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This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR

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Literature.

TO MY HERBARIUM.

BY CHS. J. SPRAGUE.

Ye dry and dead remains!
Poor, wrinkled remnants of a beautiful prime!
Why, from your final doom, should I take pains
To stay the hand of time?

The world would pass you by;
For beauty, grace, and fragrance all are gone.
Your age is homeliness to every eye,
And prized by me alone.

Not beautiful, but dear,
Your weeks recall to me the happy past,
Wand-like, your stems can summons to appear
The days that could not last.

I breathe the summer air!
I wander in the woodland paths once more!
Again the copse, the dell, the meadow, wear
The loveliness of yore.

Turned to the God of day,
Your little lips come, prayerfully, apart,
With the soft breeze your leaves, reviving, play
Sweet music to my heart.

The friend who in those years
Shared warmly in my rambles, far and wide,
Back with the same old fondness, re-appears,
And trudges at my side.

These are your charms to me!
While such dear recollections ye awake,
Your ruins, blackened, crumbling though they be,
I treasure for their sake.

May I, like you, dry flowers,
When in young life I can no more engage,
A dear memento be of happy hours
To those who tend my age.

THE BAGH-NUK.

(Concluded.)

"She is dead!" said Dr. Thomson, after calmly regarding her, and taking from Margaret's trembling hand a *kuttora* or small china goblet, to which she pointed. I need not diffuse the story was briefly revealed. On retiring for the night, Margaret found on her table the goblet containing the draught which she had promised to swallow. She had been left alone, and was on the point of quaffing the potion, when Hazara staggered into the room, her looks haggard, her accents loud and wild. "Drink it not!" she said; and as Margaret stared upon her, the goblet still in her hand, the girl, snatching it from her, emptied it at a draught, and exclaiming: "I am poisoned!—I wished to kill you, for you are loved by one who cares not for me, and now I shall die!" Ere Margaret could summon Mrs. Irwin and the servants, the truth of Hazara's assertions became visible. Her shrieks, at first loud, became weaker; and just before she became speechless for ever, she named her father and Mark Thorne. Her father had given her the potion for the *bridgemoon*, and she had sworn to administer it.

It was a sad and restless night that which followed. The harbar's party which was despatched within an hour to bring in prisoner the fakir, Boorhun Sha, found his tekiach cell vacant; not a trace of him was visible, except the *chatty* of cool water from which he drank and a few handfuls of *dal* (parched peas). Justice was not satisfied with this superficial search. Information of the intended murder was spread abroad, and high rewards offered for the detection of the fakir; but in vain. Meanwhile my friend's nuptials were solemnized under that certain cloud which inevitably lowers over a recent crime. I know not how the bride or bridegroom felt on the occasion, but for myself I must confess that a singular and unaccountable depression weighed me to the very ground. In short, I was glad when, all over, the ready palanquin conveyed the new-married pair from Mrs. Irwin's elegant refectory to the ruins of Vizianagur, where, in accordance with an established custom in Anglo-Indian society, at the period of which I write, they had resolved upon passing the honeymoon. I bade them farewell, and in a few hours after had left Bellary in prosecution of my route to join my regiment.

The post, a week afterwards, brought me the accounts of the event I am about to relate. On the fourth evening of their stay at Vizianagur, Mark wandered out to finish a sketch of an antique pagoda, of which his wife had requested a copy. He never returned! But as twilight advanced, poor Margaret, anxious and impatient, determined on seeking him; and knowing the spot where he had gone, set off on foot with several bearers and her ayah to meet him. They met him not; and the place being very near, was reached before daylight had yet thickened into gloom. There are sights that curdle the blood with horror, and such was that which met the gaze of the young wife. I need not say that it was the body of her husband—the *headless* body! Stretched below a pile of ruins, the ground saturated with his blood, poor Mark Thorne had evidently been intent on his occupation when attacked by the assassin. Examination—though, of course, that was an afterthought—warranted the conclusion that the death-blow was struck before the trunk was decapitated. Through his heart was the deep wound delivered by deliberate hatred; and in that wound—as if some sudden voice had startled the perpetrator into flight ere he could withdraw the deadly weapon—was fixed a steel instrument, called a *bagh-nuk*, or tiger's claw. It is a rare weapon, and the only one I ever saw was that which deprived my friend of life. The word *bagh-nuk* describes it; for it is a sharp claw-like thing, with four curved, pointed spikes, attached by a light bar to two rings, which he who uses it passes over the fore and little finger. The weapon is thus concealed in the hand, striking the victim with all the force and fatal aim of a tiger's claw. "With this arm," says a modern traveller, "the renowned chief Sivajee, traitorously slew Afzul Khan, the commander of Pertaughur, in 1659." No trace of the head could be discovered. It was cleanly severed from the trunk; and, notwithstanding the most strict investigation, the whole matter remained a mystery for several years. It is needless to relate the anguish of the widowed bride, the horror of her attendants. Enough to say that God, who is never absent from the suffering humanity which invokes His aid, had compassion on her. A party of gentlemen and ladies, visitors to the ruins, arrived even as she sat in frenzy over the maimed body of her husband. Amongst them was a surgeon, to whose skill and his wife's tenderness Margaret owed her life, perhaps her reason.

