

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. 2.

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NO. 266.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

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W. L. COTTON, J. W. MITCHELL,
Manager. Office Sup't.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE NO. 8. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

To come into force MONDAY, DEC. 24, 1877

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 5 EXPRESS		No. 7 Mixed	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
GEORGETOWN	Dp. 8.45			
Cardigan	" 9.42			
Mount Stewart Junction	Ar. 10.25			
Royalty Junction	Dp. 10.35			
	" 11.46			
CHARLOTTETOWN	P. M.	P. M.		
	Ar. 12.10	Dp. 2.40		
	A. M.			
	Dp. 9.00			
Royalty Junction	" 9.25	" 3.05		
North Wiltshire	" 10.22	" 4.02		
Hunter River	" 10.40	" 4.20		
Bradabane	" 11.18	" 5.00		
County Line	" 11.28	" 5.10		
	P. M.			
Kensington	Ar. 12.07	" 5.50		
SUMMERSIDE	Ar. 12.45			
	Dp. 2.00	" 6.20		
Wellington	" 2.45			
Port Hill	" 3.28			
O'Leary	" 4.43			
Alberton	" 5.45			
Tignish	" 6.35			

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 2 EXPRESS		No. 4 MIXED	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
TIGNISH	Dp. 8.09			
ALBERTON	" 8.55			
O'Leary	" 9.52			
Port Hill	" 11.07			
Wellington	" 11.48			
	P. M.	A. M.		
SUMMERSIDE	Ar. 12.35	Dp. 8.35		
	Dp. 2.10	" 9.12		
Kensington	" 2.48	" 9.50		
County Line	" 3.30	" 10.10		
Bradabane	" 3.40	" 10.48		
Hunter River	" 4.20	" 10.50		
North Wiltshire	" 4.35	" 11.56		
Royalty Junction	" 5.30			
CHARLOTTETOWN	Ar. 5.55			
	Dp. 2.05	" 12.20		
Royalty Junction	" 2.30			
MT. STEWART Junc.	Ar. 3.40			
	Dp. 3.50			
Cardigan	" 5.12			
GEORGETOWN.	Ar. 5.40			

SOURIS BRANCH.

Going West. Going East.

STATIONS.	No. 5 MIXED		No. 6 MIXED	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Souris	Dp. 7.30	Ar. 3.50		
Harmony	" 7.55	Lot 40	" 4.26	
St. Peter's	" 9.10	Morell	" 4.32	
Morell	" 9.42	St. Peter's	" 5.05	
Lot 40	" 9.48	Harmony	" 6.20	
Mt St w't Junc.	Ar. 10.25	Souris	Ar. 6.45	

C. J. BRYDGES, W. McKECHNIE
Gen. Superintendent Sup't P. E. I.
Govt. Railways. Railway.

Notice to the Public!

SUPPLIES for the "Soup Kitchen" will reach the Committee if left at the Store of Mr. Alex. Horne, Corner of Queen and Fitzroy Streets.
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N. B.—Food for the sick carefully prepared by the Committee.
Nov. 30, 1877.

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Glace Pictures

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Parties intending to have Photographs made will find it to their advantage to sit early, as the number of our customers makes some delay in the delivery of the Photos unavoidable. We prefer to have our sitters come by appointment.

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ROSS BROS.,
Cor. Queen and Dorchester Streets,
opposite Connolly's Bank.
Sept. 10, 1877—3m eod

1878.

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ADDRESS,

W. L. COTTON,

Manager Examiner Printing and Publishing Company.
Ch'town, Dec. 6, 1877.

The Unspeakable Turk.

To the very last the Turk has shown himself the very savage he is. The correspondent of the London Daily News gives the following account of the atrocities perpetrated in a Greek town by the irregulars of the army of Mehemet Ali when he was retreating from Adrianople:—

