



THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 14.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1878.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum
In advance.



SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

AFGHANISTAN.

By Mr. ROBERT MURPHY, EVENING POST.

PART VII.

For the next couple of days we trudged along together, my companion enlightening the way by his reminiscences of former days, and by arguments on the fierce and desperate character of the people in the midst of whom we were travelling. I recalled to memory some of my own recollections of the Afghan in foreign parts, and in return for my companion's kindness and endeavors to lighten the weary road, made an effort to relate some of them.

A HORRID MURDER.

Some short time previously I was employed in the erection of a telegraph line along the Mekran coast in Boloochistan. For this purpose we had some hundred Asiatics from all parts of that immense continent from east to west, the Chinese, the Malay, the Hindoo, the Afghan, the Biluch, the Tartar, the Mongol, the Persian, the Arab and even some of the wild Kalmuck tribe. These were again divided into gangs according to nationality, one of whom was appointed overseer over each party. To govern this heterogeneous mass of men was, the reader may imagine, no very easy matter, but it was done however, and that by only about six Europeans. The Afghan gang, which consisted of twenty-three men, was under the over-seeership of one Mohamed Hassan, a tall, finely formed and magnificent-looking man, with hair down to his waist, the *beau ideal* of a splendid semi-barbarian. It was with great difficulty that this lot could be kept quiet, as on the slightest disagreement between one of their body and any other, the whole gang turned out *en masse*, and a general rupture was almost inevitable, but through the bold interference of the small band of Europeans the tumult would eventually cease. Often and often have we been aroused out of our beds in the dark hours of midnight, and forced to rush into the midst of these furious races at the imminent risk of our lives, but as it was our only resource it had to be done, or else stand the chances of a general *smute*, which would, no doubt, have resulted in our total annihilation at all events. We were encamped at a place called Shamal Bunder, on the Indian Ocean, between Pusnee and Gwadar, where we were obliged to remain for several days awaiting the arrival of supplies, of which we were then much in need. The gangs, not having much to do, were holding nightly orgies, each after

the separate fashion of their own country, and if ever a pandemonium presented itself to the sight of a civilized being, this was one. The unfortunate subject of any narrative was, however, one of the mildest and most inoffensive men in our camp; a man whom it was thought nobody noticed or even cared for; a man who performed his work in a sort of a humble and methodical manner, who, although often kicked and maltreated by some fierce villain of the other tribes, never thought of resenting it. He went through the camp meekly and was willing and obliging to all, irrespective of creed or country, was perfectly willing to do as much work as any two men and was never heard grumbling or being otherwise discontented. This man was a poor Hindoo from Cutch, who had accompanied the camp all the way from Kurrochee, and owing to his old age and apparent weakness had been employed the whole time simply in sweeping around the camp and keeping it clean, although when an emergency required, he was a willing and good hard worker. His couch, which was simply made up, by rolling himself in his *chadar* or sheet and procuring a stone for a pillow, he stretched himself upon the cleanest spot in camp, and slept as sound as if in a feather bed. From this couch he was always the earliest riser in camp; he used generally to awake the Europeans, but there not being any particular reason for rising, while waiting here for the arrival of supplies, we generally got up when we liked. One morning at about nine o'clock o'clock, we noticed that the camp had not been swept and cleaned as usual; so looking around we noticed the Hindoo lying down motionless on the ground, covered from head to foot with his *chadar*, while his head rested upon his usual pillow—a stone. Thinking the man had overstept himself, we approached, and H— uncovered the body. What ghastly sight! Even to men of our nerves, who had seen most of the horrors of the Indian war of 1857, it was something fearful, especially when coming so unexpectedly.