Time passed, time passes, and with it comes thoughts which, however dark, drive out darker ones. After two years I was in command of a detachment at Condapilly in the northern division, where the closing scene of this drama of real life took place. A stranger to this decayed town, I delighted in rambling about the wild romantic hills and rocks which on one side overlook the suburbs, and stretch away, clothed in variegated jungle, for many miles. A view of the Kistnah river, as it winds through cultivated fields till lost near the rugged plains where the long exhausted mines of Golconda exhibit nothing but deep pits and shallow beds of water, whence the finest diamonds were once dug, gave life to the scene; and being solitary in my command, without any other European officer, I felt, as it were, "lord of all I surveyed." One early morning I had set forth with one sepoy-attendant, a native of the place, to inspect a bit of marshy ground in which it had been reported that snipes were known to congregate. As we entered a darksome pass leading to it, we suddenly came upon an old *jogi*, or Hindoo mendicant, whose emaciated and almost nude limbs were so thickly smeared with pipe-clay and ashes, that his original skin might belong to any given colour. His long hair, plastered with filth and dust, depended in tangles down his back; but as he glanced fiercely at us, whilst he continued to fill a basket beside him with the fiery stalks and leaves of the poisonous *Asclepias*, I recognised, in spite of every disguise, the Mohammedan fakir, Boorhun Sha, in the still more repulsive and squalid form of the Hindoo *jogi*. Startled as I was, I resolved on the conduct to be pursued, and passed silently and indifferently, without a look that could denote recognition or suspicion. Passing a rock that hid us from sight, I asked the sepoy whether he knew the man.

"I, look, vospur, sahib!—(I spit upon him, sir,)" said the man. "We have heard of him, but his accursed presence has not till to-day blotted out the light from my eyes. In the first place—may Allah preserve us—he is a *jogi*; and in the next—may Satan be aloof—he is a *jadooogur* (a sorcerer.)" "Does he reside in the town?" I asked.

"No, sahib; he inhabits a cell beneath the rock to the right; only the stone worshippers approach it, and even they are not admitted to the interior. The villagers bring him food; and, as he is said to have wonderful power over herbs and drugs, he is much sought after as a *hakeem* (doctor.) But Allah keep me from phisic that is nothing else but *mantr jantur* (magical incantations.)" That day I wrote privately to my friend the collector of the district such a letter as I knew would induce him to place at my service any amount of judicial authority that might be necessary. Two nights after, alone, but armed, I left my bungalow on a reconnaissance for the cell of the enemy. It was a fine clear night; I had nothing to fear from anybody but the *jogi*; and as the fragrance of the jasmine, which sprang profusely in the thickets, the blossoms of the acacia, and as the basil (*Ocimum sanctum*) which I crushed at every footfall, floated around me, I was sensible of an aspiration that I might be the means of bringing to deserved punishment the murderer of my friend. Silence was around, disturbed only by the croak of the wood dove, or, as I neared the marsh, the croak of the bull frog. A light, almost dazzling, shone from the only aperture, except the closed door, that belonged to the cavernous cell; and certain that I was unwatched, I crept stealthily to this open lattice, and looked in. My reward was a sight that convinced me I had guessed justly, for Boorhun Sha, without the filthy pigments which had altered his countenance when I saw him before, stood revealed in all his original ugliness; I should have said knelt, for the *jogi*, in the position of a suppliant, with raised hands and murmured means, seemed to address what at first I took for some hideous idol; but ever and anon, as he turned his fierce eyes to the cresset, in which glared a brilliant light, I could discern that passions of no gentle nature suggested the prayers he breathed. As my vision became accustomed to the light, I saw with surprise that it was to no idol, but to a grim human skull that his words were addressed. Round it, something that quivered, yet did not escape, arrested my attention. It was a long green tree snake, nailed by the head to a wooden pedestal, on which the skull was placed. Once or twice he groaned deeply, and then, stooping to take up some material from the floor, the nature of which I could not distinguish, he uttered a yell so loud, so weird, that startled out of my caution. I must have displaced part of the window against which I leant, for in a moment, ere one could count one, the light was extinguished, and all was dark.