"On the 23rd of January the commander-in-chief, Mehemet Ali Pasha, coming from the localities north of Adrianople, passed through Viza at the head of an army of 34,000, and stayed one night in town. The inhabitants spared no pains or money in providing for the comfort of the General and his army. Before taking his departure on the following day the Pasha gave orders to the civil Governor of the town to remain constantly there, protecting the life, honor, and property of the population, and not leave the place unless such circumstances should arise as would render it impossible for him to stay. The inhabitants, laboring under great agitation, owing to certain rumors which had reached them of attacks and raids committed elsewhere by Circassians, warmly begged of the Pasha to leave in the town a small detachment of his forces to guard the country, and in case of need be there to repulse a possible attack on the part of marauders. The Pasha, however, refused this request, on the ground that any such detachment left behind might ultimately have its line of retreat cut off, adding that there were other detachments coming after him which had orders to halt wherever their presence might be required, and to which he requested the inhabitants to show the same courtesy that they had shown to himself and his army, and prepare the provisions they would necessarily require. The same things were repeated to them by the officers who passed through on the following day. The inhabitants, exclusively Greeks, immediately set to work and prepared such quantities of bread and provisions as would have sufficed for the requirements of double the number of forces expected, and having got everything for their reception ready, waited for their coming, like hospitable inkeepers, at the very doors of their houses. In the midst of the refugees following in the wake of Mehemet Ali Pasha, and who since the day before had been constantly passing through the town, there suddenly appeared, coming toward Viza, a large body of armed men, consisting entirely of Bashi Bazuks, Zeibecs, and Circassians. Not the slightest suspicion of them entered into the minds of the population. On the contrary, some of the townspeople, in obedience to the orders received from the commander-in-chief, and confiding in the assurance given by him and his officers, went fearlessly forward to meet the new comers, and offer the provisions they had prepared. It is at this point that the curtain is drawn up, and a sight is presented to the world so ghastly that the understanding fails to comprehend it, and before which imagination itself becomes distracted with horror and wonder. No sooner were they in the town than these savage hordes of marauders, without a single word of explanation or warning, fell like hungry wolves upon the unprepared and peaceful inhabitants, seized almost all of them, and after plundering them of what they happened to have about their persons, obliged them, by pointing their guns at their heads, to say whether and where they had any money hidden. There is no torture which they did not invent in order to extract from the mouths of their victims such a confession. Massacres, murders, tortures, mutilation, rapine, pillage, fire, such was their infernal programme. Priests were seized, insulted, and ultimately tied on piles of wood and burned alive. Many a parent would have preferred, were the option left to him, to put his own eyes out, like Oedipus, rather than see his daughters, innocent young girls, sacrificed before his very sight, at the altar of dishonour, and trodden under the heels of shame, he being expressly made to stand by and witness, with tied hands and feet, the dreadful sight, God only knows with what unspeakable agony.

The daughters of the greater number of families, as also many married women upon whom the savages had satiated their most brutal passions, have been carried off, and nothing has been ascertained as yet as to their fate. Until late at night the firing of musketry continued with unabated fury, and the number of corpses lying about in the streets and within the houses increased every moment. In the meantime the pillage of houses and shops went on most savagely. About the following, however, most horrible abominable, and unheard-of crime, in itself a Colossus of savageness, a whole abyss of atrocity, I have most authentic and reliable information, though, for the sake of humanity, I should have been glad were it otherwise. It appears that the inhabitants of the village of St. George, eight hundred souls in all, Greeks entirely, flying before the Circassians, who had attacked and destroyed their village, managed to hide themselves in a large cave near Kara Dere. The Circassians, ever thirsting for Christian blood, were scourging the country in search of victims, and finally fell upon and discovered the place of refuge of these unfortunate people, and immediately tried to effect an entrance to the cave. In this, however, they were baffled, the entrance to the cave being well guarded and bravely defended by the refugees. This show of resistance of the people, and the fact, perhaps, that three of their number were mortally wounded by the shots fired from within, seemed to exasperate them the more, and after two or three further attempts to effect an entrance, but without success, they determined by any possible means to put immediately to death those within. They accordingly set to their infernal work, and by means of crowbars they ultimately succeeded in opening a hole on the roof of the cave, through which, without loss of time, they proceeded to pour a large quantity of brimstone and asphalt, to which they set fire by firing their guns through the hole. As a consequence, the inside of the cave was in a few minutes filled with smoke so dense that the poor people dropped down one by one, dying of suffocation, and the souls of eight hundred martyrs fled almost simultaneously toward the foot of the throne of their Creator.

the Almighty. Out of eight hundred who entered the cave only eighteen were saved, almost by a miracle, having on first entering the cave taken their stand at the furthest end of it, and having, after the Circassians had taken themselves off, exulting, no doubt, in their abominable work, come out of that immense cave by dragging themselves over the dead bodies of their fellow-villagers of yesterday.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19, 1878.

