

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. VIII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1858.

No. 18.

Auction.

TO BE SOLD by Auction, on the premises, on the 16th instant, the Farming STOCK and IMPLEMENTS, &c., together with the Leasehold Interest of 200 acres of LAND on "Donaldson Estate," fronting on Bedford Bay and Winter River. There are on the premises a good Dwelling House, a large Barn and Cellar, an excellent Garden, two good Wells of water, Fences mostly new, abundance of soft wood timber, muscle mud and swamp manure. May be sold in two lots to suit purchasers.

For particulars see handbills; or apply on the premises to **JOHN A. McDONELL.**
Donaldson, November 1, 1858. 2w pd.

BAZAAR.

JUST received at the BAZAAR, Great George Street, per *Isabel*, from England, a large and well-selected stock of FANCY GOODS.

Cutlery, Glassware, &c., &c.

Silver Brooches, Scissors, Thimbles Butter Knives, Shawl Pins, &c.; Pearl, Shell, and Scotch Wood, Card Cases, silver-top Scant Bottles, Pebble Spectacles, Pearl, Shell, Stag, Ivory and other Penknives, Garden knives, Ladies' Combs, Rings and Reticules (silver and steel furnished), Leather, Rosewood and Mahogany Desks, Workboxes, Dressing Cases, &c.; Tourists' Cases, Britannia Metal Cruet Stands, with cut Bottles, Meerschaum and other Pipes; Plate Looking Glasses on stands, French and German Looking Glasses, De la Rue's Playing Cards, Cut Wine Glasses, Engravings (framed and unframed), Whips, Combs, Perfumery, Soaps, Hair Oils, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Country Merchants and others are respectfully requested to inspect the above Stock, as they will be sold low for Cash. All wholesale orders from the Country promptly attended to. November 1, 1858. JAMES McCOMB.

Final Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber by Note of Hand or Book Account, are hereby notified that unless payment be made forthwith proceedings will be taken for the recovery of the same. C. B. SMITH. November 1, 1858. 3w.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

C. C. VAUX.

GLASGOW HOUSE.

HAS received and offers for sale at the lowest Cash prices, a large assortment of LONDON MANTLES, in all the newest styles and materials.

DRESS GOODS.

La Flounced Tweeds, Winceys, Stella Robes, Crossovers, and Poppins, Coburg Cashmeres, Prints and French Borders, Cambrics in great variety. Ribbons, Embroideries, Flouncings, Wrought, Muslin and Bugled Collars, Flannels, Shirting, Cloths, and Clothing. Queen Street, November 1, 1858. 3i.

Boston Packet.

THE fast-sailing Packet Brig "AFTON," Turnbull, master, will leave Boston on or about the 13th November. For Freight or Passage, having good accommodation, apply to **JOHN A. FOWLE & Co.,** Foster's Wharf, Boston. November 1, 1858.

To Let,

TWO ROOMS, pleasantly situated. For particulars apply at this office. Ch. Town, Nov. 1, 1858.

Frangipanni.

THE subscriber has received a supply of the above most delightful and enduring PERFUME, together with the following, viz:— Golden Dew Drops, Upper Ten, Violet, Essence Bouquet, Alisma, Amber, Camelia, Caroline Bouquet, Citronella Rose, Clematis, Cowslip, Granium, Hawthorn, Hodgsonia, Heliotrope, Honey-suckle, Jessamine, Jockey Club, Lilac, Magnolia, Mignonette, Millelours, Mousse-line, Musk, Nectar, New-mown Hay, Orange, Orange Flower, Patchouly, Pink, Rose, Spring Flowers, Sweet Brier, Sweet Pea, Sweet Clover, Tea Rose, Verbena, West End, White Lily, Prairie Flower, Cologne, Double Cologne, Amber, Lavender, Aromatic and Crystalline Vinegar.

Also, — Preston Salts, Lemon Rouge, Amandine, Cold Cream, Lip Salve, Toilet Powder, Fragrant Shampoo Lotion, Amber, Lustral Bandoline Hair Dye, Philocome, Roland's Maccassar Oil, Toilet Soap, Shaving Soaps and Creams, Dental Soap and Paste, Pear Tooth Powder, Aromatic Cologers, Court Plaster, Bureau Perfume, Fuming Pastilles, Essence Sapp, Flavouring Extracts, India Rubber Dressing Dandruff and Side Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail and Shaving Brushes in great variety. W. R. WATSON, City Drug Store. Charlottetown, Nov. 1, 1858.

Champagne Cider.

