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.

Vol. XV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, February 27, 1865. New Series.---No. 13.

KING SQUARE HOUSE.

Cloths, Cloths, Cloths,

IN Beavers, Whitneys, Meltons, Blue, Black, Brown and Drab BROAD-CLOTH, Mantle Cloths, Doeskins, Tweeds, &c.; a very superior lot. BEER & SONS.

Shawls and Mantles.

LATEST STYLES, cheap. BEER & SONS.

Ready-Made Clothing.

A GOOD Assortment. A large lot of HEAVY OVERCOATS. BEER & SONS.

Fur Caps, Fur Caps.

A SPLENDID variety in qualities and ... BEER & SONS.

Ladies' Furs,

FITCH, Opossum, Masquash and Mock Ermine Boas, Muffs and Cuffs to Match. Monkey Muffs. Also Russian Pup and Siberian Lamb Skins. BEER & SONS.

SEAL SKIN COATS.

A FEW VERY SUPERIOR. BEER & SONS.

Felt Hats, Felt Hats.

IN Ladies' and Gents', latest styles. BEER & SONS.

Boots & Shoes.

MEN'S and BOY'S STRONG BOOTS and BROGANS; Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' Kid and Cloth Leather BOOTS and SHOES. BEER & SONS.

BUFFALO ROBES,

OF FIRST CLASS QUALITY. BEER & SONS.

SKATES, SKATES, SKATES,

LADIES', GENTS' and BOYS', a large variety and VERY CHEAP. BEER & SONS.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,

A FEW of the VICTORIA COAL COOK STOVES, acknowledged to be the very best for burning Small Coal. Also some very handsome Parlor Stoves for both Coal and Wood. Box Stoves for School-houses and Churches. The Leviathan Cook Stove for Wood. BEER & SONS.

800 PAIRS LADIES' and MISSES GENTS, BOY'S and CHILDREN'S

Rubber Boots and Shoes,

OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.

BEER & SONS.

Charlottetown, Dec. 5, 1864.

COMPLETED

AT THE

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

QUEEN SQUARE,

IMPORTATIONS FOR FALL 1864!

THE SUPPLY OF

British & Foreign Merchandize,

COMPRISING OUR

STOCK IN TRADE,

WILL BE FOUND

Second to None

IN THE CITY,

For Variety, Quality, Style or Value.

Selected with the greatest care, purchased on the best terms, and sold at the lowest remunerative prices.

We Solicit Inspection.

W. & A. BROWN.

Charlottetown, Nov. 21, 1864.

DAWSON'S BUILDING,

CORNER OF GREAT GEORGE AND KENT STREETS.

WILLIAM H. WILSON

HAS JUST OPENED A LARGE STOCK OF

General Merchandise,

---CONSISTING IN PART OF---

LADIES, DRESS GOODS, in all the latest styles; Coburgs, Alpacas, Lustres, Delaines, Winceies, French Merinos and Delaines.

Grey, White, Striped and Printed COTTONS.

SHIRTINGS, Tickings, Osnaburgs, Drills, Jeans, Sheetings in Grey and White.

White, Red, Blue, and Fancy FLANNELS; Broad Cloths, Doeskins, Tweeds, &c., &c.

Superior Meltons, very cheap; Mantle Cloths, Mantles, and Ready-made CLOTHING.

FEATHERS, Hats, Shawls, Bonnets, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c.

HARDWARE, Shovels, Hoes, Plough Mounting, Weavers' Reeds, Nails, &c., &c.

TABLE CUTLERY, Sheath Knives, Powder, Shot, Caps, Blister Steel, &c., &c.

BOOTS and SHOES, Ladies' Wellington RUBBERS, Rubber Shoes, &c., &c.

GROCERIES; TEA, superior quality; Sugar, Molasses, Raisins, Tobacco, &c., &c.

HOOP SKIRTS, in great variety.

W. H. W. begs to call special attention to his Stock of FURS, imported direct from the Montreal Factory, consisting of—

BOAS, in Mountain Martin, Stone Martin, Fitch, Mock Fitch, Lustred, Opossum and Minesota.

A few Princess Royal BOAS, very superior:

CAPS, in Hair Otter, Plucked Otter, Grey Pointed Alfred, and a lot of other styles.

Dawson's Buildings, Nov. 7, 1864.

MAILS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

THE Mails for the UNITED STATES, CANADA and the neighbouring Provinces will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY evenings, at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, will be forwarded every alternate THURSDAY and SATURDAY evenings, at 8 o'clock, as follows, viz.:—

Thursday, 29th December,	Thursday, 23d February,
Saturday, 31st do.	Saturday, 25th do.
Thursday, 12th January,	Thursday, 9th March,
Saturday, 14th do.	Saturday, 11th do.
Thursday, 26th do.	Thursday, 23d do.
Saturday, 28th do.	Saturday, 25th do.
Thursday, 9th February,	Thursday, 6th April,
Saturday, 11th do.	Saturday, 8th do.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
Charlottetown, Dec. 26, 1864.

