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EDWARD WHELAN]

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

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Literature.

CHILDHOOD.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

Once on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Before a bank of blushing flowers.
Happy—he knew not whence or how;
And smiling—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow
Was the gay heaven that laughed above him.

Old Time came hobbling in his wrath,
And that green valley's calm invaded;
The brooks grew dry beneath his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded;
A Grecian tomb stood full in sight,
And that old Time began to batter;
But Childhood watched his paper kite,
Nor heeded he, one whit, the matter.

With curling lip, and eye askance,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,
But Childhood's archly simple glance
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Again spread forth its baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crowned, night's woful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water;
Says Childhood, "Madam, what's your name?"
And when the beldame uttered "Sorrow,"
Then cried, "Don't interrupt my game,
I prithee call again to-morrow."

The muse of Pindus thither came,
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers.
Though sweet the lyre and sweet the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle;
"Good gracious!" cried he, "send away
That noisy woman with a fiddle!"

Then wisdom stole his hat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavor,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no joy may last forever;
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses;
But Childhood, when she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on! Pale manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or strife,
Of glory's toils, ambition's schemes,
Or cherished love, or hoarded treasure;
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A pure unmingled trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph's eyes,
And glimpses of remembered heaven!

A THRILLING SKETCH.

THE DOCTOR'S BRIDE.

"The romance of real life," said Dr. Jas. Morris, a physician of eminence, to his pupil, one evening, far excels in thrilling interest the romance of imaginative writers. Medical men meet with their full quota of wonders, and I will now relate to you an adventure in my early life which made a far stronger impression upon my mind than the perusal of the Mysteries of Udolpho or the Castle of Otranto.

"Twenty seven years since," continued the doctor, "I entered the Medical College of E—, as a student. I was young, inexperienced, and inclined to be timid and sentimental; and well do I remember the horror I experienced, when one of the senior students, under pretence of showing me the beauties of the institution, suddenly thrust me into the dissecting room of the institution, and closed the door upon me; nor among several dead bodies, and closed the door upon me; nor do I forget how my screams of terror and prayers, for release from the awful place, made me the laughing stock of my older companions.

Ridicule is a hard thing to bear; the coward becomes brave to escape it, and the brave man fears it more than he would a belching cannon. I suffered from it till I could bear it no longer; and wrought up to a pitch of desperation, I demanded to know what I might do to gain an honorable footing among my fellow students.

"I will tell you," said one, his eyes sparkling with mischief, "if you will go at the midnight hour, and dig up a subject, and take it to your room, and remain alone with it till morning, we will let you off, and never say a word about your woful fright." I shuddered; it was a fearful alternative, but it seemed less terrible to suffer all the horrors that might be concentrated into a single night, than to bear, day after day, the jeers of my companions.

"When shall I go?" was my timid inquiry, and the thought of such an adventure made my blood run cold.

"To the Eastern Cemetery to-night, at eight o'clock," replied my tormentor, fixing his keen black eyes upon me, allowing his thin lips to curl with a smile of contempt. "But what is the use asking such a coward as you to do such a manly feat?" he added deridingly.

His words stung me to the quick; and scarcely aware of what I was saying, I rejoined boldly: "I am no coward, as I will prove to you by performing what you call a manly feat."

"You will go?" he asked quickly.

"I will."

Bravely said, my lad," they rejoined, in a tone of approval, and changing his expression of contempt for one of surprise and admiration. "Do this, Morris, and the first man that dares to insult you afterwards makes an enemy of me."

Again I felt a cold shudder pass through my frame at the thought of what was before me, but I had accepted his challenge in the presence of many witnesses,—for this conversation had taken place while we were leaving the hall, after listening to an evening lecture,—and I was resolved to make my word good, should it even cost me my life; in fact, I knew I could not do otherwise now, without the risk of being driven in disgrace from the college.

midnight work, had been mortally wounded by a rifle ball; and another, a month or two subsequently, had been rendered a cripple for life by the same means.

