

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXVII

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1876.

NO. 34.

The Examiner

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RATES of ADVERTISING

THE following are the Rates and Terms of Advertising as agreed to by the publishers of newspapers in P. E. Island—50 cents per inch for first insertion, and 20 cents for each continuation.

Table with columns for 'DAY', 'WEEK', 'MONTH', 'QUARTER', 'YEAR' and various rates for different types of advertising.

All advertisements exceeding 12 inches will be subject to a discount of 10 per cent. additional, if continued for one year.

ALMANAC FOR AUGUST, 1876.

Table with columns for 'DAY', 'WEEK', 'MONTH', 'QUARTER', 'YEAR' and various rates for different types of advertising.

PRICES CURRENT.

Table listing various commodities such as flour, sugar, and meat with their current prices.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COOMBS & WORTH, JOB PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS, 51 WATER STREET, Charlotte-town, P. E. Island.

E. G. NELSON, IMPOINTER & REPAIRER OF SEWING MACHINES.

MacKENZIE & STUMBLES, Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, and General Agents.

WILLIAM DODD, Commission Merchant and AUCTIONEER.

CARVELL BROS., AUCTIONEERS, Commission Merchants, and General Agents.

HASZARD BROS., Commission Merchants & Auctioneers, FORWARDING, MANUFACTURERS, and General Agents.

REVERE HOUSE, ALBERTON, P. E. I. The subscriber has fitted up the above house in good style, and wishes to inform his friends, and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate.

INTERNATIONAL! CENTRAL STREET, Summerside, P. E. Island, JOHN MCKAY, PROPRIETOR.

THIS HOUSE, second to none on the Island for beauty of situation, comfort and convenience afforded, commands itself to the patronage of all who may visit the Island for business or pleasure.

Transient and Permanent Boarders. Charges moderate. Good Stabling on the premises. RICHARD GLADNEY, Proprietor.

INSURANCE. ST. LAWRENCE Marine Insurance Co. OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: A. KENNEDY, Esq., President. JOHN F. ROBERTSON, ARTHUR A. BROWN, THOMAS MORRIS, GEORGE D. LONGWORTH, P. W. HYNDMAN, W. D. STEWART.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY FIRE AND LIFE.

Invested Funds, 1st Jan'y, 1874, \$21,028,256 Deposited with Receiver-General of Canada, 162,800 Other Investments in Dominion of Canada, 367,091

FAIR RATES. Prompt & Liberal Settlements. Insurance against Fire effected upon Private Residences, Household Furniture and Farm Properties, for One, Three or more years, At Reduced Rates.

Office—Great George Street, Charlotte-town, P. E. I. R. F. FITZGERALD, Agent

POETRY.

THE LIFE BOAT. 'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping, Some gay color'd bark moving gracefully by;

Yet who would not turn with a fonder emotion To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and worn, Which often hath waded o'er hills of the ocean,

Oh! grant that of those who in life's sunny slumber Around us like summer-barks idly have played, When storms are abroad we may find in the number One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.

LITERATURE.

WENDERHOLME. CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Ogden flung the shoe down with an imprecation, and the whip after it. He then climbed the wall and tried to run, but the ground here was rough moorland and he fell repeatedly.

'Give me a lantern,' he said to old Sarah, 'and look sharp.'

'Old Sarah took down a common candle-lantern, and purposely selected one with a hole in it. She also chose the shortest of her candle ends.

'Well,' said old Sarah, 'what do you think master's done? He's licked little Jacob till he's wearily kilt him; but 'tittle one is right enough now. He'll never catch him.'

'What! has little Jacob run away?'

'Ay, that he has, and he can run, can little Jacob; and he knows all the places about. I have no fears on him. Master's gone out after him 'n' a lantern w' a hole in it, and auve a hinch of candle. It's like catchin' a bird w' a pinch of salt.'

'Little one's safe enough, I've warrant him.'

