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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1881.

VOL 10.—NO. 5.

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

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are not surpassed in extent, variety and value. Just see these Goods and get patterns whether you buy or not.

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

Charlottetown, Nov. 1, 1881.

PERKINS & STERNS.

AT COST!

Readymade Clothing, Tweeds and Heavy Cloths,

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

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FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS!

Which will be disposed of at Very Low Prices.

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J. B. BRECKEN,
Bank of P. E. I., Agent for P. E. I.
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Sub-Agent.
Sept. 13, '81—3m 2aw, pat 3m

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For particulars, apply at the office of Messrs. Sullivan & Morson, Solicitors, Charlottetown.
W. W. SULLIVAN.
Aug. 24, 1881.

CHANGE OF TIME.
PICTOU AND HALIFAX.

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

Will Leave Charlottetown for Pictou Landing at Six o'clock in the Morning, instead of at half-past seven as during the summer months.
By order,
FRED. W. HALES,
Secretary Steam Navigation Company.
Oct. 14, 1881—108

THE WAR-TRAIL!

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

THE RANGERS ON PICKET.

The centre of the plaza presents a salient point in the picture. There the well (*el pozo*), with its gigantic wheel, its huge leather belt and buckets, its trough of cemented stone-work, offers an oriental aspect. Verily, it is the Persian! 'Tis odd to a northern eye, particularly, to find such a structure in the western land; but the explanation is easy. That idea has travelled from Egypt along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. With the Moors it crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Spaniard has carried it over the Atlantic. The reader of the sacred volume will find many familiar passages illustrated in the customs of Mexico. The genius of the Arab has shaped many thoughts for the brain of the Aztec.

My eye rests not long upon the Persian wheel, but turns to gaze on the scene of active life that is passing around it. Forms, and varied ones, I trow, are moving there.

Gliding with silent step and dubious look his wide *calzoneros* flapping around his ankles, his arms and shoulders shrouded in the mottled serape, his broad-brimmed hat darkening still more his swarthy face—goes the *poblano*, the denizen of the adobe hut. He shuns the centre of the plaza, keeping around the walls; but at intervals his eyes are turned towards the well with a look of mingled fierceness and fear. He reaches a doorway—it is silently opened by a hand within—he enters quickly, and seems glad to get out of sight. A little after, I can catch a glimpse of his sombre face dimly outlined behind the bars of the *reja*. At distant corners, deservy small groups of his class—similarly clothed in *calzoneros*, striped blankets and glaze hats; all, like him, wearing uneasy looks. They gesticulate little, contrary to their usual habits, and converse only in whispers or low mutterings. Unusual circumstances surround them. Most of the women are within doors; a few of the poorer class—of pure Indian race—are seated in the plaza. They are hucksters, and their wares are spread before them on a thin palm-leaf mat (*petate*), while another similar one, supported umbrella-like on a stem, screens them and their merchandise from the sun. Their dyed woollen garments, their bare heads, their coarse black hair, adorned with twists of scarlet worsted, give them somewhat of a gipsy look. They appear as free of care as the *zigualli* themselves: they laugh, and chatter, and show their white teeth all day long, asking each new-comer to purchase their fruits and vegetables, their *Pinole*, *atole*, and *agua dulce*. Their not unmelancholic voices ring pleasantly upon the ear.

Now and then a young girl, with red *ella* poised upon her crown, trips lightly across the plaza in the direction of the well. Perhaps she is a *poblana*, one of the belles of the village, in short-skirted, bright-coloured petticoat embroidered but sleeveless chemisette, with small satin slippers upon her feet; head, shoulders, and bosom shrouded in the blue-gray *reboso*; arms and ankles bare. Several of these are seen passing to and fro. They appear less uneasy than the men; they even smile at intervals, and reply to the badinage uttered in an unknown tongue by the odd-looking strangers around the well. The Mexican women are courageous as they are amiable. As a race, their beauty is undeniable.