All this was explained to me by a party of six or eight, who accompanied me to my room, which was in a building belonging to the college, and rented by apartments to such of the students as preferred bachelor's hall to regular boarding; and they took care to add several terrifying stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, by way of calming my excited nerves, just as I have before observed old women stand round a weak, feverish patient, and croak out their experience in seeing such awful sufferings and fatal terminations as the one with which their helpless victim was then afflicted.

"Is it expected that I should go alone?" I inquired in a tone that trembled in spite of me, while my knees almost knocked together, and I felt as if my lips were white.

"Well, no," replied Benson, my most dreaded tormentor; "it would be hardly fair to send you alone, for one individual could not succeed in getting the body from the grave quick; and you, a mere youth, without experience, would be sure to fail altogether. No, we will go with you, some three or four of us, and help you to dig up the corpse; but then you must take it on your back, bring it up to your room, and spend the night alone with it."

It was some relief to me to find I was to have company during the first part of my undertaking; but still I felt far from agreeable, I assure you; and chancing to look into a mirror, as the time drew near for setting out, I fairly started at beholding the ghastly object I saw reflected therein.

"Come boys," said Benson, who was always by general consent, the leader of whatever frolic, expedition or undertaking he was to have a hand in—"Come, boys, it is time to be on the move. A glorious night for us!" he added, throwing up a window and letting in a fierce gust of wind and rain; "the dead himself would scarcely venture out in such a storm!"

He lit a dark lantern, and threw on his long heavy cloak, took up a spade and led the way down stairs; and the rest of us, three besides my timid self, threw on our cloaks, took each of us a spade, and followed right after him.

We took a roundabout course, to avoid being seen by any citizens that might chance to be stirring, and in less than half an hour reached the Cemetery, scaled the wall without difficulty, and sought for the grave till we found it, in the pitchy darkness—the wind and rain sweeping past us with dismal howls and moans, that to me, trembling with terror, seemed to be unearthly wailings of the spirits of the damned.

"Here we are," whispered Benson to me, as we at length stopped at a mound of fresh earth, over which one of the party stumbled. "Come, fellow, dig, dig, strike in your spade, and let us see if you will make as good a hand at exhuming a dead body as you will some day at killing a living one with physic."

I did as directed, trembling in every limb, but the first spade full I threw up, I started back, with a yell of horror, that, on any other but a howling stormy night, would have betrayed us. It seemed to me as if I had thrust my spade into a buried lake of fire—for the first dirt was all aglow like living coals; and as I had fancied the morning of the storm, the wailings of the tormented spirits, I now fancied I had uncovered a portion of the Bottomless Pit itself.

"Fool!" hissed Benson, grasping my arm with the grip of a vice, as I stood leaning on my spade for support, my teeth chattering with terror, "another yell like that and I'll make a subject of you. Are you not ashamed of yourself, to be scared out of your wits, if you ever had any, by a little phosphorescent earth? Don't you know that it is often found in graveyards?"

His explanation reassured me, though I was too weak from my late fright to be of any assistance to the party, who all fell to with a will, secretly laughing at me, and soon reached the coffin. Splitting the lid with a hatchet, which had been brought for the purpose, they quickly lifted out the corpse, and another of the party taking hold of it, one at the head and the other at the feet, they hurried it away, bidding me to follow, and leaving the others to fill up the grave, that it might not be suspected that the body had been exhumed.

Having got the corpse safely over the wall of the Cemetery, Benson called upon me to perform my part of the horrible business.

"Here, you quaking simpleton," he said, "I want you to take this on your back, make the best of your way to your room and remain with it all night. If you do this bravely, we will claim you as one of us to-morrow; and the first man that dares to say a word against your courage after that makes an enemy of me. But hark you! If you make any blunder on the way and lose our prize, it will be better for you to leave this place before I set my eyes on you again. Do you understand me?"

"Y-ye-ye-yes!" I stammered, with chattering teeth.

"Are you ready?"

"Y-ye-ye-yes," I gasped.