'We mun stay quiet till the old one is in bed, and then we'll go and seek little Jacob.'

'In a quarter of an hour Ogden came back again. His light had gone out, and he threw the lantern down on the kitchen floor without saying a word, and shut himself up in the sitting room.

The furniture was in great disorder. The chairs were all overturned, the mahogany table bore deep indentations from the blows of the hammer. Some pieces of old china that had ornamented the chimney-piece lay scattered on the hearth.

'Are ye seekin' something, Mr. Ogden?'

'I want something to make a noise with, Sarah.' She fetched the little silver horn that had been the doctor's last present to his young friend.

'Please Master Ogden, you've got no rum in the house.'

'No, but you have, Sarah. Please sir, I have got but very little. I think it's nearly all gone.'

'Do you think I want to rob you? I'll pay you for it.'

'Master Ogden, you don't use drinking speerets at Twistle Farm.'

Ogden gave a violent blow on the table with his fist, and shouted, 'Bring me a bottle of rum, a bottle of rum! Do you think you are going to have all the rum in the world to yourself you drunken old witch!'

There was that in his look which cowed Sarah, and she reflected that he might be less dangerous if he were drunk. So she brought the rum.

Ogden was pouring himself a great dose into a tumbler, when a hesitation seized him, and he flung the bottle from him into the fireplace. There was a shivering crash and then a sheet of intolerable flame. The intense heat drove Ogden from the hearth. He seized the candle and went up stairs into his bedroom.

Sarah and Jim waited to see if he would come down again, but he remained in his room, and they heard the boards creak as he walked from wall to wall. This continued an hour. At last old Sarah said—

'I cannot bide no longer. Let us go and seek the child, and she lighted two lanterns which, doubtless were in a better condition and better provided with candles than the broken one she had lent to Mr. Ogden.'

They went into the stable and cow-house and called in the softest and most winning tones that their voices knew how to assume. 'Little Jacob, little Jacob, come my lad, come; it's noubut old Sarah and Jim, my dear; Master's gone to bed long ago.'

They went amongst the hay with their lanterns in spite of the risk of setting it on fire, but he was not there. He was not to be found in any of the out-houses. Suddenly an idea struck Jim.

'If we'd rabout his bit of a dog, who'd find him sure enough.'

That He must be out on the open moor. 'We mun go and tell Mestur,' said Jim. 'If he's feared about th' child, he willn't be mad at him.'

So they returned straight to the house, and went to Mr. Ogden's room. He had gone to bed, but was not asleep. If he thought about little Jacob at all, his reflections were probably not of an alarming kind. The child would come back, of course.

'Please, sir,' said Jim, 'Master Jacob isn't come back, and we can't find him.'

'Please, sir, I'm rather feared about him,' said Jim; 'It's nearly two hours sin' he left the house, and it's uncommon cold. We've been seekin' him all up and down, old Sarah and me, and he's nowhere about the premises, and he isn't about the rocks neither.'

Mr. Ogden began to feel rather alarmed. The paroxysm of his irritation was over by this time, and he had become rational again; indeed his mind was clearer, and, in a certain sense calmer, than it had been for two or three days.

For the last half-hour he had been suffering only from great prostration, and a feeling of dulness and vacancy which this new anxiety effectually removed. Notwithstanding the violence of his recent treatment of his son—a violence which had frequently broken out during several months, and which culminated in the scene described in the last chapter, when it had reached the pitch of temporary insanity—he really had the deepest paternal affection for his child, and this paternal feeling was more powerful than he himself had ever consciously known or acknowledged.

When once the idea was realized that little Jacob might be suffering physically from the cold, and mentally from a dread of his father, which the events of the night only too fully justified, Mr. Ogden began to feel the tenderest care and anxiety. 'I'll be down with you in a moment,' he said. 'See that the lanterns are in good order. Have you dogs ready to go with us—they may be of some use.'

