

THE EXAMINER.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY, BY
NUTTALL & STEWART.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE:

Tri-Weekly 1 year, - - -	\$5 00
" " 6 months, - - -	3 00
" " 3 months, - - -	2 00
Weekly, 1 year, - - -	2 00
" " 6 months, - - -	1 00

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Address all communications to

NUTTALL & STEWART.

OUR CLUB RATES.

We offer the following inducements to those who will take the pains to get up Clubs and send us the names of Annual Subscribers, with the subscription price of the Tri-Weekly Examiner—\$5.00, or the Weekly, \$2.00.

CLUB RATES FOR TRI-WEEKLY.

For a Club of 7 subscribers to Tri-Weekly Examiner, a copy of the same will be furnished for one year.

For a Club of 10 subscribers we will pay

in cash, - - -	\$ 5.00
" " 15 " " " " - - -	7.50
" " 20 " " " " - - -	10.00
" " 30 " " " " - - -	15.00
" " 50 " " " " - - -	25.00

CLUB RATES FOR WEEKLY.

For a Club of 7 subscribers to Weekly Examiner a copy of the same will be furnished for one year.

For a Club of 10 subscribers we will pay

in cash, - - -	\$ 2.50
" " 15 " " " " - - -	3.75
" " 20 " " " " - - -	5.00
" " 30 " " " " - - -	7.50
" " 50 " " " " - - -	12.50

These rates will be strictly adhered to, and the amount promptly paid to any one complying with them.

Our Tri-Weekly and Weekly Examiner contains more reading matter than any papers of the kind published in this part of the country, and the subscription price is much lower.

Good, active, enterprising canvassers can make money by getting up clubs for the Examiner, as well as do much for the good of the people and country, by aiding to circulate much needed information, sound political principles, and well selected reading matter, calculated and intended to excite enterprise, encourage industry, and give tone and character to society. The field is open and a fair chance is given to all. Who will furnish us the first Club?

The name of each subscriber should be given in full, with Post Office, County and State. Address,

NUTTALL & STEWART.

New Stock

OF
FRESH, PURE, AND RELIABLE DRUGS,



MEDICINES and such articles as are usually kept in a First Class Drug Store.

DR. G. B. POULSON has just returned from the North with

A large and carefully selected stock of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Soap, Fancy articles, Tooth Brushes, Combs, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Paint Brushes, Horse and Cattle Powders, Patent Medicines of all kinds, Cooking Soda, Coperas, Venetian Red, Concentrated Lye, and the best Bitters and Medicines for chills that can be used.

FINE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO

TO PHYSICIANS I would state that I have a

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT

AND CAREFULLY SELECTED

Stock of TRUSSES and ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, of the latest improvements. Excellent in quality, and low in price. Fine BREAST PUMPS and NURSING BOTTLES.

TO MERCHANTS.

I am prepared to supply at Baltimore or New York prices, by the dozen, such articles as Ess. Lemon, Ess. Peppermint, Ess. Cinnamon, Laudanum, Paregoric, Bateman Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, Opodeldoc, Castor Oil, and Turpentine.

My stock is complete and composed of articles Pure Fresh, Reliable in Quality and low in price as such articles can be obtained in this section.

Impure Medicines can be sold for a trifle and are dear at any price (such I do not and will not keep)—But I am sufficiently posted in the Drug Market to know that PURE Drugs and Medicines cannot be sold for half the price heretofore charged—Bear in mind it is always the cheapest and safest plan to buy the purest Medicines.

I would beg of all before purchasing elsewhere to call and examine my stock and get my prices.

G. B. POULSON,
Druggist & Apothecary
Salisbury N. C.

THE CELEBRATED "COBB" BRAND OF VIRGINIA CHEWING TOBACCO—at

BINGHAM & CO.'S

NEW FURNITURE STORE, SALISBURY, N. C.

I NOW HAVE ON HAND A LARGE AND well selected lot of FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, and am daily receiving from New York and Boston the Latest Styles of Furniture, consisting of

- SECRETARIES,
- BED-STEADS,
- CENTRE-TABLES,
- SOFAS,
- WARD-ROBES,
- CHAIRS, WHAT-NOTS,
- CORNER STANDS,
- CANE-SEAT
- PARLOR CHAIRS,
- CANE-SEAT AND BACK
- ROCKING CHAIRS,
- OFFICE CHAIRS,
- FISK'S METALIC BURIAL CASES,



ROSE-WOOD AND WALNUT COFFINS, ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sold at prices much lower than have been heretofore in this market.