Notice to Debtors.

ALL Persons indebted to the subscriber, by Note of Hand or Book Account, are requested to settle the same before the 1st DAY OF MARCH NEXT, otherwise proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

MICHAEL KILLERIDE.

Lot 11, Feby. 13, 1865. 3w

LONDON HOUSE!

Established 1820.

1864. FALL. 1864.

BY the COMMODORE and UNDINE from LIVERPOOL, LOTUS from LONDON, HELEN DAVIES from BARBADOES, SEVEN BROTHERS, BEAVERLY and steamer COMMERCE from BOSTON, the subscribers have completed their importations for the season, which, having been selected by one of the Firm,

AND BOUGHT ON THE BEST TERMS!

they are enabled to offer at extremely low prices for prompt payment. Wholesale Buyers supplied as usual. The present importation comprises:—

7 hhds and tierces Barbadoes SUGAR,
20 hhds Muscovado Molasses,
50 chests Prime Congo TEA,
7 cases Ready-made Clothing,
2 do Gents' and Ladies' Rubber Coats and Capes,
6 do Ladies' Boots & Shoes,
4 do Rubber Boots & Shoes,
4 do Silks and Ribbons,
6 do Millinery,
7 do Haberdashery,
5 do Linen Drapery,
1 do Hosiery,
1 do Gloves,
5 do Shawls & Mantles,
1 do Ladies' Furs,
3 do Fur Caps,
1 do Damask and Moreens,
4 do Floor Cloths,
2 do Glaze Lining,
5 do Townend's HATS & CAPS,
4 do Felt Hats,
2 do Ladies' HATS and BONNETS,
9 do Sundries,
3 bales Cloth.
8 bales Carpet & Woollens,
17 packages Glasgow Goods, in Gala Plaids, Shawls, Winceies, Printed Shirting, Flannels and Shirts, Bags and Bagging, Osnaburgs, Canvass, Calicoes, &c. &c.
1 bale Blankets,
7 bales Paper Hangings
6 do Cotton Warp,
9 do Printed, Unbleach'd & White Calicoes,
3 do Stripe & Check Shirtings,
2 do Buffalo Robes,
2 do Wrapping Paper,
3hds Paint Oil,
118 packages assorted Paints,
50 sides Sole Leather,
1 case Guns,
3 do assorted Cutlery,
1 do E P Ware,
1 do Indigo,
25 tons assorted Iron,
35 bdls Spring, Cast and Blister Steel,
225 pieces Plough Metal,
125 pkgs Nails & Spikes,
90 do Ironmongery.

Casks Baking Soda, Whiting, Putty, Washing Soda; Barrels Crushed Sugar, Currants, Jamaica, Ginger, Porter and Ale, Epsom Salts: Kegs Powder, Cudbear, Mustard, Boxes London Soap, Tobacco, Starch, Raisins, Extract Logwood, Lozenges, Glass, Pepper; Bags Rice, Coffee, Allspice, Leaks, Coils Manilla Rope, Dozens Brooms and Pails, &c.

G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Oct. 31, 1864.

J. E. PRICE,

Physician & Surgeon,

SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

OFFICE AT THE DRUG STORE.

Feb 20, 1865. tf

The New York *Tribune* says, "The reason why Drake's Plantation Bitters are so universally used and have such an immense sale, is that they are always made up to the original standard, of highly invigorating material and of pure quality, although the prices have so largely advanced," &c.

The *Tribune* just hits the nail on the head The Plantation Bitters are not only made of pure material, but the people are told what it is. The Recipe is published around each Bottle, and the bottles are not reduced in size. At least twenty imitations and counterfeits have sprun up. They impose upon the people once and that's the last of them.

The Plantation Bitters are now used in all the Government Hospitals, are recommended by the best physicians, and are warranted to produce an *immediate* beneficial effect. Facts are stubborn things.

"* * * I owe much to you, for I verily believe the Plantation Bitters have saved my life.
REV. W. H. WAGGONER, Madrid, N. Y."

"* * Thou wilt send me two bottles more of thy Plantation Bitters. My wife has been greatly benefitted by their use.
Thy friend, ASA CURRIN, Philadelphia, Pa."

"* * * I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and had to abandon preaching. * * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me.
REV. J. S. CATHORN, Rochester, N. Y."