THE UNFORTUNATE JAROWALLAH
lay at full length with the poor battered garments he usually wore. All torn loosely from his body, which consequently was fully exposed. The limbs and arms were rigid, with a slight bend at the knees and elbows. But the worst spectacle was the head of the unfortunate being. This was literally flattened, even as a sheet of paper, the outermost side of one part of the horrible feature being the point of the nose, while on the other was a fearful mass of the crushed bones of the back of the head. He had evidently been lying

upon his side when the diabolical deed had been committed. After gazing speechlessly upon this sad scene for some few seconds, we looked around for any evidences in connection with the murder. We had not to look long, for close at hand lay a large stone, all blood-smeared. With this horrible instrument, no doubt, the deed had been perpetrated, and while asleep the unfortunate Jarowallah—that was his name—had been sent to meet his Creator without even the slightest groan or other indication of the unearthly deed. One blow must have terminated the poor man's life. On further inspection a wound, caused by the plunging in of a large knife above the right eye, was also observable. We immediately summoned the apothecary who attended upon our camp, one Mr. Thowley, and he, after examining the body, said that either wounds were sufficient to cause death. H— summoned the entire attendance of all the men, and, having formed them around the body, delivered a most eloquent exhortation, and, desiring each individual to advance, inspected his knife. In turns the fierce barbarian, with insolent mien, came forward and gave up his knife, which after being looked at carefully, was returned. Eventually it came to the turn of the Afghan gang to be examined, and the first was the overseer Mohamed Hassan, who advanced with a careless and devil-may-care aspect and drawing out his knife presented it. That once struck our sagacious chief, that the wound resembled the size and shape of this knife. He, however, handed it back indifferently and the others came on in turn, their knives undergoing a searching investigation. At last the twenty-third man of the Afghan gang, a wild, fierce and treacherous looking individual of colossal proportions, fully six feet four inches in height, and of a sunburnt and tawny complexion with a flashing eye and huge muscular development, large hands and feet advanced, and drawing out his knife presented it with the most unassuming indifference and an apparent air of injury. H— inspected this knife with minuteness, and drawing me aside asked if I thought the spots on it were blood marks. I pronounced them to be so, but, in order to make sure, our apothecary took the knife to his tent and after a close examination and putting it to a chemical test, returned and pronounced the stains to be caused by human blood. Inserting the knife into the wound above the right eye, it was found to fit exactly in every particular. Turning to the brawny Afghan, who had waited during all this with the most supreme indifference, the

observed of all observers. H— accused him of the crime, and turning to the Biluch gang ordered his arrest, pending further investigation. The Biluches, who mutually hated the Afghans, were only too glad to obey, and springing forward seized the prisoner, before he exactly understood the position of affairs. The remainder of the Afghans, observing this, made a rush to effect their compatriot's escape, but the rest of the camp siding with us, they finally desisted, and retired with muttered threats. The prisoner was placed in a tent, and a guard of Arabs appointed to take charge of him, but next morning the Arab in charge waited upon H— and informed him of the escape of the culprit. No one could tell how it had happened, and pursuit was of no avail; so the desperado, and no doubt the foul murderer in this instance, escaped the punishment of man, which would have surely been dealt out to him in this instance. The cause of the murder was no doubt the common belief among the Asiatics in camp that he kept his money tied in a cloth around his waist, but this was a fallacy, as the poor man regularly remitted his pay to Cutch and never drew a piece. So the murderers perpetrated their crime for nothing, but this to them was an indifferent subject, as a man's life was of no more consideration to them than that of a goat or sheep.

WILLINGNESS TO KILL.
I related another trait of their ferocious demourour as follows.—One morning early, while encamped at place called Kupper in Boloochistan, some few miles distant from Shamal Bunder, the brother of our Biluch overseer called into camp riding on a *soowaree* camel, and wishing to see our chief, desired the servant in attendance to awake him. H— was not in a particularly good humor at being aroused, but he came outside the tent and demanded the intruder's business. The Biluch replied that he wished to be employed on the staff of the camp, and was searching for work. H— rather brusquely replied, *Jahannum keh broh*. This so irritated the applicant that, drawing his sword, he desired him to retract. H— raising a shout which brought us all out of our tents, rushed into his tent, and seizing his rifle, ready loaded, came out again and ordered his untimely visitor out of camp. In the meantime the Afghans rushed up, and desiring H— not to meddle, asked his permission to kill the Biluch. But this, in a calmer mood, our chief would not assent to, which highly disgusted the Afghans, some of whom had picked up handfuls of

