite's son gave me to understand that I was in her way. Her hints were too broad to be easily mistaken; I therefore desired one of the young men to conduct me to the chamber where I was to sleep, and where I could remain till supper was ready.

"Which chamber is it, mother?" said Robert.  
"The one with green hangings," she replied. "I have just been at the trouble of getting it ready, and have put fresh sheets upon the bed; if the gentleman chooses to lullap and lounge upon it, he may make it again his bed for me."  
"You are out of humor, mother; but that is no novelty. Have the goodness to follow me, monsieur."

He opened the door, and advanced towards a narrow staircase.

"You have got no light," said Marguerite; "is it your own neck or the gentleman's that you have a mind to break?"  
She crossed by me and put a candle into Robert's hand; having received which he began to ascend the staircase. Jacques was employed in laying the cloth, and his back was turned towards me. Marguerite seized the moment when we were unobserved; she caught my hand and pressed it strongly.  
"Look at the sheets!" said she as she passed me, and immediately resumed her former occupation.  
(To be concluded in our next.)

## Cleanings from late Papers.

### HORRIBLE MASSACRE BY THE INDIANS.

Papers received by the last mail from Salt Lake contain the details of another Indian massacre, which occurred twenty-five miles from Fort Hall, on Lander's cut off, on the night of the 24 of September, on a party consisting of six men, three women and ten children, part from Michigan, and part from Buchanan county, Iowa.—The massacre must have been a most horrible one. The emigrants were surrounded just as they were about camping, and shot down before they had time to prepare for defence. Some who escaped, fell in soon after with a company of dragoons under command of Lieut. Livingston, who sent a detachment to the scene of the massacre. The following is the description of what they found:

"After informing the command of our distress, Lieut. Livingston sent a detachment of nine men, with one of our company, to pilot them to the place of the massacre. On their arrival they found the dead bodies of five persons on the ground, out of the eight that were missing. The dead were horribly mangled and scalped. One little girl, five years old, had both her legs cut off at the knees; her ears were also cut off, and her eyes were dug out from their sockets; and to all appearance the girl, after having her legs cut off, had been compelled to walk on the stumps, for the sole purpose of gratifying their barbaric propensity of savage barbarity.

Their animals were taken and their wagons plundered according to the usual mode of Indian spoliation."

Another account says:  
"The ill-fated train was composed of seventeen persons from Buchanan Co., Iowa. We can only give their names:—A Mr. Miltimore and family, (wife and 8 children) & Mr. Hill, wife, and Messrs. Clime and Marsh, passengers; Mr. Harrington, wife and employe. In the evening of the attack the main body of the train had advanced ahead of Mr. Miltimore and family, and settled down on a camping place for the night. The savages took advantage of this separation of the company, and first attacked Mr. Miltimore's detachment, killing him, his wife, six children, and Mr. Clime. Mr. Miltimore's two oldest sons were absent from the family at the onset. Upon hearing the firing and whooping in the direction of their fathers' teams, the sons ran to their rescue. Arriving near the scene, and seeing from the number of Indians that an attempt of resistance on their part would result in the loss of their own lives, without rescuing those of their friends, they beat a hasty and covert retreat for the parties ahead.

After the Indians had completed their work of murder and plunder with the Miltimore party, they pressed ahead and attacked the remainder of the train. Here they met a warm reception, and were kept at bay by the emigrants until darkness closed the scene, when the assailed, finding further resistance futile, made their escape, leaving the Indians possessors of their stocks and goods. They travelled on foot two days without anything to eat, and finally reached a military post. The survivors are now at Camp Floyd, in a destitute condition."

GENERAL HARNEY'S PROCEEDINGS.—A BLOODY BUTCHER BOY.—Brigadier General Wm. S. Harney has been an eyesore to the people of the United States any time these 22