

A trait of the ingenuity which the Chinese are accused of manifesting in devising modes of torture deserves to be recorded.

The Chinese seem to take pleasure in inventing various cruel modes by which death may be inflicted, although probably they are not now used, if indeed, they ever were. The most original and disgusting of all these methods, (of which, however, there was no evidence of its being used) was illustrated by the discovery either at Chiuhai or at Ningpo, of a machine for *pounding women* to death. The original model was found in a temple, together with various others of a very extraordinary kind. It was very small, and was merely a model, but it represented a large oblong stone vase, in which the woman was to be placed, with the back of her head resting upon one extremity, (the long hair hanging over the side, and fastened to it), while her legs were to be secured to the other extremity. The horrible pounding process was to be effected by means of a huge stone pestle, large at the base and conical at the apex, similar to those which they use for pounding rice. The pestle, or cone, was fixed to the extremity of a long pole, the pole itself being fastened by a pin in the centre to an upright support, something in the manner of pump handle. The extremity of the handle being depressed by a man's weight, of course raised the cone, and the pressure being removed, the heavy cone or pestle descended by its own weight, which was quite sufficient to pound one to pieces.

With the exception of the pounding apparatus, parallels to this narrow receptacle for the female form were found in the means adopted for the concealment of fair ladies in moments of danger. The following incident occurred at Chiuhai:—

Orders had been issued by the Admiral to examine all junks leaving the city, in order to prevent them from carrying away plunder. One of these had just been examined, without finding anything of value on board, when it occurred that something might still be concealed in the after locker, a sort of cupboard of moderate size. On opening this sanctum, it appeared to contain what looked like the dead body of a female, recently put into it, well dressed, and judging from her handsome shoes and small feet, a person of some importance. This looked a very strange affair, but as no one could speak a word of the language, it was impossible to inquire into it. However, as it appeared to be a capital opportunity to examine the nature of a Chinese lady's foot, the men were ordered to lift the body out; and this appeared likely to be no easy matter, so closely did it seem to be jammed in. But the moment the jacks laid hold of the shoulders, a tremendous scream issued forth, as if a ghost had suddenly been endowed with some unearthly voice, and tried to frighten them out of all propriety. The poor thing had only shamed being dead, in order, as she thought, to escape detection. She was now very gently lifted out, and not without some difficulty, being literally half dead with the fright and confinement. In the bottom of the locker beneath her was found a bag of money, with which she had evidently attempted to escape. She was of course allowed to go away without further molestation, boat and all. But this little event afforded infinite amusement afterwards, when told with a little pardonable embellishment.

Hong Kong is occasionally exposed to typhoons, an account of one is given below.

"For some days previously, large black masses of cloud appeared to settle upon the hills on either side; the atmosphere was extremely sultry and oppressive; the most vivid lightning shot incessantly along the dense threatening clouds, and looked the more brilliant because the phenomena were always most remarkable at night, while during the day the threatening appearances were moderated considerably, and sometimes almost entirely disappeared. The vibrations of the mercury in the barometer were constant and rapid; and, although it occasionally rose, still the improvement was only temporary, and on the average it continued to fall. A typhoon was therefore confidently predicted, and the more so, because none had occurred for several years. The Chinese, on this occasion, made every preparation in their power, but that comprised very little, except the everlasting firing of crackers, and beating of gongs; although they endeavoured also to get shelter for their boats as well as they could. Our own ship prepared for the coming danger as well as circumstances permitted, every thing being made as snug as possible. But the whole harbour was at this time crowded with transports, store-ships, and merchant-ships, in addition to our men-of-war and steamers; indeed, so close were they anchored together, that, in many cases, there was not room enough to veer cable. It was evident to all, that if the expected typhoon should burst upon them, the most serious disasters would inevitably take place. It was not without many misgivings and forebodings that, in the midst of the preparations for the storm and when there was every indication of its immediate outbreak, a small schooner was observed to get underweigh, and stand out of the harbour towards Macao; she had treasure on board, and on or two passengers. Alas! she was never afterwards heard of; not a vestige of her was ever discovered; she must have foundered at sea at the very commencement of the storm. During the night of the 20th, the weather was tolerably calm, but ominously sultry; towards daylight on the 21st it became squally, with heavy rain, and a good deal of swell was now getting up in the harbour. The barometer continued gradually to fall, and the squalls became heavier. The typhoon could no longer be doubted; and it was desirable to move the *Nemesis* as much to