But who are these strangers? They do not belong to the place, that is evident; and equally clear it is that they are objects of terror to those who do. At present, they are masters here. Their numbers, their proud confident swagger, and the bold loud tone of their conversation, attest that they are masters of the ground. Who are they? Odd-looking, I have styled them; and the phrase is to be taken in its full significance. A more odd-looking set of fellows never nustered in a Mexican plaza, nor elsewhere.

There are fourscore of them; but that each carries a yager ride in his hand, a knife in his belt, and a Colt's pistol on his thigh, you could not discover the slightest point of resemblance between any two of them. Their arms are the only things about them denoting uniformity, and some sort of organization: for the rest, they are one another as the various shapes and hues of coarse broad-cloth, woollen jeans, cottonades, colored blankets, and buckskin, can make them. They wear caps con-skin, and cat's skin, and squirrel; hats of beaver, and felt and glaze, of wool and palmetto, of every imaginable shape and slouch. Even of the modern monster—the silken "fife" samples might be seen, *badly crushed*. There are coats of broad cloth, few in number, and well worn; but many are the garments of "Kentucky jeans," of bluish-grey, of copper-colored nigger-cloth, and sky-colored cottonade. Some wear coats made of green blankets, others of blue ones, and some of a scarlet red. There

are hunting-shirts of dressed deerskin, with plaited skirt, and cape, fringed and jauntily adorned with beads and embroidery—the favorite style of the backwoods hunter; but others there are of true Indian cut, open at the throat, and hanging loose, or fastened around the waist with a belt—the same that secures the knife and pistol. There are cloth jackets, too, such as are worn by sailors, and others of sky-blue cottonade—the costume of the Creole of Louisiana; some of red-brown leather—the *jaqueta* of the Spano American; and still another fashion, the close-fitting embroidered "spencer" of the Mexican *ranchero*. Some shoulders are covered by serapes, and some by the more graceful and toga-like *manga*. Look lower down: examine the limbs of this motly band: the covering of these is not less varied than their upper garments. You see wrappers of coarse cloth, of flannel, and of baize; they are blue, and scarlet, and green. You see leggings of rawhide and of buckskin; boots of horse-leather reaching to the thighs; "nigger boots" of still coarser fabric, with the pataloons tucked under *brogans* of unstained calf-skin, and moccasins of varied cut, betokening the fashion of more than one Indian tribe. You may see limbs incased in *calzoneros*, and others in the heavy stamped leather *botas* of the Mexican horseman, resembling the greaves of warriors of the olden time.

The heels of all are armed, though their armature is as varied as the costumes. There are spurs of silver and of steel, some plated, and some with the plaiting wore off; some strapped, and others screwed into the heel of the boot; some light, with small rowels and tiny teeth, while others are seen (the heavy spur of Mexico) of several pounds weight, with rowels five inches in diameter, and teeth that might be dashed through the ribs of a horse!—cruel weapons of the Mexican *cavallero*.

But these spurs in the plaza, these *botas* and *calzoneros*, these *mangas* and serapes, are not worn by *Mexicans*. Their present wearers are men of a different race. Most of those tall, stalwart bodies are the product of the maize-plant of Kentucky and Tennessee, or the buckwheat and "hog meat" of the fertile flats of Ohio, Indiana, and the Illinois. They are the squatters and hunters of the backwoods, the farmers of the great western slopes of the Alleghenies, the boatmen of the Mississippi, the pioneers of Arkansas and Missouri, the trappers of prairie-land, the *voyageurs* of the lake-country, the young planters of the lower states, the French Creoles of Louisiana, the adventurous settlers of Texas, with here and there a gay city spark from the larger towns of the "great West." Yes, and from other sources are individuals of that mixed band. I recognize the Teutonic type—the fair hair and whitish-yellow moustache of the German, the florid Englishman, the staid Scot, and his contrast the noisy Hibernian; both equally brave. I behold the adroit and nimble Frenchman, full of laugh and chatter, the stanch soldierly Swiss, and the moustached exile of Poland, dark, sombre, and silent. What a study for an ethnologist is that band of odd-looking men! Who are they?

You have thrice asked the question. I answer it: They are a corps of "Rangers"—a guerilla of the American army.