"Well, come here; where are you?"

All this time it was so dark that I could not see anything but a faint line of white, which I knew to be the shroud of the corpse; but I felt carefully around till I got hold of Benson, who told me to take off my cloak; and then reaching the dead body up against my back, he began fixing its cold arms about my neck—bidding me take hold of them, and draw them well over and keep them concealed, and be sure and not let them go on any consideration whatever, as I valued my life.

"Ah! the torturing horror I experienced as I mechanically followed his directions. Tongue could not describe it. At length, having adjusted the corpse so that I might bear it off with comparative ease, he threw my long black cloak over my arms, fastened it with a cord around my neck, and then inquired,

"Now, Morris, do you think you can find the way to your room?"

"I, I, do-do-don't know," I gasped, feeling as if I should sink to the earth at the first step.

"Well, you cannot lose your way if you go straight ahead," he replied. "Keep in the middle of the road, and it will take you to the College Green, and then you are all right. Come, push on before your burden grows too heavy; the distance is only a good half mile."

I set forward, with trembling nerves, expecting to sink to the ground at every step; but gradually my terror, instead of weakening, gave me strength, and I was soon on the run—splashing through mud and water—with the storm howling about me in fury, and the cold corpse, as I fancied, clinging to me like a hideous vampire.

How I reached my room I did not know—but probably by a sort of instinct, for I only remember of my brain being in a wild feverish whirl, with ghastly phantoms about me, as one sometimes sees them in a dyspeptic dream.

But reach my room I did, with my dead burden on my back, and I was afterwards told that I made wonderful time, for Benson and his fellow students, fearing the loss of their subject—which, on account of the difficulty of getting bodies, was very valuable—followed close behind me, and were obliged to run at the top of their speed to keep me within hailing distance.

The first I remember distinctly, after getting to my room, was the finding myself awake in bed, with a dim consciousness of something horrible having happened—though what, for some minutes I could not for the life of me recollect. Gradually, however, the truth dawned upon me; and then I felt a cold perspiration start from every pore, at the thought that perhaps I was occupying a room alone with a corpse. There was a few embers in a grate which threw out a ruddy light; and fearfully raising my head, I glanced quickly and timidly around.

And there—there on the floor, against the right hand wall, and a few feet from me—there, sure enough, lay the cold stiff corpse robed in its white shroud, with a gleam of firelight reflecting on its ghastly face, which to my fancy seemed to move. Did it move? I was gazing upon it, thrilled and fascinated

with an indescribable terror, when as sure as I see you now, I saw the life of its eyes unclose, and saw its breast heave, and heard a low sibilant moan.

"Great God!" I shrieked, and fell back into a swoon. How long I lay unconscious I do not know, but when I came to myself again it is a marvel to me, that in my excited state, I did not lose my senses altogether, and become the tenant of a mad-house; for there—right before me—standing up in its white shroud—with its eyes wide open, and staring upon me, and its features thin, hollow and death-hued, was the corpse I had brought from the cemetery.

"In God's name, avaunt!" I gasped. "Go back to your grave, and rest in peace! I will never disturb you again."

The large, hollow eyes looked more widely open—the head moved—the lips parted—and a voice in a somewhat sepulchral tone said:

"Where am I? Where am I? Who are you? Which world am I in? Am I living or dead?"

"You were dead," I gasped, sitting up in the bed and feeling as if my brain would burst with a pressure of unspeakable horror; "you were dead and buried, and I was one of the gully wretches who this night disturbed you in your peaceful rest. Do go back, poor ghost, in Heaven's name; and no mortal shall ever induce me to come nigh you again!"

"Oh! I feel faint!" said the corpse, gradually sinking down upon the floor with a groan. "Where am I? Oh! where am I?"

"Great God!" I shouted, as the startling truth suddenly flashed upon me; perhaps this poor girl was buried alive, and is now living?"