I confess I felt exceedingly nervous as I cautiously withdrew. But ere a second day had elapsed, officials were with me, accompanied, too, by my friend the collector, prepared to seize the suspected *jogi*; and no time was lost after their arrival. In a few minutes we were at the hermitage; and in a few more, from a sound and unsuspecting sleep, Boorhun Sha was awakened to find himself a prisoner.

He made no resistance, nor by a single word afforded confirmation or denial of the charge brought against him. In his cell nothing was found but a few drugs and dried plants. I looked in vain for the skull, and resolved that it should not, if possible, escape me. I asked where he had hid it; and a glare from his eyes that rivalled the tiger's in ferocity was his only reply; but ere that glare fixed on me, I had caught the direction to which it had momentarily wandered, and in a dark niche, which might have readily escaped detection, the ghastly memorial was found. The reader, who has doubtless guessed the suspicions that crossed my mind when first I saw it, will not wonder that I took it in my hands with a shudder, passing it to the surgeon of my regiment, who, at my request, had come to Condapilly on this occasion.

"It is the skull," said he, "of an individual who, in early youth, must have undergone a surgical operation, for one of the cheek-bones—the superior maxillary bone—is wanting."

At these words, confirming my suspicions, the prisoner started in wonder. "Is there any one here," continued Mr. Pratt, "who knows if the gentleman, of whose murder the prisoner is accused, had any similar defect?"

"Yes," I answered, "my friend, Captain Mark Thorne, whose skull this is, by a fall in early youth was obliged to have the cheek bone operated upon. He was murdered by this man."

"And the weapon," said the collector.

"Was a *bagh-nuk*," cried the prisoner, to our extreme astonishment.

I am at the end of my relation, for Boorhun Sha, far from endeavouring to deny the crime, seemed to glory in having committed it; in fact, he confessed all. Whether the man was really rendered partially insane by his avowed hatred of Thorne, and by his own natural evil passions, is a question which did not benefit him in these days, whatever it might have done in these.

Boorhun Sha confessed that, urged by his daughter, Hazara, to provide her with a philtre which should gain her the love

of Mark Thorne, he had supplied her with a poisoned potion, in two separate draughts, each one of which was of strength sufficient to fulfil his purpose. The girl must have suspected his intention, knowing how bitterly he hated Thorne, for, changing her determination, she entreated Margaret Douglas to drink the draught as a beautifier. Under the idea that Mark had been induced to swallow it, Boorhun Sha fled; but rumour soon acquainted him with the turn affairs had taken, and, in the disguise of a *jogi*, he followed the newly wedded couple, still intent upon revenge. He was condemned to be hanged at Masulipatam; and every one who was a sojourner in that city at the time will recollect the disappointment which prevailed on the morning appointed for his execution, when it was discovered that he had escaped the rigour of the law by voluntary death.

As his person had been strictly searched when seized, great curiosity was excited as to the means by which he had committed suicide. His body became the subject of anatomical investigation, and this led to the detection of the arm secreted for self-destruction. Between his toes were concealed several little bags of a subtle powder, which, when tested, were found to be virulent poisons.

Cleanings from late Papers.

LOUISVILLE, December 17.—THE NEGRO EXCITEMENT IN TENNESSEE.—The City Council of Clarksville, Tenn., instructed the Recorder to notify iron masters and other owners of slaves, that no slaves will be permitted to come to the city to remain more than two hours, unless accompanied by a respectable white person, under a penalty of 20 lashes. Slaves having wives and their master's passes are exempted. Persons having slaves going to or from Christmas festivities are not to allow them to pass through Clarksville, unless a respectable white person will keep them together, and not allow them to mingle with the negroes at Clarksville.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22.—Destructive Fires in Philadelphia.—140 Horses Burnt.—There were three destructive fires in the city last night, keeping the firemen engaged till morning. John Thurston's brush factory in the 16th Ward was totally consumed, throwing three hundred hands out of employment. The omnibus stables of Mills & Flynn, West Philadelphia, were also totally consumed, and one hundred and forty horses burnt, and fifty omnibuses.

Wilson's planing mill, near the Navy, Yard was also burnt. Total loss \$100,000.