"* * * Send us twenty-four dozen more of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which are daily increasing with the guests of our house.
SYKES, CHADWICK & CO.,
Proprietors Willards's Hotel, Washington, D.C."

"* * * I have given the Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our disabled soldiers with the most astonishing effect.
G. W. D. ANDREWS,
Superintendent Soldier's Home, Cincinnati, O.

"* * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me of liver complaint, with which I was laid up prostrate and had to abandon my business.
H. B. KINGSLEY, Cleveland, O.

"* * * The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a derangement of the kideys and the urinary organs that has distressed me for years. It acts like a charm.
C. C. MOORE, 254 Broadway."

NEW-BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 24, 1863.

DEAR SIR:—I have been afflicted many years with severe prostrating cramps in my limbs, cold feet and hands, and a general disordered system. Physicians and medicines failed to relieve me. Some friends in New York, who were using Plantation Bitters, prevailed upon me to try them. I commenced with a small wine-glassful after dinner. Feeling better by degrees, in a few days I was astonished to find the coldness and cramps had entirely left me, and I could sleep the night through, which I had not done for years. I feel like another being. My appetite and strength have also greatly improved by the use of the Plantation Bitters.
Respectfully, "UDITH RUSSEL."

If the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one half of the weakness, prostration and distress experienced by them would vanish. James Marsh, Esq., of 159 West 14th St. N. Y., says, "he has three children, the first two are weak and puny, his wife having been unable to nurse or attend them, but that she has taken Plantation Bitters for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy and well. The article is invaluable to mothers," &c.

Such evidence might be continued for a volume The best evidence is to *try* them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits, troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these bitters.

Every bottle for exportation and sale out of the United States has a metal cap and green label around the neck.

Beware of re-filled bottles. See that the cap has not been mutilated. Any persen pretending to sell Plantation Bitters in bulk or by the gallon is an impostor. We sell it only in bottles.

Sold by principal dealers throughout the habitable globe.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.

NEW YORK.

Oct. 10, 1864. 6m

LITERATURE.

TO A CHILD.

My pretty, budding breathing flower,
Methinks, if I to-morrow
Could manage, just for half an hour,
Sir Joshua's brush to borrow,
I might immortalize a few
Of all the myriad graces
Which Time, while yet they all are new,
With newer still replaces.

I'd paint, my child, your deep blue eyes,
Their quick and earnest flashes;
I'd paint the fringe that round them lies,
The fringe of long dark lashes;
I'd draw, with most fastidious care,
One eyebrow, then the other,
And that forehead, broad and fair,
The forehead of your mother.

I'd oft retouch the dimpled cheek
Where health and sunshine dances;
And oft the spouting lips, where speak
A thousand voiceless fancies;
And the soft neck would keep me long,
The neck, more smooth and snowy
Than ever yet in schoolboy's song
Had Caroline or Chloe.

Nor less on those twin rounded arms
My new-found skill would linger,
Nor less upon the rosy charms
Of every tiny finger;
Nor slight the small feet, little one,
So prematurely clever,
That, though they neither walk nor run,
I think they'd jump for ever.

But then your odd, endearing ways—
What study ere could catch them?
Your aimless gestures, endless plays—
What canvas ere could match them?
Your lively leap of merriment,
Your murmur of petition,
Your serious silence of content,
Your laugh of recognition.

Here were a puzzling toil, indeed,
For art's most fine creations!
Grow on, sweet baby; we still need,
To note your transformations,
No picture of your form or face,
Your waking or your sleeping,
But that which Love shall daily trace,
And trust to Memory's keeping.

Hereafter when revolving years
Have made you tall, and twenty,
And brought you blended hopes and fears,
And sighs and shaves in plenty,
May those who watch our little saint
Among her tasks and duties,
Feel all her virtues hard to paint,
As now we deem her beauties.

THE GERMAN HOSTELRY.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

The Rhine is celebrated for its innumerable ruined castles and monastries that stud its banks, and each has its history.

During the Thirty Years' War which convulsed Germany, one summer's afternoon a foot traveller came to the little holstery of the 'Traveller's Rest,' which stood by the road side on the river's bank. The garb proclaimed the soldier. High black boots were drawn half-way up his thighs, into which a loose pair of breeches lost themselves, and a rusty breast-plate covered his buff leathern jerkin. A broad-leafed, low-crowned hat, from which a single black feather depended, was pulled over his forehead. He was armed with sword and pistols.

There was something in his martial bearing and firm step that seemed to denote the officer. So at least thought the little sunny-haired maid of the hostelry who came forth to serve him; for she said at once, 'What can I serve you with noble captain?'

'A flagon of Rhenish, and of your best vintage mind, and something to eat, in the first place,' answered the soldier, 'and then a bed for the night.'