Good WALNUT AND POPLAR LUMBER taken in exchange for Furniture.

aug 9-2-3m J. M. SANDERS, Serintenant

SCHEDULE NOTICE.

SEABOARD & ROANOKE RAILROAD Co. January 1st, 1869.

Trains leave WELDON daily, except Sundays, as follows:

Mail Train at 3 P. M.
Through Freight at 3 A. M.
Way " at 5:30 A. M.

Arrive at Portsmouth.

Mail Train at 7:10 P. M.
Through Freight at 11:15 A. M.
Way " at 2:30 P. M.

The Mail Train connects at Portsmouth with the BAY LINE STEAMERS for Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and all places North, East & West.

The Freight Trains Connect with Steamers daily for Baltimore; five times each week for N. York four times each week for Philadelphia and twice each week for Boston.

E. H. GHIO, Sup't Transportation.

N. F. RIVES, M. D. W. H. PROCTOR.

RIVES & PROCTOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGISTS

DEALERS IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,

PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS,

PERFUMERY.

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC WINDOW

GLASS, PUTTY,

SPICES, &c.

SOUTHERN DEPOT FOR

Rosadalis.

Would respectfully call the attention of Merchants, Physicians, Planters and others, to their extensive stock and superior inducements.

107 SYCAMORE ST., PETERSBURG.

apr 21-14-6m

FRANKLIN ACADEMY.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THIS ACADEMY will commence on the first Monday in August ensuing

Pupils can enter at any time and be charged from the time of entrance.

The rates of Tuition are as follows: \$7.50 \$10.00 and \$15.00, per session of five months payable at the end of every month.

No pains will be spared to give pupils a thorough training in all the branches usually taught in a first class Academy.

The Academy is located in a healthy and moral community, in Franklin Township, four miles from Salisbury, on the Mocksville road.

Board can be had in respectable families at from \$7.00 to \$8.00 per month.

L. H. ROTHROCK, Principal
June 17, 1869—9 1/2 w & 3 m

DR. GODDIN'S COMPOUND

GENTIAN BITTERS

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Colic, Sick Stomach, Bronchitis, Asthma, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

A UNIVERSAL TONIC.

A sure, safe, and reliable preventive and cure for all Malarial diseases, and all diseases requiring a general tonic impression.

Prepared only by Dr. N. A. H. GODDIN and for sale everywhere.

JAMES T. WIGGINS,

(Successor to J. H. Baker & Co.) Proprietary Agent and Wholesale dealer in Patent Medicines, Norfolk Virginia.

apr 28-14-1y

For sale at Dr. POULSON'S Drug Store Salisbury, N. C.

Correspondence N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE PANTIN MASSACRE—THE MOST HORRIBLE CRIME OF THE AGE.

PARIS, Oct. 1, 1869.

