

have been very disproportionate: the mutineers entered Gya, appealed to the inhabitants not to fire on them, and went to the goal to free the prisoners. The Rajah of Sicarry's men, who were placed with 11 Sikhs to do duty there, fled the very moment they heard that the mutineers had come in, but the few gallant Sikhs would not do it. They opened a heavy fire on the Sowars, but some rascally burkundazes told them that every Christian in the town was slaughtered by the Sowars, and that they had better retreat and make their escape. This news disheartened the Sikhs very much. They left the goal with the words "Satto Gooru" in their mouths. They would have killed a large number of mutineers, if the burkundazes had not "frightened" them. After having let loose the prisoners, and setting fire to the out-offices of the goal, the mutineers made their way for the entrenched bungalow, where the Europeans had taken shelter. There were but 8 of them, and yet they held the place secure, and the mutineers dispersed. The troops had left the town the preceding day, and in their absence the disturbance occurred.

At home it is proposed to erect a church over the well at Cawnpore where the poor martyrs to Nena Sahib lie. Such, it is argued, would do more than razing the city and fixing an obelisk on the spot. Above those who fell, because they were of Christian blood, the exercises of the Christian religion would most appropriately be held. The Mahomedan would see that the "blood of those martyrs" was indeed "the seed of (a new) Church," and so, out of heaven's massacre, would spring devotion to the God of love and mercy. England would get up enough money for such a project, in a week.

It is pleasing to find General Havelock's antecedents proving that that noble soldier is a faithful Christian. Dr. Graham, at a recent meeting, stated that the General, his lady, and two sons, had been members of his church at Bonn: one was the Colonel Havelock, now so well spoken of, like his father. Rev. W. Brock, the Baptist minister of Bloomsbury, stated publicly that he knew and honored the General as a true Christian. He (Mr. Brock) had baptized two of the General's son: one was the present Captain Havelock. General H. (said Mr. Brock) was by birth a Churchman, but became a Baptist from conviction, and maintained that profession in spite of ridicule and persecution.

When at Rangoon the General held divine service in a large chamber which was used as a temple. Cross-legged images of Budha were all around: native lamps burnt in their laps, and by the light more than 100 soldiers of his his troop used to worship. They were called "Havelock's saints"; and marked men, as such characters have been, all through the world's history, among the profane. Frequent complaints against those "unmilitary" proceedings were made to Sir Archibald Campbell: but his testimony was, "I can always depend on Havelock's men. They are, at all events, sober, and ready for duty."

Again: when Lord Wm. Bentick was Commander, similar complaints were made against the "strait-laced saint," "Dissenter," and, worse than all, "Baptist!" The adjutancy fell in, and Havelock was a candidate, but most violently opposed. Mrs. Havelock went to Lord Wm., to solicit the office for her husband. He said, he had a whole parcel of papers against him, from Calcutta; but "I will give your husband the adjutancy, because he is one of the best officers in Her Majesty's service. I will show you the answer to all those statements in the return I have had made of his company. It has less drunkenness, less flogging, less imprisonment than any other: and (alluding to a charge brought against the General, that he baptized his soldiers) tell him to go and make Baptists of all the army!"

History tells us what Cromwell's "Ironsides" did: history also tells us that they prayed as well as they fought. History too may tell how "Havelock's Saints" saved India, though they did pray as well as fight. We hope to hear of him a Lucknow, as we heard at Cawnpore: and, whether victory or defeat be the news, sure we may be that the soldier-Baptist will not be found wanting—either to his antecedents, his already extended fame, or the hopes that attach themselves to his name.

In my next, I hope to give more full and practical details of the assault on and capture of Delhi, with domestic news.

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

REWARD OFFERED FOR NENA SAHIB.—£5,000 reward had been offered for the apprehension of Nena, and there was some hopes, it was said, of getting him.

For the Christian Messenger.

Will's letter from Amherst,

NOVEMBER 5th, 1857.