'The first I can supply you with; but the last I am sorry to say, I cannot.'

It was a man's voice that spoke. They had been joined by the landlord of the hostelry—a short, pursy little man, with a fat face and red nose.

'And wherefore not?' asked the soldier, carlessly throwing himself upon the wooden bench under the tree that shaded its hostelry with its branches; whilst the girl went into the house to procure the refreshments he had bespoken.

'Because every room is engaged, and I have not a spare bed left. The young Baron of Yevensburg, his sister, and their attendants, will arrive this evening. Their courier was here this morning to bespeak the rooms.'

'That's unfortunate. But I am not particular—I am a soldier, as you see—so give me a bundle of straw in one of the outhouses, and that shall content.'

'Impossible!' cried the host with an alacrity which rather surprised the soldier; 'even as it is I shall be compelled to make some of the Baron's servants sleep in the open air. My house is but small, as you perceive, and the Baron's retinue is large. Ten miles further on is an excellent inn. You soldiers are accustomed to marching,' said the host with an attempt at facetiousness, 'the distance will be nothing to you.'

'Excuse me,' answered the soldier, tapping the heel of his heavy boot with his heavy steel scabbard, and all the while subjecting the landlord to a scrutiny of which he was unconscious, 'I am not a foot soldier; and in my long marches I have been accustomed to use four legs instead of two. I did not come all the way here on foot.'

'Where is your horse?' asked the landlord, quickly, and with some anxiety, the soldier thought.

'Some two miles hence,' he answered carelessly.

'Two miles from here!' echoed the landlord; 'there is no house there. Why did you leave him?'

'Simply because he could carry me no further, and I had not been in the habit of carrying him. He was dead.'

'Dead!'

'Yes. It happened very strangely.—These are troublesome times, I know, but I thought the war had not invaded this quiet province; at least I was told so, and therefore I rode along fearless of danger. When I came to that little glen with the rocks and woods cresting upon either side, I thought—a natural idea for a soldier—that it was a capital place for an ambuscade, and so it proved; for I had scarcely entered it than a couple of carbines were fired from the thicket. My horse neighed with pain, reared up, and then fell to the earth, carrying me along with him. I knew he was badly hurt, for I have had horses shot under me before; so I quickly snatched my pistols from their holsters, extricated my feet from the stirrups, and went down quietly with him. Fortunately he fell stone dead and did not kick. I lay motionless on his body, and waited for further developments. Two men, with carbines in their hands, emerged from the thicket, and came rapidly toward me. When they were within ten feet I arose, a pistol in each hand, and called upon them to surrender, as I was anxious to learn the cause of this unprovoked attack, there being nothing in my appearance, I thought, to suggest the idea of booty. But the rascals, who evidently thought me dead, were so terrified, they beat a hasty retreat; so I was obliged to send a couple of bullets after them to stop them; and being a good shot they did stop; and unless some good Christian gives them burial, they are likely to stop there for some time.'

'You shot them both?' stammered the landlord; and his teeth chattered, and he grew very pale, all but the tip of his nose, which from contrast with the rest of his body looked redder than ever.

'What would you have me do?' asked the soldier, in his usual careless tone. 'They might have fired with better success at some other poor traveller who might not have got off so easily as I did.

'What could have possessed them to fire at you?' exclaimed the landlord; and it almost appeared that he was asking himself the question as much as he did the soldier.

'Precisely the question I asked myself, returned the soldier;' and since you have mentioned the expected arrival of the young Baron of Ravensburg, I think I have a clue to the whole affair. Some outlaws having heard of the Baron's journey, have formed a plan to waylay him. These two men were sent forward as scouts to apprise the others of the Baron's approach. Seeing a solitary horseman approach, they resolved to plunder a little on their own account. As I was not molested further on my way hither, the rendezvous of the band must be beyond here, consequently the Baron will reach this house in safety. Now, if you cannot accommodate me with a bed, I shall take up my quarters to-night upon this bench; for I feel it my duty to warn this young Baron, as I know something of his family, of the danger which threatens him.

The landlord gazed curiously at his uncermonious guest. Courage and decision were legibly stamped upon his fine cut features

'You are an officer?, he said, inquiringly.'

'Yes.'

'Captain?'

'Exactly.'

'Disbanded?'

'No.'

The quite smile that accompanied this answer bewildered the landlord. In fact, the Captain was an enigma that the worthy host of the 'Traveller's Rest,' found it impossible to solve.

The appearance of the maid of the hostelry, with a flask of wine and the refreshments the Captain had ordered interrupted the conversation.

The host whispered to the girl, and then hurried away.

'What did he say to you,' asked the Capt. abruptly, fixing his keen eyes upon the girl's face.