I resume my pen at a moment when all Paris is ringing with the details of the most horrible atrocity which has ever, perhaps, figured in the annals of crime. Everything else is forgotten in presence of the shock inflicted on society by this most frightful violation of the primary law on which its constitution depends—the security of human life. We had enough of sensational matter, and more than enough, Heaven knows, before this terrible Pantin massacre occurred, to keep public attention alive and in a state of excitement. A government tumbling, or rather having already tumbled to pieces, and nothing apparently being got ready to replace it; a half-constituted legislature; a sick Emperor; a weak, wavering, reactionary and unpopular ministry; a clamorous revolutionary press, growing bolder every day in its language and attacks; a discontented and disappointed population, full of vague aspirations, but in reality hardly knowing what it wants, or how to carry out in practice its new-born enthusiasm for political liberty. Here were elements sufficient already for confusion and bewilderment. But all these, and foreign affairs and troubles to boot—Spain, Cuba, Prussia, Baden, the reported insanity of the Emperor Alexander, as much as the decaying strength and intelligence of the Emperor Napoleon—all, all have been swept aside in presence of the horrors of that field of Pantin, of which posterity hereafter may well relate that it is called a "field of blood" until this day! A mother and six children murdered and gashed and mangled, and just thrust under the sod, with their hands almost sticking out of the ground, as though that were sufficient burial for concealment, on a spot within half an hour's walk from the walls of Paris, and traversed by railway trains from morning till night. Pantin lies between Paris and St. Dennis (itself a mere faubourg now of the capital), and passes to and fro "nose" the unsavory locality, which was already a byword of abomination to the inhabitants as a receptacle of the night carts of the metropolis. Truly, indeed, may it now be said to be a field of bad odor, for here has been enacted a scene of which the relics, when found, remind one of a quarry of wild beasts, or rather of wild men; such, for instance, as that which Defoe describes when he makes Robinson Crusoe visit the carnage which remains after a banquet of cannibals. The *disjecta membra* and ripped bodies of the victims, cut up and lacerated as well as murdered, might well seem to have first provided a horrid feast for the monsters who so mangled them after slaying. The details of their condition when drawn from the slight layer of earth which covered them, and of the subsequent post mortem examination of their injuries, are perfectly sickening. What a spectacle rises up to one's mind's eye as one attempts to realize the scene of horrors! The screams of the woman and her children, rising upon the darkness and silence of the night; the fearfully intermingled sounds of blows and gashes, and shrieks of lamentations—"Rachel weeping for her children"—which must have intervened before the assassins could have pursued, overtaken and done their work on all their victims, and reduced all again to silence more awful even than their cries! And then, immediately comes the involuntary question. Who could have done all this? Who, and how many and with what suddenness, for him, or them, to have escaped detection or observation by sight or sound, even in the very act? The mother was strong and resolute; there were boys of sixteen and fourteen years of age, beside the younger children, whose first instinct, one would think, would be to fly, shouting for help, in all directions at once, and who were to be followed, overtaken and brought back to the shambles. Yet at the moment when I write justice has as yet laid her hand but upon one man, or rather youth, barely twenty years of age, and far from robust in appearance, and stamped him as the sole or chief perpetrator of the dreadful deed. Here is one, certainly, of the chief mysteries to be yet cleared up in this terrible crime. It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat here, at any length, the endless details, more or less relevant, which will reach you in the published statements of this dreadful transaction. At the present moment the shocking story, divested of extraneous circumstances and irrelevances, seems to amount to this: An industrious and saving mechanic named Kinck, with his wife and six children (all by the same mother), lived at Roubaix. The eldest son, Gustave, was eighteen, the second sixteen, and so on down to the youngest child of three or four years. They had accumulated considerable property for people in their station, to the extent of 70,000 to 80,000 francs.

The family appears to have been for some time what the French term *en l'air*, as to their future movements and residence, the father wishing to return to his native province of Alsace, and the mother not liking to do so.—Hence a good deal of gossip and talking of their affairs and prospects among themselves and their neighbors. Among the latter were the Traupmanns, and chiefly the son, a young man of about twenty, with whom Kinck the elder seems to have been connected both in business matters and also to have been very communicative as to his property and future intentions. This Traupmann, who is clearly described as being of that class of young Frenchmen, so numerous in the present age, who are *indocils pauperum pati*—who will brook anything but poverty, and yet have no mind to wait till they can enrich themselves by honest exertions—appears to have formed the deliberate determination to possess himself, some time or other, of the property of the Kinck family, and to avail himself of his knowledge of their affairs only for that purpose. Accordingly, when he knew of, and perhaps instigated, the departure of Kinck the father to Alsace (who had previously remitted thither, through the postoffice, at Guebwiller, a sum of 5,500 francs with a view to his projective settlement in that part of the country,) Traupmann either joins himself to or follows Kinck, murders him (as is supposed) on the road, and attempts to get the 5,500 francs out