BOTTLED CHAMPAGNE CIDER for sale at the CASH Drug Store of **M. W. SKINNER** Ch. Town, June 14, 1858. Isl.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership business heretofore existing and carried on under the style and firm of WELLS & MILLER, is this day dissolved by virtue of an award to me directed by J. W. Morrison, Arbitrator, and Theophilus DesBrisay, Umpire. Ch. Town, August 12, 1858. (R. Gaz. & Ex. 3m. Isl Im.) GEORGE W. MILLER.

JUST received, per Scher. "HELEN," from New York, and for sale by the subscriber: Barrels extra and superfine FLOUR, Bags CORNMEAL, Barrels Crushed SUGAR, which will be sold low for Cash. October 18, 1858. M. LOWDEN.

Flour, Tea and Spirits.

JUST received, per Brig. "J. W." from Boston, the following articles:— 150 barrels extra superfine FLOUR, 800 gallons high proof SPIRITS, 50 barrels eating APPLES, 50 boxes LOZENGES, 3 casks Burning FLUID, 30 chests best Congo TEA, 8 cases MATCHES.

The above for sale cheap for Cash, or approved Joint Notes. October 18, 1858. SAMUEL A. FOWLE & Co.

THE SUBSCRIBER, BESIDES A GOOD ASSORTMENT of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, offers for Sale:— A good article of Table and Pickling Vinegar, An excellent article of Pearl Barley, Fresh Currants, Raisins, Figs, and Nuts of all kinds, Pine Apple Syrup, Raspberry Vinegar, Spanish Cream (a delightful summer drink), An excellent article of Stomachic Bitters (by the gal.) Besides all the etceteras in like Establishments. For Sale at the Cash Drug Store of **M. W. SKINNER.** August 23, 1858.

Important Notice to Emigrants

BOUND TO AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Emigration Agent for the Provincial Government of Auckland, New Zealand, I hereby give public notice that I am prepared to issue Land Orders to all persons, of good character and sober, steady habits, who will emigrate, at their own cost, from this Island to Auckland, as follows:—Every adult, of the age of 18 years and upwards, will, on his arrival, be entitled to select Forty Acres of Government Land in any part of the Province set apart for special settlement, free of all cost—except Agent's Pr. vince set apart for special settlement, free of all cost—except Agent's fee (10s. stg.), to be paid on receipt of the Order, and the expense of survey at the time of taking possession of the land. For every child or servant, over five and under eighteen years of age, taken from this Island to Auckland aforesaid, an Order for Twenty Acres of Land will be issued to the parent, guardian or master at whose cost he or she may be taken—such Order to cost 5s. stg. each, to be paid here, and subject to the same regulations as those issued to adults. For further information apply, (if by letter, post paid) to

CHARLES BELL, Emigration Agent. N. B.—Copies of the Auckland Land Regulations will be ready in a few days for distribution to intending emigrants; and pamphlets in further explanation are expected by first English Mail. Queen Square, Sept. 20, 1858.

From the Auckland Provincial Government Gazette, May 13. PUBLIC NOTIFICATION.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Auckland, May 11, 1858.

I HEREBY notify, for general information, that by virtue of the authority vested in the Superintendent by the "Auckland Waste Land Act of 1858," I have appointed the undermentioned gentlemen to be Emigration Agents for the Province of Auckland:—

A. F. Ridgway, London, England, James Myers, Southampton, John Paradise, Stamford, Charles O'Rourke, Galway, Ireland, Geo. Somerville, Galveston, County Sligo, Ireland, Robert Greer, Newry, County Down, George Anderson, Inverness, Scotland, James Law, Perth, Thomas H. Lusk, Greenock, F. D. Wright, Toronto, Canada, Joseph Emstey, M. D. Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Charles Bell, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Hudson Janisch, St. Helena, Frederick John Mullins, Bergeford. J. WILLIAMSON, Superintendent.

NEW STORE!

British Warehouse, Queen's Square.

THE subscriber, having re-commenced business in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. JARDINE McLEAN, takes the earliest opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received per ship *Isabel*, from Liverpool, his FALL SUPPLY of

BRITISH DRY GOODS,

suited to the season. — ALSO —

72 Chests TEA, 60 Half chests do., 100 Boxes SOAP, 10 Bags RICE, Porto Rico and Crushed SUGAR, Currants, Raisins, Pickles, And superior Salad Oil, which will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash.

WILLIAM BROWN. Charlottetown, October 21, 1858.

For Sale,

THAT valuable Leasehold Property, situate in Grand Tracadie, on Lot 35, containing one hundred and sixty nine acres, with a valuable Marsh, cutting about six tons of Hay, or thereabouts; Lease for 999 years.