'To wait upon you while he went up to the monastery,' answered the girl, unhesitatingly.'

'The monastery?' rejoined the Captain, leisurely, inspecting the contents of the flask of Rhenish, which seemed to be much to his satisfaction. 'That old ruin upon the hill yonder? It is then occupied?

'Oh, yes; about a year ago a party of wondering monks, whose monastery had been destroyed by the soldiers of the League, occupied it; and there they have remained ever since. They call themselves the Black Brotherhood of St. Bruno. And very pious and self-denying men they are, too. They keep themselves wrapped up in an order of sanctity all the time. They never hold any communication with the world without; no stranger is ever admitted beneath their walls, and whenever one of the brotherhood comes out, he always has his black cowl drawn closely over his face. Though I have been here as long as they have, I have never seen one with his face uncovered.

'I thought you said your uncle was going there?' remarked the Captain, carelessly sipping his wine.

'Oh! but he only goes to the porter's wicket; he never goes in. He supplies the monks with food.'

'And how many bottles of this capital wine a month.'

'I am sure I don't know how many, but I know we have more empty flasks at the end of the week than the number of travellers possibly have drank.'

'I thought so.' The close neighborhood of these good monks accounts for the excellency of this wine. St. Bruno, your very good health. Do many travellers pass this way, sweetheart.

'Not many;' and what seems to me very singular, continued the girl, bending toward the Captain in a low, cautious whisper, none who pass this way ever return.

'Indeed! What kind of a road is it between this hostelry and the next stopping place.'

'Very lonely and desolate.'

'Infested by robbers, eh?'

'I believe so, though uncle always assures travellers that there is not the slightest danger.'

'Who is your uncle—the landlord.'

'Yes; I am his niece, Bonita, if you please sir.'

The sound of approaching wheels now attracted their attention, and a light travelling carriage, drawn by two horses, and driven by a postilion, and accompanied by four out drivers, drove up to the hostelry.

The attendants opened the carriage door, and a young man in the handsome uniform of Papenheim's dragoons jumped lightly out, and assisted an elegantly attired young lady from the carriage.

They were the Baron Ravensburg, colonel in the imperial service, and his sister the Countess Adalia.

The landlord who had returned from the monastry, welcomed them, and conducted them into the hostelry. Here the two rough looking hostlers took charge of the carriage. The outriders stabled their own animals.

The captain had observed all that passed with an attentive eye. He had expected a much larger escort. The lady was without a maid, and the Baron had but five attendants, and yet the landlord had told him there was no accommodation.

There was something wrong.

The Baron came from the hostelry, followed by Bonita, bearing a fresh flask of Rhenish.

'Good evening, Captain,' he said courteously, touching his plumed beaver with a graceful action which bespoke the finished cavalier; 'perhaps you will do me the favor to drink this flask of Rhenish with me.'

'With all my heart,' answered the Captain, cheerfully; 'mine is empty.'

The Baron seated himself on the bench, and Bonita placed the flask and cups beside them.

'Say!' cried the Captain, as she was going. 'How many monks are there in yonder convent, my pretty Bonita?'

'Twenty, I think, Captain,' she answered.

'Thank you; that will do.'

She went into the house. The Baron regarded the captain attentively. His question about the monks seemed to surprise him.

'Do you think of retiring from the world, Captain,' he laughingly enquired, 'and taking up your abode in yonder monastry?'

'I, faith, not I.'

He filled the cups, and raised his to his lips.

'Your health, Baron Ravensburg.'

'You have the advantage of me,' answered Ravensburg, as he responded to the toast.

'Oh!—Call me Captain Bernard.'

'I passed a dead horse on the road. The landlord tells me it was yours. I also saw the bodies of the men slain by you. A narrow escape, Captain. By the way, are you in the Imperial service?'

'I am not. To be frank with you, my sword is at present at liberty.'

'Then take service with me. There is something in your appearance which bespeaks the gentleman and the soldier, and I like you. There is a majority vacant in my regiment, which I can promise you.'

'On my word, Baron,' returned the Captain, smiling good humoredly, 'you do me much honor on so brief an acquaintance; but we are likely to serve together in a sharp capaign, which is nearer than you imagine. Whether you or I shall take the direction of the affair depends upon yourself, after you have heard what I have to tell you.'

'In Heaven's name, what do you mean?' exclaimed Ravensburg, in astonishment.

'Softly—in a whisper—there may be long ears about us. In a word, we are in a den of cut throats. Yonder old monastery is occupied by a den of robbers in the disguise of monks. The landlord of this monastry is in league with them. They have been apprized of your coming, and will either attack you here, or to-morrow upon the desolate road beyond. As they know that I am here, from the landlord, and that I may warn you, I should not be surprised if they assailed us here to-night?'