of the postoffice in his name. Failing in this, he allures Gustave Kinck, to Guebwiller in his father's name, thinking, probably, that the son would be sure to get the money; and then he goes off to Paris himself, calculating, first, to draw Gustave after him, with the 5,500 francs in his pocket, and then the wife and family, with all their other securities and property, and there murder them all and take possession.—And extraordinary as it may seem, this astounding plot proved very nearly successful. Gustave Kinck went to Guebwiller, and though he did not get the money from the postoffice, he did go to Paris, lured by Traupmann writing to him in his already dead father's name, and was there murdered in the expectation, doubtless of finding the 5,500 francs in his pocket, or at least as one more of the family put out of their way. Pursuing his horrible plan, Traupmann next proceeds (still personating Kinck the father) to lure the rest of his prey to destruction, and actually succeeds in bringing to Paris the mother and her five other children; in murdering or having them murdered as above; in possessing himself of all their securities, and in arriving at Havre, *en route* for America, with the property in his possession. There he was arrested and made a confession, implicating the Kincks, father and son, as principals in the murder of their son, as principals in the murder of their family, and representing himself only as an accessory. His story was utterly incredible from the first, and every circumstance has since gone to prove its falsehood. There can, indeed, be little doubt that Traupmann has been the sole concocter and instigator of the crime, though it is hardly probable that he could have been the sole perpetrator of it, unless he had succeeded in first drugging his victims. The chief mysteries still remaining to be unraveled are, first, the time and manner of the murder of the elder Kinck, and the place of concealment of his body; secondly, whether the younger Kinck was murdered before, as seems probable, and how long before, his mother and brothers and sisters; and lastly, who and what persons, if any, assisted Traupmann in the final butchery. No doubt all these incidents will ere long be cleared up and explained either by the confession of the chief criminal or by the investigations which are now being actively pursued in every direction.

UP IN A BALLOON—A WOMAN GIVES HER EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Charles Wise, a wife of the aeronaut made a balloon ascension with him the other day, at Lancaster. She writes.

When my husband announced that he would sell the vacant seat in his balloon chariot, "Jupiter," I resolved to be the highest bidder, though it should be a thousand dollars, when he gravely suggested to me about the pay, having, as he said, two cash offers of fifty dollars each. I told him mine was a hundred dollars—paid in advance by numerous charges against him for darning stockings and sewing his buttons on for ten years past. From this he made no appeal, but said all right, you shall go.

At ten minutes past four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Jupiter being sufficiently inflated, I stepped into the wicker car thereto attached, and with a throb of delight loomed up over the centre of the city. The multitude below, with upturned faces—the rattling sound of martial music—the shouts of applause—and the earth with its life gradually sinking down—down—down—still deeper down, excited me very much, and I involuntarily began to wave my kerchief in response to the happy salutations of good friends below.

My husband handed me the talismanic flag to wave, while he would throw overboard ballast composed of bundles of business circulars, and up, up we went at a glorious rate. My replies to his questions for awhile were only—"Splendid! splendid!" My heart was palpitating with joy over the beauties spread out beneath and around, so that I could do nothing but gaze upon the grand scene before me.

When we got beyond the built-up part of the city, I ventured my head through the barrier of ropes to look straight down, and beneath I spied what seemed a nice little Christmas garden, with little buildings in the middle, which my husband told me was Franklin and Marshall College, and just at this moment a milk-like vapor rushed down before and underneath us, entirely obscuring the world below. All at once my joy and observation changed to a feeling of amazement—amazement most profound. Oh, what a solemn silence surrounded us. It was an awfully mysterious thing to me, how this heavenly curtain of dewdrops could so suddenly wrap itself around us.

The big puffed-up globe above our heads, scarcely visible, seemed to bend and stagger with this load of vapor weighing upon it.—Presently a cheerful, mellow glimmer of light came from above, which cheered us again into conversation. Here Mr. W. threw overboard a considerable bundle of business cards, and as they scattered through this illuminated cloud they cracked like little torpedoes. I wondered what caused it. Mr. W. said: "It sounds like electric sparks." As they floated about, they shone like silver and gold.

Presently we came out at the top of this cloud and here again came a new scene. How beautifully strange up here—great big masses of white, soft-looking, fleecy clouds below. Oh, they looked as soft and silky as the finest down, and they rolled about, as it were, in a wanton voluptuousness. "But, where are we now—we are entirely partitioned off; how will we get down?" Mr. W. said: "I will take you down now; but before we go, let us eat a bite of our provisions, kindly furnished us by our friend, John Sides.

"No, indeed," said I, "this is a feast of reason; I can only feast with my eyes."—"But, please him, I ate a few grapes off a bunch placed in the car by John Adams which he was devouring with a gusto that indicated a keen appetite, as he also got out of the basket a roasted fowl to regale himself with. While in this solemn stillness I was suddenly startled. "Oh, what was that?" Mr. W. said; "I let off some gas to go down."

When the valve snapped shut, it cracked like a gun, and made me tremble for a moment—it made such a strange noise up there.

Now we gently and softly sank down through this fleecy bed below; in its mist it was more dark this time, and as we came out gradually below, I saw the city as behind a thin gossamer curtain, and now came such a chattering of iron wheels, and puffing of steam engines, and ringing of bells, contrasting strangely with the bright, silent world above the clouds.