fine sand to throw into the offender's eyes, while others were ready with sword and dagger to kill him. In the meantime the unfortunate, though unconquerable Biluch, retreated towards his camel, which he had fortunately left outside the limits of the camp, waving his sword before him all the way, while the Afghans crowded around fiercely and only awaited a signal in order to demolish the unfortunate man, but this was not given. Reaching his camel the Biluch mounted in haste and fled in hot haste to the neighboring hills. The Afghans were fearfully disappointed at losing this opportunity of shedding a man's blood. Some few days afterwards this unfortunate Biluch was brought back to the camp by a neighboring and friendly chief, who, hearing of his conduct to our chief, thought to curry favor by capturing the culprit. He was, however, released after begging forgiveness, and permitted to depart in peace.

PEDESTRIANISM.

(From the Irish American.)
CORKEY CHALLENGES O'LEARY.

LONDON, Nov. 7.
William Corkey, the pedestrian who won the Astley belt at the International Pedestrian Tournament (covering 521 miles in six days), has challenged Daniel O'Leary, the American pedestrian, to compete for the Astley Champion Belt of the World won by the latter at the first tournament at Islington. Corkey agrees to allow O'Leary expenses to meet him at Agricultural Hall. It is expected that the American will accept the challenge. Corkey is 47 years of age, stands 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 140 pounds. He is fourteen years older than the American, but he completed his task in better condition than O'Leary did in the tournament he won. Sir John Astley is the backer of Corkey, and is very eager to have him meet O'Leary.

O'LEARY AND CORKEY.
The performance made by William Corkey, the famous English runner, in the recent contest for the Astley champion belt, in England, has created quite a stir in sporting circles. Several parties now claim that he can beat O'Leary, because he covered three-quarters of a mile more than O'Leary did in the tournament held in England last March. O'Leary covered 420½ miles in 138 hours 58 minutes. He stopped at 3.30 p.m., simply because he was 20 miles ahead of Vaughan, who had not then finished 500 miles, while O'Leary had completed 520 miles. In the recent tourna-

ment Corkey covered 521 miles, but he kept on the track up to 10.20 p.m., two hours longer than O'Leary. If Vaughan had pushed the great Chicago pedestrian in two hours he would have at least added ten miles to the 520 he had walked. Corkey in the same tournament only covered 335½ miles, but as he has wonderfully improved, no doubt he will also improve in the next contest. O'Leary is not at all frightened by Corkey's great feat, but he is ready to meet Corkey or anybody for the belt, and it is understood that Messrs Shook & Gilmore intend to make arrangements for having a grand international tournament at Gilmore's Garden, in this city, when they will offer prizes large enough to bring over Vaughan, Corkey, Brown and other noted pedestrians. One thing is certain, O'Leary holds the champion belt, which he won from seventeen of the best men in England. Since he has won it twice, the third and next contest, if he wins, it will become his property, and it will take a better man than Corkey to take it from America. O'Leary can cover 550 miles in six days, and offers to wager \$5,000 that he can do so. The best performances for walking and running six consecutive days stands as follows:—William Corkey, England, 521 miles; Daniel O'Leary, America, 520½ miles; E. Weston, America, 510 miles; Wm. Brown (Blower), England, 505 miles; Wm. Vaughan, England, 500½ miles; Wm. Rowel, Ireland, 469 miles; J. Hibbert, England, 440 miles; John Ennis, America, 410 miles; George Ide, England, 405 miles. The best records for walking six days are 519 miles by Daniel O'Leary of America, and 510 miles by E. P. Weston. It is certain that, in the next contest for the Astley belt,—emblematical of the championship of the world—the previous records made by O'Leary and Corkey will be beaten.

The St. Alban's Iron and Steel Works have been closed in consequence of nine writs of attachment issued against the company.

A new material available for textile manufactures exists in Western Australia. It is a species of "vegetable wool," which grows on the top of the grass in the immense sheep runs of that country. It is about half an inch in length, and as soft as silk. A silk merchant thinks that the "wool," though so short to use alone, would mix well with silk, adding to the warmth, strength, and beauty of the fabric thus made. A special commissioner is now in Australia examining the material and taking note of the extent of its production. It is likely soon to be introduced to the market.