'Great heavens! my poor Adalia! I care not for myself if I can save her. Twenty of them, the girl said—and I have but five men—twenty against six!'

'Excuse me; your calculation is erroneous. They are but eigteen against seven. You have counted two who are killed, and you have not counted me.'

'You will aid me then?' My dear Captain, this is generous.'

'My dear Baron, it is nothing of the kind. I merely enter into an alliance with you for our mutual benefit, and as you have the strongest party, the advantage is decidedly upon my side. You they might possibly plunder and suffer to depart; but me they certainly would kill, to revenge for their comrades' slaughter.'

'Captain. I place the direction of this affair in your hands—myself and people are at your orders. What is your best course of action?'

'Invite me in to supper with you when the landlord announces that it is served. I will secure him. Your people must secure the hostlers and place them in a safe place, then collect your whole force within the house, and let us barricade it to the best of our ability. Eighteen men will find it difficult to dislodge seven, even out of this small wooden framework. Having deprived the robbers of all means of obtaining information in regard to our plans, I will make the landlord divulge theirs. You have no idea what a persuasive way I have.'

This plan was carried out to the letter; and a pistol held by the firm hand of the Captain at the head of the guilty and trembling landlord, compelled him to divulge all. The attack was to be made that very night. The Baron and his sister were to be held for ransom, and the captain killed, he not being considered worth a ransom. When all had retired to rest, the landlord was to admit the robbers into the hostelry.

The Captain told his plans at once. The door was left unfastened, but every available aperture was secured as firmly as was possible under the circumstances. The Countess and Bonita placed in the upper story for security, with the postillion as a guard. The Captain, Baron, and the others, each armed with a sword and a brace of pistols, occupied the large apartment on the ground floor. The landlord was to admit the robbers, one at a time, as had been arranged by the captain of the band himself, and as fast as they entered they were to be secured, gagged and bound, or killed outright, as cirumstances warranted.

The hour for the attack drew near, and every heart beat anxiously. The coolest man of the party was the Captain. Unconsciously he had assumed the entire direction of the affair, and the young Baron and his followers obeyed him implicitly, seeming to recognize his fitness for the position without question.

A stealthy footstep approached the door, and the landlord, assisted by the cold barrel of a pistol, which felt disagreebly close to the back of his head, admitted a robber, who was instantly secured. Another followed, and another, until it came to the eighth—a stout, brawny fellow—who, by a herculean effort, twisted his throat out of Captain Bernard's grasp, and shouted at the top of his lungs, 'we are betrayed!'

He never spoke after that, for the iron butt of the Captain's pistol descended upon his forehead, and he sank to the floor like a felled ox.

Two other robbers who were close behind discharged their carbines at the door, and instantly retreated. A yell of pain answered the discharge, and one man fell in the hostelry.

The door was instantly shut and barricaded. Lights were brought forward, and the man who had fallen was raised. It proved to be the landlord. He was quite dead, both bullets having taken effect in his body.

After a brief consultation the robbers advanced in a body against the door, attempting to hew it open with axes they had procured from the stable. They were met by a fusicade of pistol shots from within that thinned their number one-half before the door was forced, and then it was the besieged that sallied forth, and not they that entered. The survviors of the band fled.

The fight was over. Fifteen of the band were killed, wounded, and prisoners who were treated with summary justice of military times, being shot at sunrise by the Baron's followers.

The Baron and his sister renewed their journey in the morning, being attended by Captain Bernard whom the Baron furnished with a horse by dismounting one of his own followers, and Bonita, whom the Countess had engaged as maid.

The Captain left the Baron at the first stopping-place. They parted with mutual expressions of regret. But they were destined to meet again. On the bloody field of Lu zen, when Pappenheim fell, and his routed cavalry fled in dismay before the impetuous charge of the Swedes, Ravensburg was made prisoner. He was led before the victor of that well-fought field, the Lord Bernard Von Weimar, and in that brave soldier and skilful general he recognized Captain Bernard, the destroyer of the Black Brotherhood.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE *EUROPA*.

THE R. M. S. *Europa* arrived at Halifax on the 16th instant, bringing Liverpool dates to the 4th. The Mails for this Island reached here on Tuesday evening. The news, which is not important, is embraced in the following summary.

The recent misunderstanding between the employers of skilled labour in the Midland counties and their workmen has been healed by the withdrawal, on the part of the former, of the "discharge-note," which formed the cause of the strike.

The question of Reform is beginning once more to excite interest in the North of England. At Bradford, at Leeds, at Manchester, meetings have been held during the last few days for an extension of the suffrage which may be described as almost monster gatherings. The cry is swelling into a chorus which cannot be put down.