He came downstairs with a serious but quite reasonable expression on his face. He spoke quite gently to old Sarah, and said, with a half-smile, 'You needn't give me a lantern with a hole in it this time; and then he added, 'I wasted all that rum you gave me.'

'It 'ud 'ave been worse wasted if you'd swallowed it, mestur.'

'It would—it would; but we may need a little for the lad if we find him—very cold you know. Give a little to Jim, if you have any; and take a railway rug, or a blanket from my bed, to wrap him in if he should need it.'

The dogs were in the kitchen—a large mastiff and a couple of pointers. Mr. Ogden took down a cloak that belonged to Jacob, and made the dogs smell at it. Then he seemed to be looking about for something else.

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'If we'd rabout his bit of a dog, who'd find him sure enough.'

But Feorach had disappeared. Feorach was with her young master.

They began to be rather alarmed, for it was very cold, and intensely dark. The lad was certainly not on the premises. They set off along the path that led to the rocks. They examined every nook and cranny of the huge masses of sandstone, and their lanterns produced the most unaccounted effects, bringing out the rough projections of the rock against the unfathomable black sky, and casting enormous shadows from one rock to another. Wherever their feet could tread they went, missing nothing, but the lad was not amongst the rocks. It began to be clear to them that he could not even be in a place of such shelter as

'Th' dogs is 'appen mistaken' she said; 'little Jacob might be at Milend by this time.'

Mr. Ogden sent Jim down to Shayton on horseback, and returned to the moorland. They met again at the farm at three o'clock in the morning. Neither of them had any news of the child. Jim had roused the household on militia business, and expected to go on to Wenderholme with Colonel Stanburn, where he intended to pass the night.

CHAPTER VIII. During what remained of the night it is unnecessary to add that nobody at Twistle Farm took any rest. The search was continually renewed in various directions and always with the same negative result.

Ogden began to lose hope, and was more and more confirmed in his supposition that his son must have been lost in the bog. Jim returned to Shayton where he arrived about half-past four in the morning. When the hands assembled at Ogden's mill, Mr. Jacob told them that the place would be closed that day, but that he would pay them their full wages; and he would be grateful to any of the men who would help him the search for his little nephew, who had unfortunately disappeared from Twistle on the preceding evening and had not since been heard of. He added that a reward of a hundred pounds would be given to anyone who would bring him news of the child. Soon after daylight hand-bills were posted on every street in Shayton, offering the same reward. Mr. Jacob returned from the factory to Milend, and prepared to set out to Twistle.

The sun rose in clear frosty air, and the moors were covered with snow. Large groups began to arrive at the farm about eight o'clock, and at nine the hill was seen covered with searchers in every direction. It was suggested by Mr. Ogden by a policeman that if he had any intention of having the pond dragged, it would be well that it should be done at once, as there was already a thin covering of ice over it and it would probably freeze during the whole of the day and following night, so that delay would entail additional labor in the breaking of the ice. An apparatus was sent from Shayton for this purpose. Mr. Ogden did not superintend this operation, but sat alone in his parlor waiting to hear the result. There was a tap at the door and the policeman entered.

'We have found nothing in the pond, except—'

'Only this whip, sir, that must belong to you,' and he produced the whip with the steel hammer. 'It may be an important indication, sir, if it could be ascertained whether your little boy was playin' with it yesterday evening. You don't remember seein' him with it?'

Mr. Ogden groaned and covered his face with his hands. Then his whole frame shook convulsively. Old Sarah came in. 'I was just asking Mr. Ogden if he knew if the little boy was playin' with this ere whip yesterday—we've found it in the pond; and as I was just saying it might be a useful indication.'

Old Sarah looked at the whip that lay wet on the table. 'I seed that whip yesterday. But I dunnot think that our little lad played w' it. He didn't use playin' w' it. That there whip belongs to his father and his him as uses it and not little Jacob.'

Mr. Ogden removed his hands from his face and said: 'The whip proves nothing. I threw it into the pond yesterday evening myself.'