I bounded from the bed and grasped a hand of the prostrate body. It was not warm, but it was not cold. I put my trembling fingers upon the pulse. Did it beat? or was it the pulse in my fingers? I thrust my hand upon the heart. It was warm—there was life there. The breast heaved; she breathed; but the eyes were not closed, and the features had the look of death. Still it was a living body—or else I myself was insane.

I sprang to the door, tore it open and shouted for help.

"Quick! quick!" cried I, "the dead is alive—the dead is alive!"

Several of the students sleeping in adjoining rooms, came hurrying to me, thinking I had gone mad with terror, as some of them had heard my voice before, and all knew what a fearful ordeal I had been subjected to.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed one in a tone of sympathy; "I predicted this."

"It's too much for his nervous system."

"I am not mad," I said, comprehending their suspicions, "but the corpse is alive! hasten and see!"

They hurried into the room, one after another; and the foremost stooping down to what he supposed was a corpse, put his hand upon it and instantly exclaimed:

"Quick, a light and some brandy! She lives, she lives!"

All was now bustle, confusion and excitement, one proposing one thing, another something else, and all speaking together. They placed her on the bed and gave her some brandy when she again revived. I ran for a physician, (one of the faculty) who came and tended upon her through the night, and by sunrise next morning she was reported to be in fair way of recovery.

"Now, what do you think of my story so far?" said the Doctor, with a quiet smile.

"Very remarkable?" I replied; "very remarkable, indeed! but tell me, did the girl finally recover?"

"She did; and turned out to be a most beautiful creature, and only sweet seventeen."

"And I suppose she blessed the resurrectionists all the rest of her life," I rejoined with a laugh.

"She certainly held one of them in kind remembrance," returned the Doctor with a sigh.

"What became of her, Doctor?"

"What should have become of her according to the well known rules of poetic justice of all you novel writers?" returned my friend, with a peculiar smile.

"Why, and I, laughing, "she should have turned out an heiress, and married you."

"And that is exactly what she did?" replied the Doctor.

"Good heavens! you are jesting?"

"No, my friend, no," replied the Doctor, in a faltering voice; "that night of horror only preceded the dawn of my happiness; for that girl—sweet, lovely Helen Leroy—in time became my wife, and the mother of my two boys. She sleeps now in death beneath the cold sod," added the Doctor, in a tremulous tone, brushing the tears from his eyes, "and no human resurrectionist shall ever raise her to life again."

Cleanings from late Papers.

THE INDIAN MUTINIES.

THE MUTINY AT ALLAHABAD.

The following is a letter from Lieutenant R. G. Armstrong, late of the 17th Bengal Native Infantry:—

ALLAHABAD, JUNE 28.—The circumstances of the mutiny here have been the most disgraceful yet heard of. The 6th Regiment of Native Infantry were stationed here, and when corps were breaking out in all directions this regiment volunteered their services to advance against the King of Delhi and his mutineers: For this they were thanked, and told that their services would be accepted at the first opportunity. This took place in the morning. On the evening of the same day, while all the officers were at mess, the alarm bugle of the regiment was sounded; these poor fellows, thinking it was a disturbance among the villagers, rushed out at the door. The first was shot down, and the second received a bullet, and fell dead on the spot.

"They were all knocked over by their own men, and only three officers out of the whole regiment escaped. Every house in the station, with the exception of one or two, has been burnt to the ground, and when we marched on the other morning we saw Allahabad in ruins. Two hours after I arrived I went with a couple of Queen's officers to see the bungalows, and I must say I never witnessed anything like it before; every single thing was destroyed, every pane of glass smashed, even the canvases that goes over the punkah was torn into shreds. Such a wilful destruction of property I never witnessed. A large quantity of things was found in a village close by. They were all secured, and two days ago the place was burnt by us to the ground. This is certainly, and will, from all appearance, be a tedious campaign; for, besides the straits we are reduced to, the bad weather is setting in—viz, the rains. I am regularly rationed like a common soldier, get a loaf of bread, a pint of beer, a little sugar and milk, and a small piece of mutton, besides tea twice a day, spirits and beer only once, as also the mutton, for tea is given out at night; but, as several of us have been living together, we have managed to get on very fairly.