In reference to Cardinal Wiseman, a paper says:—The Cardinal passed a very restless night, and is weaker to day. The calls from Protestants as well as Roman Catholics at York Place have been very numerous.

A question which has been a good deal discussed during the recess, is now deemed by many ripe for legislative action—the question whether it would not be better for the country to buy up the existing railways, and work them for the profit of the nation at large.

The Surrey Theatre, the most popular place of amusement on the south bank of the Thames, was destroyed by fire at midnight on the 30th. It was a pantomime night, and the performance was about to close when the clown discovered a glare through the aperture above the chandelier. The alarm was given, and, fortunately, the audience was enabled to disperse without any serious accident.

The appearance at Leeds of Lord Amberly, a young nobleman who is only in his 23rd year, the eldest son of Lord Russell, at a great public meeting in favour of Reform, and the speech which he made on the occasion, replete with sound sense and large statesmanlike views, is an event which has arrested a good deal of attention.

Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Governor of Madras, has resigned his post on account of ill-health, and Mr. Massey, the member for Salford, and Chairman of the Committees of the House of Commons, has been appointed to succeed him.

ITALY.

According to despatches received from Turin, the recent disturbances in that city are said to have painfully affected King Victor Emmanuel. On the night of the first annual State ball a mob of ruffians congregated beneath the palace windows, not only greeted the royal guests with groans and showers of mud, but uttered revolutionary cries, which, it is alleged, could be distinctly heard in the palace.

FLORENCE, Feb. 3.—King Victor Emmanuel arrived here this evening. The city is illuminated, and decorated with flags. A very large number of persons thronged the King's line of route to the palace, and enthusiastically cheered his Majesty.

GERMANY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* thinks that M. Bismark will shortly declare that, from carefully drawn up reports, there is reason to believe the people of Schleswig-Holstein desire to become subjects of the King of Prussia. The annexation will probably be opposed by Austria and by the German Confederation, yet, in the opinion of the above writer, Prussia will assuredly carry her point.

FRANCE.

It is understood that at the last French Cabinet Council, which was attended by Prince Napoleon and several members of the Privy Council, the encyclical came under discussion, and the Prince argued that the publication of that document made the immediate evacuation of Rome imperative; but the Emperor made no reply. Cardinals Dounet and Gousset, who have seats in the French Senate, have announced their intention to join Cardinal Mathieu in his attack upon the French Government relative to its treatment of the Papal bull.

COMMERCIAL.

The *Times*, in its city article of this morning, says:—Consols still remain flat at more than 1 per cent. below the point at which they stood this time last year, the fact being that the demand created by the numerous speculative and other investments, since introduced to the public, have left no surplus to be employed in purchases of the English funds.

THE WAR IN THE STATES.

Three of the cavalry companies at Readville, recruited for the frontier service, were to leave camp Wednesday afternoon, two of whom being under orders to report at Champlain, N. Y., and one at Ogdensburgh.

A disastrous fire occurred in Philadelphia Wednesday, during the progress of which several lives were lost. Large quantities of blazing oil ran through the streets in the vicinity of the fire, to which circumstances much of the loss of life and property is attributed.

Eighty seven guerillas, from the famous gangs of Mosby and White, passed through Boston Wednesday forenoon on their way to Fort Warren, having been sent from the Old Capital prison.

Advices from the Army of the Potomac are to the effect that the 3rd Divison of the Fifth Corps advanced to Dabney's Mill on Monday afternoon, driving the rebels from their breastworks at that point and following them up until 5 o'clock, when they made a stand along the line, evidently expecting to break through and cut off the 3rd Division. A heavy rebel column coming up at the same time from another direction and a portion of the division being out of ammunition, it commenced giving way, and fell back in considerable disorder until it reached the breastworks erected by the 3rd divison of the Second Corps on the day before. There they were rallied and the retreat was checked. They were compelled to abandon their ammunition wagons after setting fire to them. An attack was made on the Second Corps afterward, but the enemy were repulsed with loss. The Fifth Corps lost from three to five hundred men. The enemy's loss, they being the attacking party, was much greater.

The Boston *Advertiser* says:—

Both Houses of Congress have adopted resolutions asking the President for information in reference to the recent peace negotiations. He prepared a message upon the subject on Monday, and would probably have given it to the country before this time, but that these resolutions of inquiry were pending. He will send it to Congress early to-morrow. It is understood to be about one-third as long as his message of last December, and to give a very full history of the whole matter. A gentleman to whom it has been read says it will vindicate the President in the hearts of nearly all loyal people for the course he has pursued, and show that he was willing to set aside all immaterial matters if thereby peace could be obtained, and that Mr. Stephens personally did not indicate opposition to peace and ultimate re-union. It is also hinted in various quarters that it will prove damaging to certain gentlemen in and out of Congress who have ridiculed or denounced the President for granting a hearing to the rebel commissioners. The steamer which sailed today took from Mr. Seward a full account of the matter to Messrs. Adams and Bigelow, and brief statements to others of our European representatives. The opinion prevails generally, even in the best informed circles, that the mission was so far from being a failure, that its direct results will be apparent in the south in a few weeks.