'It's a fine whip sir, to throw away for nothing.'

'Well, take it then if you admire it. I'll make you a present of it.'

'I've no use for it, sir.'

'Then I reckon,' said old Sarah, 'as you haven't got a lad about nine year old; such whips as that is considered useful for thrashing little boys.'

Mr. Ogden could bear this no longer, and said he would go down to the pond. When he had left the room, old Sarah took up the whip and hung it in the old place, over the silver spurs. The policeman lingered. Old Sarah relieved her mind by recounting what had taken place on the previous evening. 'I'm very glad as you brought him that ere whip. The sight of it is like pins and needles to his een. You 'ave paid him w' it far worse than if you 'ud laid it over his shoulders.'

Mr. Ogden gave orders that every one who wanted anything to eat should be freely supplied in the kitchen. One of Old Sarah's great accomplishments was the baking of oat cake, and as the bread in the house was soon eaten up, old Sarah hested the oven and baked two or three hundred oat cakes. When once the mixture was prepared and the oven heated, a skilful preparation makes these cakes with surprising rapidity, and old Sarah was proud of her skill. If anything could have relieved her anxiety about little Jacob, it would have been this beloved occupation; but not even the pleasure of seeing the thin fluid mixture spread over the heated sheet of iron, and of tossing the cakes dexteriously at the proper time, could relieve the good heart of the heavy care. Even the very occupation itself had saddening associations, for when old Sarah pursued the little Jacob was usually a highly-interested spectator, though often very much in the way. She had scolded him many a time for his 'plaguiness,' but what would she give to be plagued by that small tormentor now?

The fall of snow had been heavy enough to fill up the smaller inequalities of the ground, and the hills had that aspect of exquisite smoothness and purity which would be degraded by any comparison. Under happier circumstances, the clear atmosphere and brilliant landscape would have been in the highest degree exhilarating; but I suppose nobody at Twistle felt that exhilaration now. On the contrary, there seemed to be something chilling and pitiless in that cold splendor and brightness. Old Sarah warmed the little bed, and made a bright fire in Jacob's room. When Ogden came back he went there at once, and found the old woman holding a small night-gown to the fire. His face told her enough. His dress was covered with snow.

The grave-faced seekers ranged the moors all day, after a regular system devised by Mr. Jacob Ogden. The circle of their search became wider and wider, like circles from a splash in water. In this way, before nightfall, about thirty square miles had been thoroughly searched. At last, after a day that seemed longer than the longest day in summer, the sun went down and one by one the stars came out. The heavens were full of their glittering when the scattered bands of seekers met together again at the farm.

The fire was still kept burning in little Jacob's room. The little night-gown still hung before it. Old Sarah changed the hot water regularly every hour. Alas! was there any need for such comforts now? Do corpses care to have their shrouds warmed or to have hot water bottles at their icy feet?

Mr. Ogden who had controlled himself with wonderful success so long as the sun shone, began to show unequivocal signs of agitation after nightfall. He had headed a party on the moor and came back with a sinking heart. He had no hope left. The child must certainly have died in the cold. He went into little Jacob's bedroom and walked about alone for a few minutes, pacing from the door to the window, and looking out on the cold white hills, the monotony of which was relieved only by the masses of black rock that rose here and there. The fire had burnt very briskly, and it seemed to Mr. Ogden was rather too near. As he drew back the chair he gazed for a minute at the bit of linen; his chest heaved with violent emotion, and then there came a great and terrible agony. He sat down on the low iron bed, his strong frame shook and quivered, and with painful gasps flowed the bitter tears of his vain repentance. He looked at the smooth little pillow, untouched during a whole night, and then thought of the dear head that had pressed it and might press it no more. Where was it resting now? Was the frozen snow on the fair cheek and open brow, or—oh horror, still more terrible—had he been buried alive in the black and treacherous pit, and were the dear locks in the mud of the bog, and the bright eyes filled with its slimy darkness forever? Surely he had not descended into that grave; they had done what they could to sound the place and had found nothing but earth, soft and unyielding—no fragment of dress had come up on their boot-hooks. It was more endurable to imagine the child asleep under the snow. When the thaw came they would find him, and bring him to his own chamber, and lay him on his own bed, at least for one last night, till the coffin came up from Shayton.