One is now the head-quarters of the rebels. Every single regiment has mutinied, and the country will have to be taken a second time, but this time by force of arms. It is reported that a detachment of the 84th, the Queen's, who went over there from Cawnpore the other day, have been cut down to a man, but this has not been confirmed. There are thousands upon thousands of natives assembled there, and assistance will have to come quickly, or not an European will be saved. They are hanging men up at Benares and here, besides several other stations, six, seven, and eight a day. Missionaries in this country have carried matters too far, and nothing in this country is a native so tenacious of as having his religion meddled with. Education has also been carried too far. Educate a native and he becomes a thorough-paced scoundrel. These are the opinions of men who are capable of giving them.

LETTER FROM A CIVIL SERVANT.—HANGING THE MUTINEERS.

ALLAHABAD, JUNE 28.—We have had a trying time of it, but, as far as Allahabad is concerned, all is well, for we have a large force of European soldiers, who would fight and beat off all creation if necessary, and which is being daily increased by reinforcements coming up from Calcutta. We were incarcerated in that horrid fort from the 6th to the 18th of this month, and a fearful time we had of it. God grant that I may never pass such a time again! Better to die by the sword fighting than to see such sights of horror and pass such a time of anxiety. I do not think that I told you in my last letter of the treachery of the 6th Native Infantry, or of the fearful night of the 6th of June. I can hardly write it, so sad and miserable is the story. God, in His infinite mercy, preserved me from a dreadful death at the hands of the bloodthirsty Sepoys. I told you in my last letter that we were apprehensive of an outbreak on the part of the city people, and that I had taken up a position at the goal ready to make a stand; that the officers of the 6th Native Infantry had all confidence in their men, though we had not, for now no one can trust those wretched natives. Well, matters went on quietly enough till Friday, the 5th, when news of the disturbance at Benares came up, with a report that a number of the insurgents were on their way to attack this station. On the same day an order came from the Brigadier at Cawnpore to "man the fort with every available European, and make a good stand." We non-military men were instantly ordered into the fort, being formed into a military band under the orders of the officer commanding the garrison. We slept in the fort on that Friday, the 5th, doing duty upon the ramparts, and returned to the station the following morning, but only for the morning, going into the fort again in the afternoon. At this time we had in the fort about 30 invalid artillery soldiers, some few commissariat and magazine sergeants, and we volunteers mustering above 100 men. There were also 400 Sikhs, and 80 of the wretched 6th guarding the main gate! A great number of the European merchants and half-castes remained outside, believing the report to be only a cry of "Wolf," and supposing it to be a false alarm. The report of the approach of the insurgents was false; but, alas! would that the poor creatures had taken advice and joined us in the fort! Among those outside were poor Captain Birch, the Fort Adjutant, a married man, poor fellow, with a family; Innes, the executive engineer, who had the previous day resigned his appointment in the fort from ill-health, and had gone up to his bungalow. My poor dear friend Alexander, of the Irregulars, was in a garden near the fort with 150 of his troopers. Two guns under Howard, of the Artillery, had been sent down to the river to guard the bridge of boats over the Ganges towards Benares. Hicks, of the 6th Native Infantry, and two little griffs were also stationed there in charge of two companies of that regiment. Well, all these poor fellows were out and we were inside the fort, through the mercy of the Almighty. We were told off on our guard and had laid ourselves down on our beds (those who were not on watch); when, about half-past 9, we heard firing in the station, and the alarm bugle being sounded we ran up to the ramparts in breathless silence. The firing grew heavier, and we all thought that the insurgents had entered the station, and were being beaten off by the regiment. So steady was the musketry, regular file firing; on, on, on, continued, volley after volley. "Oh," we all said, "those gallant Sepoys are beating off the rebels," for the fire grew fainter in the distance, as if they were driving a force out of the station. But before long the sad truth was known. Howard rode in, bringing the tidings that the wretched Sepoys had risen, had seized his