An important matter appertaining to the Post Office Department was settled last week—the Spring Mail lettings. This consisted in awarding the mail routes in nine States and all the Territories, accomplished two weeks earlier than usual this year. The number of routes exceeds 1,806, and 25,500 proposals for them were entered and considered.

General O. O. Howard is here, having been summoned all the way from the Pacific Coast to be investigated, and having last week gained a complete victory in the Freedmen's Bureau case, that has been so long pending against him. The General looks like a weary, saddened man. Bowled and gray and bronzed, from harshness of exposure and the persecutions of his fellow-men, it is no wonder that his appearance and expression are those of sadness. I heard him speak last week at Howard University to the colored students there, and the scene was most pathetic. When he came upon the platform the applause that greeted him was tremendous and prolonged. But he responded with neither smile nor bow, and soon I saw that he was too much moved to speak. When he could master his voice he said the scene was full of the pathos of sad remembrances to him, taking him back in spirit through the trials and hardships and suffering of the last decade. Fred Douglass spoke a few minutes after General Howard, beginning with: "Brothers, we ought to love General Howard." They ought. The very best of his life he has given to the colored man's cause.

It is strange that a man and so christian a man should have such enemies as he has. The bitterness of these are general Belknap and H. C. Boynton. The animosity of the former dates back to army jealousies, while that of the latter was born in the church—unhappily the hot-bed of so many differences: General Boynton's father was pastor of the Congregational Church here, which General Howard was instrumental in founding; and Boynton, the pastor, and General Howard disagreeing on the negro question, General Boynton—the son—took it up and began a persecution of General Howard that has never ceased.

Washington is enjoying a novelty—spring weather. Usually all the spring we know is a week or two of dull rainy weather, cold and raw, from which we are precipitated into mid-summer heat. But the last month has been unmistakable, balmy spring, and to-day birds are singing, buds are bursting, and the world hereabouts is happy and glad. Crocuses, hyacinths and dandelions are blossoming in gardens and lawns, while the woods outside the city are full of spring flowers. Everybody who goes to market comes away with a bunch of trailing ailanthus. "Darlings of the Forest" and all earth's indoors end out, seems in tune with the green things growing.

"Whether we look, or whether we listen. We hear life's murmur, or see it glisten: Every clod feels a stir of might, An instinct within it that reaches and towers, And, grasping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers: The flush of life may well be seen Thrilling back over hills and valleys.

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it. We are happy now because God so will it; No matter how barren the past may have been, 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.

And they are green. The tender new leaves of the box and willow have expanded most; but lilacs and maples and other park shrubbery are fast losing their brown winter look. Many are taking advantage of the bright days for a trip down the Potomac to Mount Vernon; and there the season appeared even more advanced than here. It may be because of so many evergreens about the lawn and garden, holly, magnolia, &c. The magnolia's are budding for blossoming there, and so are the roses and other shrubs.

MERRILL.

MR. GLADSTONE is thus described by a person who attended a recent debate in Parliament:—"The audience saw before them a slender man, of medium height, in age close upon the sixties. His head is large, well-balanced on his shoulders, with thin, gray hair, and bald in the regions of intellectuality. His complexion is almost ashen in hue, his face is ploughed with deep lines as if furrowed by thought, his expression is benignant and toned with a touch of sadness. His nose is prominent, giving a massive strength to the face; his eyes are brown, piercing, full of fire, which is somewhat hidden by the partly-closed lids; and which has the effect of making him seem as if he wished to reveal nothing, while comprehending, seeing everything. As his speech proceeded, his voice, without losing its sweetness, became more penetrating, full, resonant. His words seem impassioned, and this seeming is increased, by way of contrast, by the repose of his manner. His gestures are few, simple, scarcely ever full length; his body emphasizes a sentiment with an easy forward motion, but is never rocked or shaken, however passionate the utterance."

The Queen Hotel is closed in consequence of the financial difficulties of the proprietor, Mr. Robert S. Chapman. The furniture of the hotel now lies in Peter's auction room for sale, under a bill of sale held by Mr. C. A. Steeves, Barrister. The proprietor of the house was in gaol at Dorchester, at the instance of Mr. Pope, for debt, but succeeded in swearing out. Mr. Pope opposed his discharge by the Clerk of the Peace, on the ground of statements made by Mr. Chapman to the effect that he had means enough to pay his liabilities, etc. Mr. Chapman, on oath, denied that he had made such statement, and now Mr. Pope has made information against Mr. Chapman, charging him with perjury. On the strength