windward of the other ships as possible; steam was got up quickly, and with some difficulty she was moved to a good berth on the opposite side, under shelter of the high land above Cowloon. Topmasts were lowered, and every thing made snug, and she was brought up with both bows, open hawse, to the N. E., and veered to a whole cable on each. Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, the wind was blowing very hard from the northward, or directly upon the shore of Hong Kong, and continued to increase in heavy squalls hour after hour. Ships were already beginning to drive, and the work of destruction had commenced on every side; the Chinese junks and boats were blown about in all directions, and one of them was seen to founder with all hands on board. The fine basin of Hong Kong was gradually covered with scattered wrecks of the war of elements; planks, spars, broken boats, and human beings clinging hopelessly for succour to every treacherous log, were tossed about on every side; the wind howled and tore every thing away before it, literally sweeping the face of the waters. On shore, the hospital was one of the first buildings blown down upon the heads of the unfortunate inmates, wounding many, and aggravating the sufferings of all; yet only one man, a helpless idiot, was killed. No exertion was spared to bring assistance to the unfortunate sick, and to bring them forth from the scene of their misfortunes. But, alas! in every quarter aid was necessary; the buildings being rarely of temporary construction, most of them partly built of bamboo, barracks and all came tumbling down like children's card houses. From half past ten until two, the hurricane was at its height, the barometer at this time having descended to nearly 28 deg. 50 m. according to some, but on board the *Nemesis*, it was never lower than 28 deg. 80 m. The air was filled with spray and salt, so that it was impossible to see anything that was not close at hand; the wind roared and howled fearfully, so that it was impossible to hear a word that was said. Ships were now drifting foul of each other in all directions; masts were being cut away; and, from the strength of the wind forcing the sea high upon the shore, several ships were driven high and dry. The native Chinese were all distracted, imploring their gods in vain for help. Such an awful scene of destruction and ruin, is rarely witnessed; and almost every one was so busy in thinking of his own safety, as to be unable to render assistance to any one else. Hundreds of Chinese were drowned; and occasionally a whole family, children and all, floated past the ship, clinging, in apparent apathy (perhaps under the influence of opium) to the last remnants of their shattered boats, which soon tumbled to pieces, and left them to their fate."

Lieutenant Barr's March from Delhi to Cabul.

#### WAYSIDE SIGHTS.

Within a few yards of our encampment, we had a specimen of Eastern barbarity, in an individual who was hanging by the heels to a tree, and who had apparently been left to die in that dreadful situation. He seemed to have been a man advanced in years, as his beard and hair were grizzled; but as he had been suspended about a month, his features were not distinct, and rendered less so by being mutilated by birds of prey. The bystanders told us he had been thus punished for murdering a child and stealing the silver ornaments which encircled its ankles and wrists; if so, he deserved his death, but the method employed to effect it could only emanate from a most uncivilized nation.

#### EXECUTIONS IN SCINDE.

As we approached Dingle, our attention was called to a small crowd, principally of women and children; and on riding up to see the cause of their assembling, perceived in the midst of them a man stretched on the ground at full length, who had, half an hour before, been deprived of both his hands, as a punishment for the crime of stealing. A few quiverings about the muscles of his legs were all that betokened he still existed; but he was insensible, and no wonder, as he had bled profusely; and he was thus being inhumanly left to perish, as no one dared to assist him. The block, a rude piece of wood, was lying by his side; but the hands had been carried off, for the purpose of being exposed near the spot where he had committed the depredation. We consulted about bringing him into camp, and I directed my native doctor to do so; but on attempting to remove the poor wretch, we were told that the sentence was the law of the land, and we had no business to interfere. This was true; but we subsequently heard, with much satisfaction, that a few of his friends had secretly conveyed him away; and that there is a chance of his life, as they would, immediately they were able, insert his stumps into boiling oil to allay the bleeding; I fear, however, the chance is but slight.