Here we could see the beautiful Susquehanna, and here and there a village peering from behind a dark cloud, and the people below hallowing all around us, and I heard a voice distinctly cry, "Charley, come down, down—come down—come down!"

We repeated these cloud scenes five or six times, going up and down, and I was almost led to believe that when we shall change from mortality to immortality, it will be our happy destiny to soar through the realms of space, visiting on spiritual wing, this globe; for the good book tells us that, "In my Father's house there are many mansions," and I verily felt, when I was way up above the clouds, that I was in the house of God—it was so solemnly grand and sublime.

SPEECH OF EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE

On Monday ex-President Fillmore had a handsome reception at Louisville. In response to an address of welcome he said:

Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of Louisville, this reception is an honor and a pleasure which I had no reason to expect. Were I a candidate for some high political office, or did I come with the prestige of official power, I might account for this assembly here to-day. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since I have taken part in political matters. I belong to no party, but I do belong to my country, [applause], and I cannot express to you the gratification I feel to-day at seeing in prospect a deliberative body gathered from every State in the Union, the Union restored, that patriotic and glorious Union which has been endangered, but I trust not lost. [Applause]. Fifteen years ago I visited your city for the first and last time, and had I been placed in it to-day unawares, I could not have recognized it. True, there is the grand old river flowing along its edge; here is the great natural obstruction of the falls which has placed it with the great commercial cities of the country, but now when I see your splendid houses and your beautiful streets, all seem to be changed. It would seem as though a magic hand had passed over it. How you could be so prosperous under all the vicissitudes of the past ten years is unaccountable, but I congratulate you on your good fortune and your prosperity. Kentucky, if there be a State in the Union except that which gave me birth, is the State of all others I have learned to honor. [Applause].

I knew your illustrious citizen, who did honor to his State, as he did to all the Union, and who now sleeps within your border. I need not say I allude to Henry Clay. [Applause.] He was my early and best devoted friend, and I was his, and I can never revert to his memory without reverence and respect. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I came here with no prepared address; the time has long since passed since I have attempted such a thing. I came here simply to thank you for this unexpected reception and honor, and to express the hope that you may continue to be prosperous, and that our country may be one and united forever. [Applause.] Pardon me, therefore, for not adding to this address, and for contenting myself by simply thanking you for this honor. [Applause.]

FIENDISH OUTRAGE.

Miss Dooley, of Washington city, a beautiful, intelligent and interesting young lady, who, for some time past has been teaching school in Prince George's county, Maryland, about a mile from Fort Washington, was met on the road yesterday morning, while walking from the house of Mrs. Schaaf, where she boarded, to her school house, by a colored man, who has a wife living in this city, and knocked down, brutally outraged and robbed. Her screams attracted the attention of some gentlemen who were hunting in the vicinity, but who, when they reached the spot found her totally unconscious, and her ravisher gone. As may readily be imagined the news of the outrage spread rapidly through the neighborhood, and, in a short time the adjoining country was being scoured by parties in pursuit of the villain, and towards nightfall he was caught near the scene of his crime, and taken to Piscataway, where he is now chained to another of his race who had been previously arrested on suspicion. Of his guilt there is, it is said, no doubt, for in his scuffle with the unfortunate young lady a cotton bandage was torn from his hand, left on the ground and found there afterwards by those who examined the locality.

On Saturday last he had cut his hand with a scythe, and having no rag convenient, he had torn off a piece of the leg of his drawers, and made a bandage of it, and the rag found corresponds with the piece torn off. He lived with Mr. Adams, who farms a portion of Mrs. Schaaf's land, and was driving an ox cart, when he met Miss Dooley in the road, which, between the houses of Mrs. Schaaf and Captain Bensley, runs through a thick piece of woods, and perpetrated his fiendish crime, by first knocking down his victim, and then dragging her into the woods. This is the supposition, for the young lady has not yet recovered her consciousness, and received such injuries that Dr. Dyer, the attending physician, is uncertain about her recovery. Her three brothers, who live in Washington, have been sent for, and it is said that the punishment usual in such cases will be inflicted upon the criminal as soon as the necessary arrangements can be effected.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

Reports from the wine districts in France state that the present vintage will be good, in fact, better than that of 1868.