And who am I? Their captain—their chief.
Yes, I am the leader of that queer crew; and, despite their rough motley aspect, I dare affirm, that not in Europe, not in America elsewhere, not upon the great globe's surface, can be found a band, of like numbers, to equal them in strength, daring, and warlike intelligence. Many of them have spent half a life in the sharpening practice of border warfare—Indian or Mexican—and from these the others have learnt. Some have been gentlemen upon whom fortune has frowned; a few have been desperadoes within the pale of civilized life; and a smaller few, perhaps, *outlaws* beyond it—bad material wherewith to *colonize*; not so bad if you go but to *conquer*.

Rude as is the *coup d'oeil* of the corps, I am proud to say that a high sentiment of honor pervades it, higher than will be found in the *corps de garde* of an emperor. True, they appear rough and reckless—terrible, I might say; for most of them—with their long beards and hair, dust-begrimed faces, slouched hats, and odd habiliments, belted as they are with knife, pistol, powder-horn and pouch—present such an aspect, that you would wrong them to take them as they look. Few among them are the pure bandits whose aim is plunder. Many a noble heart beats beneath a rude exterior—many a one truly humane. There are hearts in that band that throb under the influence of patriotism; some are guided by a still more noble impulse, a desire to extend the area of freedom; others, it is true, yearn but for revenge. These last are chiefly Texans, who mourn a friend or brother slain by Mexican treachery. They have not forgotten the

cowardly assassination of Goliad; they remember the red butchery of the Alamo. Perhaps I alone, of all the band, have no motive for being here; if one, 'tis slight—scarce so noble as vengeance. Mere chance, the love of excitement and adventure, perhaps some weak fondness for power and fame, are all the excuses I can urge for taking a hand in this affair. A poor adventurer, without friends, without home, without country—for my native land is no more a nation—my heart is not cheered by a single throb of patriotism. I have no private wrong to redress, no public cause, no country for which to combat.

During intervals of inaction, these thoughts recur to me, and give me pain.

The men have picketed their horses in the church enclosure; some are tied to trees, and others to the rebarbs of the windows: like their riders, a motley group, various in size, color, and race. The strong high-mettled steed of Kentucky and Tennessee, the light "pacer" of Louisiana, the cob, the barb, his descendant the "mustang," that but a few weeks ago was running wild upon the prairies, may all be seen in the troop. Mules, also, of two distinct races—the large gaunt mule of North America, and the smaller and more sprightly variety, native of the soil.

My own black steed, with his pretty fern-colored muzzle, stands near the fountain in the centre of the plaza. My eye wanders with a sort of habitual delight over the oval outlines of his body. How proudly he curves his swan-like neck, and with mock anger paws the dust! He knows that my eyes are upon him.

We have been scarcely an hour in the *rancheria*; we are perfect strangers to it: we are the first American troop its people have yet seen, although the war has been going on for some months further down the river. We have been sent here upon picket-duty, with orders to scour the surrounding country as far as it is safe. The object in sending us hither is not so much to guard against a surprise from our Mexican foe, who is not upon this side, but to guard them, the Mexicans, from another enemy—an enemy of both of us—the Comanches! These Indian Ishmaelites, report says, are upon the "war-trail," and have quite an army in the field. It is said they are foraging further up the river, where they have it all to themselves, and have just pillaged a settlement in that direction—*butchered* the men, as is their wont, and carried off the women, children, and chattels. We came hither to conquer the Mexicans, but we must protect while conquering them! *Cosas de Mexico!*

TO BE CONTINUED

Here You Have Her.



This maiden was born all forlorn,
Who knows just when her neighbors were born,
Just what they eat, drink, and wear,
And how many times they comb their hair,
Her face is broad, her head is thick,
Her tongue keeps up a clackety click;
She attends to every business but her own,
Is a nuisance abroad, and a pest at home.

BOOTS. SHOES.

SIGN OF THE ELEPHANT

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Has Just Received a large part of his FALL STOCK,

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All kinds, all Sizes, all Prices.

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