To be Continued.

THE DEPARTMENT AT OTTAWA.

That was a remarkable episode in the history of Responsible Government which happened the other day at Ottawa. Let the local chronicler tell the tale:

'It seems that the difficulty between the Customs authorities and the Ohio Bridge Company as to the amount of duty chargeable on the iron for the Chaudiere bridge arose out of the fact that the Customs officers, Bartram and Henry, discovered that the iron weighed eleven tons more than the weight upon which duty was collected, representing a value of \$14,000. The officers having ascertained the correctness of their information, ordered the seizure of the bridge on Saturday. The seizure was accordingly made, but the contractor was permitted to proceed with the work of construction until the importers of the iron were informed of the action.'

'Yesterday a representative of the Ohio Wrought Iron Company at Toronto, Mr. Hills, having heard of the affair, came to the city with the intention of settling the difficulty. He visited the Customs Department and inquired for the Minister.

'He was informed that Mr. Burpee was absent.

'He asked for the Commissioner of Customs, but was told that he was absent also. Finally he asked who was in charge of the Department, and no one appeared to know.

'One of the clerks, however, thought Mr. E. W. Scott was acting Minister.

'The representative of the Wrought Iron Company then presented a despatch to the gentleman, asking him who was supposed to be acting Minister of Customs in the absence of Mr. Burpee.

'Mr. Scott did not know, but he would ascertain.

'He did ascertain and returned an answer, stating that he was acting Minister for matters of importance, but not otherwise.'

'What a spectacle for taxpayers! We have thirteen Ministers, twelve of whom draw \$7,000 a year each, and one of them the Premier, \$8,000 a year. When they were in Opposition they first of all laughed at the idea of thirteen Ministers being required, and then complained of the occasional absence of two or three of Sir John Macdonald's colleagues as a fraud upon the people and a hindrance to public business. But now, O tempora! O mores! such a thing as a quorum of the Cabinet is almost unknown. Take to-day, for instance—Mr. Blake is in England; Mr. Cauchon is engaged in a family difficulty at Quebec; Mr. Geoffrion is among his constituents; Mr. Letellier is holidaying; Mr. Burpee is down East; Mr. Coffin is on the sick list; Mr. Vail is nobody knows where; Mr. Smith is in New Brunswick; Mr. Scott, who in addition to discharge his duties as Secretary of State, has been Acting Minister of Justice, and, as will be seen above, Acting Minister of Customs 'for matters of importance but none otherwise, has just gone East, and Messrs. Mackenzie, Cartwright, Laird and Huntington are left to 'run the machine.'

'This utter indifference to the public interests is the key of the way to the understanding of the following exhibition:

Table with columns for 'SALARIES AT OTTAWA' and various names with their salaries.

It explains, also, the increase of \$28,000 in the yearly Contingencies; and leads us to turn from the Departments and ask with the Globe of the 10th June, 1870: 'If the expense, confusion, and misgovernment are so great at Ottawa under the very noses and eyes of thirteen ministers and as many deputies, is there any reason to hope that should be in the hands of every young man and every person suffering from a decline of the physical powers. The institute also publishes those invaluable treatises, "Sexual Physiology of Woman," and "Disease of the Nerves and Muscles." A very elaborate and costly Gold Medal has recently been presented to the author of these works by the National Medical Association. Don't fail to read the advertisement.'

AN ASTOUNDING SNAKE STORY.