guns, and had marched them up to the station. He had escaped, and had run up to poor Alexander's camp, who jumped on his horse and rode up towards the lines, with as many of his men as could be got ready; he had been caught in an ambush by a body of Sepoys lying in wait in an empty tank, and had been killed by a musket being placed to his side, blowing out his heart. His poor body was brought in later in the night, and I gave his hand a last shake, and shed tears over his last bed. The officers were at mess when the wretches sounded the alarm bugle to bring them to the parade, and shot them down right and left! Wretched murderers, may they receive their reward! Nine poor little ensigns doing duty with the regiment were bayoneted to death in the mess-room, and three of the officers who escaped heard their cries as they passed! Poor boys, who had never given offence to any native, nor caused dissatisfaction to the Sepoys. Five officers were shot belonging to the regiment, besides the nine poor boys. Birch and Innes, with the sergeant-major, in all seventeen military men, many merchants, and others were most cruelly butchered—in all 50 Europeans fell that night by the hands of the murderous Sepoys. The Treasury was plundered, the prisoners released from gaol, and the work of destruction commenced. The whole station was destroyed, house after house plundered and fired. What a night! Each moment we expected the Sikhs would turn on us, and then! We disarmed the 6th guard, at the main gate, and found the villains with loaded and capped muskets, ready to turn out! Five officers came in, all having escaped in a wonderful manner—three naked, having had to swim the Ganges. We were all tight under arms, and in the morning lay down on our cots sad and weary, each moment expecting to be called up. The streets of the city are about half a mile from the fort, and during the four or five following days troops of the rioters were to be seen rushing from place to place plundering and burning. Day and night we manned the ramparts in the hot blazing sun, and day and night the guns and mortars belched forth, throwing shell and grape-shot, tearing down houses, and scattering the demons wherever they were seen. We dared not leave the fort, for who knows what the Sikhs would have done if it had been left empty? However, let us not breathe one word of suspicion against them, for they behaved splendidly, though they are regular devils. We lived on in this way till the Madras Fusiliers came up, and then our fun began. We "volunteers" were parted off into divisions, three in number, and your humble servant was promoted to the command of one, the "Flagstaff Division," with 30 railroad men under his command, right good stout fellows, every one of whom had been plundered, and were consequently as blood thirsty as any demons need be. We sallied forth several times with the Sikhs into the city, and had several skirmishes in the streets, when we spared no one. We had several volleys poured into us, but their firing was so wild that their bullets passed over and around us harmlessly. The flagstaff was always to the front, and they were so daring and reckless that the "flagstaff boys" became a byword in the fort. Every rascality that was performed was put down to them, and in the end the volunteers got a bad name for plundering. The Sikhs were great hands at it, and, in spite of all precaution, brought a great amount of property into the fort. Such scenes of drunkenness I never beheld. Sikhs were to be seen drunk on duty on the ramparts, unable to hold their muskets. No one could blame them, for they are such jolly, jovial fellows, so different from other Sepoys. When we could once get out of the fort we were all over the place, cutting down all natives who showed any signs of opposition; we enjoyed these trips very much, so pleasant it was to get out of that horrid fort for a few hours. One trip I enjoyed amazingly; we got on board a steamer with a gun, while the Sikhs and Fusiliers marched up to the city; we steamed up, throwing shot right and left, till we got up to the bad places, when we went on shore and peppered away with our guns, my old double-barrel that I brought out bringing down several niggers, so thirsty for vengeance was I. We fired the places right and left, and the flames shot up to the heavens as they spread, fanned by the breeze, showing that the day of vengeance had fallen on the treacherous villains. The wicked 6th had marched out on the 7th, leaving two guns, and a Mussulman had set himself up in the city calling himself the agent of the King of Delhi, and calling on all natives, Hindoos, and true believers to massacre all Europeans, and many poor fellows who had been in hiding, fell into his hands and were murdered. At last, when reinforce-