The Annual Meeting of the Boston Baptist Sunday School Union was announced for Sunday evening, 26th ult., at Tremont Temple. Eloquent speakers were to address the meeting, and the singing was to be performed by a choir of two hundred and fifty children; but the rain descended, as on one former occasion, and before the opening ceremony commenced the meeting adjourned until that night fortnight.—This is not the first time that the rain has interfered with the realization of my anticipations; but there is no advantage in complaining.—After the adjournment I went to Park Street Church, (Congregationalist),—the City Mission was holding its annual meeting. As it would not answer to deliver set speeches to so sparse a congregation,—after brief services and a collection this meeting adjourned until a more convenient season.

On the following Monday morning I intended to leave in the "Adelaide," for St. John, N.B., but the storm, which stopped the meeting, continued, and stopped the boat. At twelve o'clock, noon, the Hon. Caleb Cushing delivered a speech in Faneuil Hall in advocacy of the interests of the Democratic party. Mr. C. was Attorney General of President Pierce's Cabinet,—and is a prominent man of his party. He is tall and slight, rather advanced in years. His language was chaste and beautiful—his speech more elegant than eloquent, read without either voice or energy sufficient to excite so large an audience. He represented the Democratic party as passive on the question of slavery, and satisfied with Kansas being a free State,—replied to Senator Wilson's speech, eulogized the democrats in general, and President Buchanan in particular. The cheers were faint. There was much more enthusiasm at the Republican meetings.

The weather did not permit our leaving until Wednesday morning. At noon we made for a harbour and remained anchored until in the night. This detention was not pleasant, but to be wrecked would be less so.

At St. John, there was great excitement occasioned by the murder of Mr. McKenzie and family, and the arrest of the perpetrators of the brutal deed.

Business affairs looked gloomy—the Banks were refusing to discount the best city paper, and money was consequently scarce. Scarcely any business men were giving way to the commercial pressure, but many are dependant upon the stability of Liverpool houses, whose failure to render them necessary aid, might prove prejudicial to the mercantile interests of that city.

There is not the usual preparation being made for lumbering, up the river. Those engaged in that trade have lost sufficient the past season to ensure more caution the next. Lumber merchants on the "Ottawa" have had a meeting and decided to make less lumber the coming season, and make it more profitable, with proper caution the foreign markets may not be overstocked with lumber, and remunerative prices realized.

The "Emperor" runs up the Bay of Funday once a week. To have so fast and well furnished a boat on the line, is quite an advance—a decided improvement on previous accommodations.

The Baptist Church at Moncton, is yet without a pastor: Rev. G. F. Miles is yet at Sackville, but contemplates leaving shortly for Manguerville. The Amherst church have engaged the Rev. Mr. Balcom, who immediately enters upon his pastoral duties.

At the head of the Bay the crops were as good as expected, and have been gathered in good order. Money is scarce here as elsewhere, but doubtless your subscribers who are in arrears have provided the needful to pay up, as the year is drawing to a close and old subscriptions will require to be renewed. December will be the time to hand in the money in advance for 1858—and now is the time to recommend to your friends the advantage of taking so ably conducted a paper as the "Christian Messenger," which has such excellent correspondents. I doubt not the C. M. will retain the reputation which it has secured, although my journey is ended and you will not just now hear more of things "at home and abroad" from

WILL.

THE SEPOY JOURNALS.—The *Waterford News*, a Liberal journal, states that the *Nation* newspaper has been "kicked out" of the Commercial Newsroom of New Ross, the borough which formerly returned Mr. Gavan Duffy to the Sax-on Parliament. The voting was as follows:—For retaining the *Nation* 15; against, 34. Its late Sepoy essays led to its expulsion, which was moved by Dr. Howlett, a respectable Roman Catholic gentleman.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notice.

MESSRS. EDITORS, Please insert the following extracts of a letter from a valued brother:

Ever yours,

C TUPPER.

SARAH A. GATES.