Also—Fifty acres of Commons, which cannot be taken from the above during the term of the lease. The whole fronting on the entrance of Tracadie Harbour, and the rear bounded by the Winter River, which makes it a valuable situation for business, vessels being able to load both at front and rear. Sixty acres are now under tillage. Building stuff, longers and firewood in great abundance on the land. It is also contiguous to Cod, Herring, Salmon, or Gasparaux fishing grounds. Also a Dwelling house 32 x 22, with good cellar and chimneys, and out-buildings clearing a new in excellent order. Rent £10 2s. 6d. per annum. Possession can be given at any time from this date. For further particulars apply to Hon. CHARLES YOUNG, Charlottetown, or Mr. RONALD McDONALD on the premises. March 29, 1858.

FALL CONSIGNMENT FROM LIVERPOOL.

Tea, Soap, Gin, Brandy, Wines, Nails, &c. The subscribers have just received, per *Isabel* from Liverpool, the following GOODS, which they offer at moderate prices, viz:—

50 chests superior TEA, 50 boxes Liverpool SOAP, 10 hhd. Holland GIN, 4 casks BRANDY, Casks Port and Sherry WINES, Bbls. Porter and Ale, boxes Starch, Mustard Blue, Blacking, &c., &c. J. & T. MORRIS. (Isl) Queen-street, Oct. 25, 1858.

LOST!—On Friday afternoon, October 22d, between three and four o'clock, within 4 miles from the residence of Judge Peters, lower Malpeque Road, a Stone Martin BOA. Whoever will deliver the same at Dr. JOHNSON'S Dispensary will be satisfactorily rewarded. Ch. Town, October 25, 1858.

Final Notice.

ALL amounts due the Subscriber either by Note of Hand or A Book Account, if not paid by the 25th DECEMBER, will be sued for without any distinction of persons. GEORGE F. C. LOWDEN. Charlottetown, October 25, 1858. 3m

To Let,

THE premises in Dorchester Street, lately occupied by Mr. D. A. Barry, consisting of Dwelling House, Shop and Warehouse. These premises are well known as the former residence and place of business of the subscriber. Possession given immediately. Apply to **W. W. LORD.** Charlottetown, Sept. 27, 1858.

Damsons, Damsons.

50 BUSHELS Prime Nova Scotia DAMSONS, very good, received by last Steamer, which will be sold low by the bushel, gallon or quart by **M. W. SKINNER.** Oct. 11, 1858. Isl.

For Sale.

17,000 FEET of 3 inch good quality, fresh cut SPRUCE DEALS, made ready for delivery by Mr. THOMAS ANNEAR, Montague River. Enquire of **BENJAMIN DAVIS, Esq.,** Charlottetown, or to **STEPHENS & CLARKE,** Orwell. Orwell, June 21, 1858.

Direct from the Bushes.

BUSHELS of Prince Edward Island HAZEL NUTS for sale by **M. W. SKINNER.** Ch. Town, Sept. 12th, 1858. Isl.

Literature.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers, There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away,

And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say. The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand, And said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land. Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine, For I was born at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around

To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vintage ground, That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the fight was done,

Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun, And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars— The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline; And one had come from Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,

That I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage— For my father was a soldier, and even as a child My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty board, I let them take what'er they would, but kept my father's sword,

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine, On the cottage wall at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to mourn for me, nor sob with drooping head,

When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with calm and steadfast eye, For her brother was a soldier too, and did not fear to die;

And if a comrade seeks her love, I ask her in my name To listen to him calmly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place—my father's sword and mine— For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another not a sister, and in happy days gone by You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye,

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning; Oh! Friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine!

"I heard the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seem'd to hear

The German song we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear— And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eye was on me as we passed in friendly talk Down many a path beloved of yore and well-remember'd walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine— But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak; His eyes put on a dying look he sigh'd and ceased to speak:

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spirit of life had fled— The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land lay dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down On the red sands of that battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn—

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine, As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

THE ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, whilst men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movement of animate nature was concerned it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mont Cenis. With the additional guides, postillions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire-flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life where there is the height of mere corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his mutings and frequent ejaculations. "Ah, Sir!" said he, "how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right tract. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent it being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrobe. Heaven defend me

from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!" Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to hear some despatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth, and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skilful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. The mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst those the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlord was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Seylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mont Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were pre-emptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the cloche. I saw the landlord narrowly eyed the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A third candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassee; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat anything furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

"Have you any other guests here to-night?" asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

"Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot."

"And what may be the reverend father's name?" asked my companion.

"Fra Carlo Benevolata," replied the other.

"Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padre of that name."

"Very likely," said the innkeeper. "There are others of the family in high orders; he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family."

"Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honour to drink wine with us."

"The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep."

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to decompose him; but it passed over, and we entered in a friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shown into a bed chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The land lord apologised for taking me a little way off, as the neighbouring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had not got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside. He then exclaimed the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in a considerable emotion; then sitting the lighted candles on a