Two other executions, though unattended with the barbarous mutilations above detailed, had taken place at the same time; and it will hardly be credited that the punishment of death these unfortunate individuals suffered was awarded to them for the crime of having killed a cow! but such was the case; and the deluded Sikhs consider the blood they have just spilled as called for to appease the wrath of their deity, insulted in its representative, a four footed creature of the earth! The road led us nearly beneath a tree, on which the body of one of the offenders was suspended, and where it will remain as a warning to others, until devoured by carrion birds, or it falls to pieces under the influence of time; the other was hanged on the opposite side of the town.

#### SIKH JUSTICE.

On reaching Fettegurh, I halted beneath its walls, for the purpose of giving the troop horses a feed; and whilst here, a scene most revolting to human nature occurred within twenty yards of my position, and which I grieve to say I had no means of preventing; indeed, the tragedy had well-nigh concluded before I was aware of what was going on. It appeared that on the previous evening a party of Khyberies had made a successful foray, and had carried off a number of camels belonging to one of the regiments that formed the garrison of the fort, and also a couple of Sikh soldiers, who had the care of them. Immediately it became known, a detachment was ordered out in pursuit; but meeting with some of the marauders, they had, in their stead, captured two of their enemies' tribe, who were quietly pursuing the "even tenor of their way," and had had nothing whatever to say to the robbery. These unfortunates, having been kept in close custody the whole of the night, were next morning, when I halted at the fort, removed from the place they had been confined in, and dragged by their ferocious captors to a spot at no great distance from where I was standing. I saw the crowd advancing, but imagined the Sikh soldiers who composed it were mutineers on their way to Peshawar; though I was at a loss to guess the meaning of the dried bushes that they were carrying with them, and as for the wretched prisoners, I did not observe them. The Sikhs, on stopping, immediately formed a circle, which was too dense for my vision to penetrate, and not caring to know what was going on I had turned away from the scene. Presently loud vociferations of "Pather se maro!"—"Stone them to death!" caused me to look in that direction again; and then a fierce flame was lapping the air far above the heads of the spectators. Convinced that some cruel work was going on, I accosted a respectably dressed Sikh, who was standing in a most unconcerned manner near me; and to my question as to what they were doing, he replied with perfect indifference, "Burning a couple of Khyberies;" and then related how the miserable wretches had fallen into their hands. I expressed my detestation at such cruel punishment; when he added, "Why should we not? the same fate has by this time attended the two Khalsas that were captured last night." Such are the consequences of the bitter hatred that exists between these two nations; but I was afterwards glad to learn that the sufferings of one of the victims, in this instance, had terminated most speedily, for in his agony he had burst his hands, and madly rushing against his enemies, was instantly felled to the earth by a dozen rabies. The other was not so fortunate; but his torments were less than five minutes in duration, (then that torments!) as the dried thorns produced a fire of exceeding fierceness, that must have destroyed him almost at once.

## The Politician.

### The British Press.

#### Bell's Weekly Messenger.

#### COCKADOODLEISM IN FRANCE.

The Prince De Joinville appears to have an ardent desire to demonstrate the fact that every cock may crow upon his own dunghill; although the implied reflection upon his country is anything but flattering or complimentary. If the Prince de Joinville be a crowing cock, France is his dunghill; and we are sure the valiant gentlemen, who are so anxious to show their courage in an encounter with the English cannot be pleased with an idea so humiliating to their vanity. The Gallic cock, however has had his crow. King Louis Philippe pulled the Prince de Joinville's nose in vain; in vain his mother wept; there was a time when refractory behaviour would have caused his royal highness to be whipped and sent to bed; but the Prince is now a man; he has acquired whiskers; and having brought home the body of Napoleon in the *Belle Poule*, shall he submit to a father or mother? He hates England. He detests the English as much as Colonel Sibthorpe detests the Whigs; they are his antipathy. Shakspeare says,

"Some men there are that love not squeaking pigs,  
And some that when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain themselves."