A dispatch from Milford, Pa., July 24, says: A four year old son of one Riley, living on the old Milford and Oswego turnpike, in Blooming Grove township, came into the house on Saturday last carrying a rattlesnake. He had one hand clasped tightly round its neck and the other above its rattles. The mother of the child was terrified, and screamed to the boy to drop the snake on the floor, which he did. It coiled up in a minute, and filled the room with the din of its rattles. Mrs. Riley seized the broom and soon dispatched the serpent. Her little boy cried over the death of his venomous plaything and said there were more where he got that, and he would go after one. Mrs. Riley summoned her husband from an adjoining field. He asked the child to show him where he got the snake. He led the way into the scrub oaks about a quarter of a mile from the road, to a small ledge of rock in which there were many fissures. There, basking in the sun, the farmer saw dozens of rattlesnakes. He took his child in his arms and hurried away from the spot. Procuring the assistance of the hired man, the two, armed with flails, returned to the den. They attacked the serpents, thrashing right and left. For five minutes the contest waged, the noise made by the rattles of the snakes being almost deafening. Riley and his man killed 21 of the reptiles, and many escaped into the fissures of the rock. Riley's little boy had wandered alone to the dangerous rock, and had captured the snake and taken it home. It was two feet and a half long and had seven rattles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Professor Huxley has arrived at New York much improved in health.

The bill on reciprocity with Canada has been postponed by the United States Senate until December next.

At Charlottetown, on the 2d August, Rose Ann, daughter of John and Catherine McIntyre, aged three years.

Since the hot water set in the cases of drowning in the Thames at London have averaged 20 on a Sunday no fewer than 12 persons were drowned.

A telegram from Constantinople states that it becomes increasingly apparent that the illness of the Sultan is of a chronic nature. It appears, however, that the dangers of an immediate catastrophe has disappeared. The Sultan continues to be inaccessible to members of the Diplomatic body, because his nerves are very much affected and he must not be exposed to any excitement.

The taking Gurgosovatz by the Turks is the most important advantage gained by either party during the war. The road is now open to the Turkish army on the Servia. There can be no reasonable doubt that Servia will be bound to yield to the superior power of Turkey, but the temper of the European powers is such that the conditions of peace will not alter to any material extent the previous relations of the two countries.

The plain intimation of England to Turkey that European interference would be the consequence of any cruelties perpetrated in Servia by Mussulman troops, has not come too soon. The Bulgarian atrocities have been repeated more than once, and every Turkish victory has been a signal for destruction and pillage, fire and sword being used to convince the vanquished of the Porte's superiority. The required assurance will certainly be given by Turkey and as certainly disregarded.

A Constantinople special says an official despatch to the government has the following: Gurgosovatz was taken on Saturday. The Turks destroyed the Serbian redoubt and after a severe battle, penetrated the town, driving the Servians before them. The latter remaining with guns and material. Gurgosovatz was set on fire by the Canadian troops. The early fall of Sarscher is confidently expected. The main Servian army is retreating on Poschitzin, the troops much disheartened by recent reverses, and greatly demoralized.

A rumor has been spread to the effect that the hostile Indians were to be joined by stragglers from the British Territories. But the Canadian Indians are said to have refused all incentives to take part in the rupture. Major Walsby of the N. W. Mounted Police, is marching through the Indian country opposite the seat of the Indian war, and is within reach of the telegraph station. The Government has received no intimation of any movement on the part of the Canadian Indians in sympathy with the warlike Sioux and Cheyennes, and no dependence can be put on any report that would indicate unwelcome news.

A singular attempt at murder has just been committed at Marqueton Barque, in Belgium. Henry Broquet, a market gardener, was engaged to take care of a young woman of that place who had discarded a former suitor. She received an anonymous letter stating that to avenge her forgetfulness of her former lover three of his comrades would take vengeance by 'suppressing' the new one. Three skeletons represented as many men, one holding a cord, another a cudgel and a third a sword. Last Thursday evening Broquet was going to Marqueton, when he was set upon in a lonely part of the route by three men, who threw a sack over his head, beat and kicked him, stabbed him in the side, and then, removing the sack and finding him insensible, drew a cord tightly round his neck and left him on the road for dead. The mayor of the place, passing by shortly afterwards, found the insensible body and, obtaining assistance, cut the rope and had the man removed. Hopes are entertained of saving his life, but his assailants have not yet been captured.