AN ORIENTAL MURDERER.—We have received journals from Batavia to 11th of October. The wholesale murderer Oey Tamba, a Chinese, and his Malay accomplice were hanged on the 7th, in front of the Stadt Huis. The Malay employe of the Chinese confessed to the perpetration of 18 murders, for all which he was paid by Oey Tamba at the fixed rate of 20 florins each, whilst his master plundered the victims of many thousands. Oey Tamba was a man of wealth and influence, and although long suspected of atrocious crimes, he until recently managed to elude the vigilance of the Dutch police, by the well-concocted system of putting suspicion and crime on others; when last in custody on suspicion, he tried, but was detected, to poison his wretched accomplice for fear of the latter's giving evidence against him.—Singapore Straits Times.

AUSTRALIA.—The Duffy testimonial has been presented. The original plan was to raise a fund to purchase a freehold qualification to enable him to stand for the Lower House (£2,000). Some of Mr. Duffy's admirers in Sydney organised a committee to collect subscriptions there. Launceston, in Tasmania, joined, and the result is a total of £5,000. Half has been laid out in a house and grounds, and the other half, with the title-deeds of the property purchased, has been presented to Mr. Duffy. Mr. Duffy's speech on the occasion was very good. He showed an evident desire to sink nationalities and regard the country and population as Australian. The generation of an Australian nationality is the aspiration of some of the best and most patriotic among us, and Duffy's speech touches the right cord.

DIVERGING EMPIRES.—THE SWORDS OF PHYSICAL AND MORAL TRIUMPH.—Two men, alike perhaps in the normal nature of their genius, and each aiming at a certain universality of empire in the professions they respectfully selected—Napoleon and Holloway. The empire of the sword which the former created and for so many years of fluctuating victory sustained and fostered was, after all, an idle and a bloody dream. It faded in the frost of his first reverses, and when he died, a lonely exile on the sea-girt rock, there was no compensating benefit that he could point to for all the carnage, misery and ruin his personal ambition cost the world.

Professor Holloway made a wiser choice, although the enemy he grappled with had more than mortal terrors at command. He levied war upon disease, and with the self-made weapons of his Universal Remedies, has fought and overcome his enemy in every land, on every sea, among all tribes and nationalities of the earth. It was a stubborn fight and one in which success brought no triumphal cries to cheer the prowess of the conqueror. The silent gratitude of a rescued sufferer, the still small voice of an approving conscience, the assurance that his years had been devoted to a worthy object, and the growing respect and admiration of all whose good opinion deserves to be considered,—these were the only stimulants which prompted him to despise the calumnies of interested hate, and persist in the dissemination of that medicinal empire which he has at length established among all the nations and branches of the human family. And his is an empire that will last, and a reward that shall not pass away.

It would be an insult to the understanding of our readers—versed as we must suppose them to be in a matter of such vital interest—to enlarge upon the different steps of the investigation by which Professor Holloway succeeded in demonstrating that all maladies took their rise in an organic impurity of blood. He did discover it; and by discovering, in addition, one single combination of herbs capable of restoring the blood to purity, arrived at that Universal Remedy which, though dreamed of, and believed in, and hoped for by the wise men of all former ages, had never before been realised in the test of universal practice. Great indeed, is the reward of the learned and indefatigable physician: the prayers of the millions he has saved accompanying him through life—and the record of their gratitude will have gone before him when he is summoned from the scene which his genius and philanthropy have so largely contributed to improve. The reward of practical benevolence is an imperishable crown.—Washington Democrat.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—WALKER'S SICK AND WOUNDED ATTACKED BY THE NATIVES.—A private letter from Nicaragua says:—The sick and wounded with the women and children who were at Granada before its destruction, were, to the number of 150, conveyed to the island of Ometepe, in the lake, where they suffered dreadful privations for some days, and were then surprised and attacked by the natives. Some thirty escaped, but there are fearful apprehensions as to the fate of the remainder.

The news from Nicaragua is very important, and very contradictory in its character. According to the general tone of the New Orleans despatch, Walker has been successful in all his movements; but by a despatch received from Charleston, and published this morning, the Central Americans had driven him from post to post, leaving him at last accounts in a desperate and critical condition.

That Walker's condition is a critical one is evident, and it has been made so by the foolish quarrels among the chief filibusters. Instead of combining and sustaining the cause they are all interested in, they are attacking each other, and wasting both time and opportunity. They are throwing away an empire and a century of progress.