And the same masterless passion sways the Prince de Joinville, as it also sways the gallant English Colonel, we have named in his Parliamentary denunciation of the political objects of his loathing. We are told by a French print, *La Patrie* that the Prince de Joinville is at open war with the ministry, and that his opposition commenced before the publication of his Highness's brochure. It broke out on the occasion of the Otaheite affair. Possibly his Highness's may have had an eye to Otaheite himself when some dozen brave Frenchmen marched, not like so many beaux at a ball, but armed at all points, up to Queen Pomare's mud palace, to tear down the flag, which that fine spirited woman continued to uphold in defiance of captains, commandants, and the whole host of French foes; it may have opened

a field for the exercise of the Prince de Joinville's enthusiasm and abilities. *Le Patrie* tells us that the Prince's rage broke out when his father's ministers refused to make war upon England for Otaheite. His ideas, which are evidently romantic, may be Otaheitean; were he a bachelor, we should fancy the existence of a *penchant* to Pomare, or one of her dingy maids of honour.

It is represented that when this flashy Prince became acquainted with all the details of the Otaheite affair, he rushed to M. Guizot, thence to the Minister of the Navy, and, his indignation boiling over, he sent in his resignation! He would no longer serve his country, which had become humiliated, abased, degraded, by not transforming Pomare into a Frenchwoman. If her sable majesty had been brought from her distant home, arrayed in French millinery of the newest fashion, and sent to Longchamps, arm in arm with Prince de Joinville, there would have been honor and glory for France! As it was, his Highness threw down his commission in a fury. The king insisted upon his son withdrawing his resignation; the Prince opposed to his Sire "a respectful resistance;" and then occurred a scene after the most approved fashion of French melodrama, which ended in the movement of the gentle son by his tender mother's tears, the withdrawal of his resignation, and the precipitate departure of the royal boy, in a common diligence, by the Rouen railroad to Havre, because he would not experience the shame of being present in the Chambers of Deputies, when questions were put on the Otaheite question. Poor boy! he might have made himself equally at ease in his own closet.

The result of this excitement is the pamphlet, addressed to the warlike spirit which exists among a certain class of Frenchmen, and calculated to excite their passions against England, although all "narrow animosity or even national rivalry," is disclaimed. It is very easy, but also absurd, to disclaim an intention of going to war, whilst warlike preparations are going on. When we see a man putting himself into a boxing attitude, it is reasonable to conclude that he is going to fight; and should we not put ourselves into a defensive position, it would be our own fault if we got a drubbing. The Prince de Joinville enforces the necessity for increasing the French steam navy enormously; for building separate classes of vessels for separate services, frigates for distant stations (to pommel Pomare if refractory), and large armed steamers to defend the French coast and menace those of Britain. If a little mud-lark in the street should give another a rap on the head, the other, if he be not a poltron, will cry out, "Two can play at that game;" and resent the insult accordingly. What does Prince de Joinville think the English would be doing when these mighty steam vessels of his imagination, were menacing our coasts? They who talk so glibly of English coasts, should recollect that they have coasts of their own.

But the Prince expresses himself more clearly. He says that:—"In the Channel and the Mediterranean, the office of cruisers may be well entrusted to steam boats. Those which in peace serve as packets would, from their swiftness, make excellent privateers (*corsaires*) in time of war. They could overtake a merchant vessel, plunder her, burn her, and escape from the steamers of war themselves, whose movements would be retarded by their heavy construction." So, then, it is upon privateering that the Prince de Joinville, son of the King of the French, and chieftain of the war party, expects to raise the glory of his country! This Prince of Privateers is candid at any rate. The burning of Merchantmen and running away from an armed steamer, would we admit, be acts that would harmonize with the bombardment of mud palaces and the subjugation of defenceless black princesses. The Prince de Joinville appears to be impressed with a notion that—

"He who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day."

and so have valorously resolved to ensure the fightable ardour of his party; and with it the interests and glory of his country, by always running away from danger; fighting only with the defenceless; plundering and burning English merchantmen, and flying with all possible speed from the apparition of an armed vessel of war. This is *Cockadoodleism* in perfection.

Let it not be supposed that the absurdities of the Prince de Joinville express the sentiments of any very great or formidable party in France. The King, who had tried all feasible means of humbling Britain has pulled his son's ears, for publish-