Nobody will be surprised at the victories which the Turks have gained over the Servians, and at the probable end of the war, most disastrous to the latter. It was supposed that Russia was behind Servia and the other insurgent provinces in this outbreak; and there is little doubt that there was good ground for the belief. It has been made clear throughout the struggle that Russian sympathy and even assistance was given to the insurgents. Perhaps Russia intended to go further, and if required, to actually throw in her battalions in the war against Turkey; but that powerful fleet of war vessels which England had placed there, if the worst came to the worst. From the moment of the appearance of this fleet, Russia began to draw in her horns, and whatever assistance the insurgent Turkish subjects received from her afterwards was slight. To throw in her support openly would greatly imperil her relations with Great Britain, and as many more of the Western powers. The Servians hoped for and counted on Russian backing, as the Danes counted on the support of England in their war with Prussia and Austria. In both cases the weaker powers had to succumb; and it is clear that directly or indirectly, right or wrong, England has been the great influencing power that led to their defeat. As British subjects we must have a feeling of pride that the nation that placed them there, if the worst came to the worst. From the moment of the appearance of this fleet, Russia began to draw in her horns, and whatever assistance the insurgent Turkish subjects received from her afterwards was slight. To throw in her support openly would greatly imperil her relations with Great Britain, and as many more of the Western powers. The Servians hoped for and counted on Russian backing, as the Danes counted on the support of England in their war with Prussia and Austria. In both cases the weaker powers had to succumb; and it is clear that directly or indirectly, right or wrong, England has been the great influencing power that led to their defeat. As British subjects we must have a feeling of pride that the nation that placed them there, if the worst came to the worst. From the moment of the appearance of this fleet, Russia began to draw in her horns, and whatever assistance the insurgent Turkish subjects received from her afterwards was slight. To throw in her support openly would greatly imperil her relations with Great Britain, and as many more of the Western powers. The Servians hoped for and counted on Russian backing, as the Danes counted on the support of England in their war with Prussia and Austria. In both cases the weaker powers had to succumb; and it is clear that directly or indirectly, right or wrong, England has been the great influencing power that led to their defeat. As British subjects we must have a feeling of pride that the nation that placed them there, if the worst came to the worst. From the moment of the appearance of this fleet, Russia began to draw in her horns, and whatever assistance the insurgent Turkish subjects received from her afterwards was slight. To throw in her support openly would greatly imperil her relations with Great Britain, and as many more of the Western powers. The Servians hoped for and counted on Russian backing, as the Danes counted on the support of England in their war with Prussia and Austria. In both cases the weaker powers had to succumb; and it is clear that directly or indirectly, right or wrong, England has been the great influencing power that led to their defeat. As British subjects we must have a feeling of pride that the nation that placed them there, if the worst came to the worst. From the moment of the appearance of this fleet, Russia began to draw in her horns, and whatever assistance the insurgent Turkish subjects received from her afterwards was slight. To throw in her support openly would greatly imperil her relations with Great Britain, and as many more of the Western powers. The Servians hoped for and counted on Russian backing, as the Danes counted on the support of England in their war with Prussia and Austria. In both cases the weaker powers had to succumb; and it is clear that directly or indirectly, right or wrong, England has been the great influencing power that led to their defeat. As British subjects we must have a feeling of pride that the nation that placed them there, if the worst came to the worst. From the moment of the appearance of this fleet, Russia began to draw in her horns, and whatever assistance the insurgent Turkish subjects received from her afterwards was slight. To throw in her support openly would