The Richmond papers of Monday were received to-day. They are full of discussions upon the Fortress Munroe conference, of the results of which they evidently know little and guess a great deal. The Sentinel says that the propositions submitted by Messrs. Lincoln and Seward were an insult to the brave people of the South, and were such as could not for a moment be entertained. The Whig has a proclamation from Governor Smith of Virginia, calling a great war meeting in Richmond. The Examiner is glad there has been a conference, and says that it hopes the result will convince the people of the Confederacy that nothing remains but to fight it out to independence.

The tenor of all the papers are warlike, and they all say that the commissioners are preparing a report, which they will give to Mr. Davis, by whom they were appointed.

There is a rumor here, which finds believers, but which cannot be traced to any authentic source, that last Tuesday's Richmond papers contain a message or proclamation from Jeff. Davis, giving the history of the peace negotiations and their results, and that he says they accomplished nothing, and give no promise of anything but bitter and unrelenting war on the part of the North. Another rumor is, that the same papers say that Sherman is within 12 miles of Branchville, with such a force that successful resistence to him cannot probably be made.

ANOTHER BATTLE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Feb. 6, A. M.—The result of yesterday's engagement appeared this morning in our advanced lines beyond Hatcher's Run, in the capture of about two hundred prisoners, a train of wagons and mules with their drivers, and considerable loss inflicted on the rebels in killed and wounded.

The cavalry under Gen. Gregg captured the train at Dinwiddie Court House, while on its way to North Carolina for supplies, the trip taking, as the drivers say, sixteen days for its accomplishment.

From this place scouting parties were sent out in different directions, one of which went up to the Boydtown road, where they found camps which had been deserted only a short time previous, and where they captured a few wagons of Pegram's division.

In the meantime, the rebel cavalry stationed at Bellfield was ordered up to resist Gen. Gregg's advance, but their forces were not strong enough, consequently no regular fight took place. About 100 barrels of whiskey were destroyed in the vicinity, but no army stores were found at any place which our troops had reached.

An order was found posted up at Dinwiddie Court House, appealing to the people to come forward and give all the supplies they could possibly spare to the government, as both the men and horses were suffering very much.

The loss in Gregg's division was only two or three during the day. Capt. Arrowsmith of Gen. Gregg's staff had his leg badly bruised by his horse falling on him.

In the engagement of the Second Corps yesterday at Hatcher's Run, the loss was about 70 altogether, while that of the enemy is estimated at about 300.

LATER.—Feb. 6, 10 P. M.—Quite a severe engagement took place this afternoon between the Fifth Corps and the enemy, on Dabney's Mill road, west of Hatcher's Run, the result of which was not favorable to us, so far as the position is concerned, but the enemy paid dearly for the ground he gained.

It seems that about noon the 3d division of the Fifth Corps advanced along a road leading from the Duncan road toward the Boydtown plank road, and at 2 o'clock had attacked and driven the rebels from Dabney's Mills, about two miles from Hatcher's Run, where they had erected breastworks, but were quickly driven from them. They, however, kept up running fire from the woods, until about 5 P. M., when they made a most determined stand along the line, evidently expecting to break through, and if possible cut off the 3d Division. The heaviest column came up the Vaughn road, at the same time the attack in front was made, and a part of the Division being out of ammunition, they commenced giving way, and in a short time the whole line fell back in considerable disorder until they reached the breastworks erected by the 3d Division of the Second Corps yesterday. There they were rallied, and the retreat was checked. The 3d Division of the Sixth Corps had crossed the Run just previous, and part of them became somewhat demoralized, but they soon rallied, and aided in driving the rebels back.

The wagons of ammunition were on their way to the division when the stampede occurred, but had got lost in a swamp, and the tongue of one of them broke; when the men fell back, the wagons were left outside the lines, and although Capt. W. F. Sembly, the ordnance officer of the division, did all in his power to save them, two wagons had to be abandoned, the men setting fire to the covers before they left.

Shortly after an attack was made on the Second Corps, near the Armstrong House, on the Duncan road, but the rebels were repulsed with loss.

The Fifth Corps are believed to have lost from 400 to 500 men during the day, the others losing very few. The enemy's loss is supposed to be much heavier than ours, owing to the fact that they were the attacking party, but no correct statement can be given yet even of our own losses.