THE FIRE AT MONTREAL.—It is probable that the burning of the Episcopal Church in this city was occasioned by the stones that heated the Church being placed near the so-called lath and plaster partition with which the stone walls of the building was incased, leaving a vacuum of a few inches; the stones themselves being in equally close proximity to the partition. The Church was used by the Choir, who exercised about two hours prior to the breaking out of the fire. The amounts insured are: on the Church, £25,000; Clock, £150; Organ, £1500; Bell, £200. The adjoining property owned by Mr. Musson was insured for upwards of £10,000, but his loss is not nearly as much.

MARTYRDOM OF A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.—A most audacious and horrible murder has been perpetrated by the Chinese authorities, in the province of Kwangssi, on Rev. M. Chapdelaine, a Roman Catholic Missionary, who was supposed to be inciting the people to rebellion. He was seized by the authorities, and received one hundred blows on the jaw from the sole of a shoe; three hundred blows were then administered with a rattan, and the blood of a dog sprinkled over him. He suffered intensely from these outrages for five days, when he was decapitated, his head hung to a tree, and the boys amused themselves by throwing stones at it until it fell. The Mandarin soldiers took the body, opened it, took out the heart, cut it into pieces, fried it and ate it, in the disgusting belief that they would thus be rendered invincible in battle! A Chinese Christian, a widow twenty-three years of age, who had been employed by the Missionary in teaching, was put to death after him, and all those openly known in the neighborhood as Christians, have had their property confiscated, and have been thrown into prison.

BUFFALO, Dec. 15.—A severe gale commenced here yesterday forenoon and continued until a late hour last night. It was accompanied with frequent squalls of rain, hail and snow. Great damage was done to buildings and docks. The Canada dock, with Walker & Co.'s warehouse, was entirely destroyed. Several buildings were unroofed and otherwise damaged. The water rose this afternoon and flooded the docks, entering the cellars in the lower part of the city. Many buildings were blown down in all parts of the city. Two of the turrets of the Lafayette St. Church were blown over during the service yesterday morning, and a portion of the roof broken in, and the building sustained other damage. Fortunately no one was hurt. The track of the Niagara Falls Lake Shore R. R. is torn up for a distance of half a mile, and the embankment is washed away. Communication will be interrupted for several days. The gale was the most severe that we have experienced for years.

REMOVED RETIREMENT OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT.—A report which is circulating in Dublin of an intention to remove the Earl of Carlisle from the Vice-royalty, is not received with favour by any party. There has never been a Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland so universally popular, and his withdrawal would be viewed with very general regret. The *Northern Whig*, referring to the report on this subject, says:—"We sincerely hope that imbecility is not so universal among Whig Peers as to render Lord Carlisle indispensable to the House of Lords. It might be an excellent thing to get rid of the vice-regal sham in Ireland; but, while we are to have a Lord-Lieutenant, it would be well to have Lord Carlisle. Men might be easily be found to serve the Whig party better than Lord Carlisle has served it. We know, however, of no other man who, in the same office, has served Ireland so well; and the fact of his popularity here ought to have some weight in Lord Palmerston's arrangement to provide a head for these illustrious noblemen who are the British Government in the House of Lords. Lord Palmerston thinks that as there is nothing for a Lord-Lieutenant to do in Ireland, one man will answer the purpose as well as another; but Lord Carlisle has a graceful way of doing nothing and saying nothing, in which he excels all mankind."

NICARAGUA.—New York, Dec. 25th.—The steamship Tennessee sailed this afternoon for Nicaragua, without hindrance from the authorities. She took out a large number of passengers and a bountiful supply of provisions for Walker's army.

THE SLAVE PANIC.—A Tennessee paper says Senator Bell will lose \$10,000 by the slave panic. Four of his negroes were hung in his absence by the local courts, and five more by the mob, without judge or jury.

The Sioux burned a Chippewa Indian to death near Glencoe, Minnesota, on the 23d ult., in revenge for the murder of Dakota women last year. The Chippewa met all the horrid torture inflicted on him with indifference. He was burned at a slow fire, and lingered several hours.

In the Public Library of Boston, there have been 82,661 books borrowed during the year—daily average 201—during 5 working hours. The widow of Dr. Amos Binney, of Boston, has offered to deposit in the Library of the Natural History Society of that City, 1000 volumes of the Dr.'s Library in that department—some 400 different works, many of them very rare.

A snow storm, during the first week in December, blocked up some of the railroads in Wisconsin and northern Illinois with drifts of six or ten feet in depth. The trains were stopped for nearly a week.