Very dear Sir,—I ever esteem it a privilege to write to my dear friends in Nova Scotia, and especially, when I have anything of moment to communicate.

We are again called to mourn the death of another dear daughter; and, as we are desirous that a notice of her death, and also a short obituary, should appear in the *Christian Messenger*, I embrace the present favourable opportunity to send you a few brief details.

Her name was Sarah Amanda, died Oct. 19th, 1857, aged 14 years and 9 months. She was our fourth daughter. At the time of our eldest daughter's decease, she was in a very poor state of health, and had been so for some time previous. We then had hope that she might get well, as she was young. But our hopes were soon blasted by discerning in her every symptom of consumption. Although she was not confined to her bed until within a short time of her decease, the insidious disease was fast wasting her frame to a skeleton.

We were deeply anxious about her soul; for she had never manifested anything to give us hope that she had passed from death unto life; and though we learned from her since, that she had been deeply concerned for herself ever since her sister died; and her mother had often detected her reading the Bible secretly. She was naturally very close-minded. Her distress, however, soon became apparent; and upon her mother asking her whether she prayed for herself? she said that she did, and that she felt she needed the prayers of every body. Shortly after this (one Sabbath while I was at meeting) she lost her distress, and was quite happy. Although very weak, and scarcely able to sit up, she sung the hymn,

"Sister thou wast mild and lovely,"

With quite a strong voice. She was remarkably fond of singing from that time to her death; only when her mind was beclouded, or bodily distress assailed her. Her mother being constantly with her, elicited much from her that was satisfactory. Some three weeks prior to her death we were all called to her bedside to see her die—as all thought she was dying, and she too, when, she took leave of us all, and told her younger sister and brothers to prepare to meet her in heaven. When the final hour did arrive, she could only say, "I am dying," and that she was "going to Jesus." Being perfectly sensible, she answered our interrogations with a nod or shake of the head. Like the dying out of a candle—without a struggle or distorted feature—she fell asleep, as we trust, in Jesus. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Sincerely yours,

H. C. GATES.

Lynnfield Centre, Mass., Oct. 26th, '57.

NEWS SUMMARY.

New Brunswick.

TRIAL OF THE MISPECK N. B. MURDERERS.

The details of these trials are published in pamphlet form, and show the whole affair to be one of the most shocking and diabolical cases of premeditated murder, ever committed on this continent, or perhaps in the world. Breen had just hired himself as farm servant to Mr. McKenzie, and went to tell him that his (Breen's) wife had just come to the small house of his which they were to occupy. Mr. McKenzie was about to enter the house for the purpose of making them comfortable for the night, when Slaven stepped out with an axe and struck him several deadly blows. They then went to the large house and on looking in at the door, saw Mrs. McKenzie sitting by the fire with an infant in her lap, and her other children around her. The murderer then entered the house, and, with the same weapon, struck her on the back and breast until she died. The poor children were crying all the while and clinging to their mother until he, the inhuman monster, also beat out their brains in the same brutal manner.

After rifling the pockets of the murdered man in which the three, old Slaven, his Son and Breen, were concerned, and securing the money and some other articles, they deliberately set fire to the houses.

It appears they had formed a plan some time previously, to rob and murder other parties in Fredericton, and went there for the purpose of carrying their designs into execution, but were prevented only by some trifling circumstances.

The following extracts from the evidence on the trial of young Slavin will show something of the brutality of the wretches engaged in this awful tragedy.

FROM THE TESTIMONY OF HUGH BREEN.

"When we got to dwelling house Old Slavin wanted me to go in; he said, go you to the edge of the door and let me get a glimpse of her. I did this. He comes in and puts his head half in at the door, and she (Mrs. Mc-

Kenzie) was sitting on a small seat, with her baby in her arms. She says to me, "is she near hand" (alluding to my wife.) Then he hid the axe behind his back; he comes forward to her and struck her with the back of the axe by the side of the head. The baby fell over against the stove, or edge of the fire place, I could not say which. He hit her (Mrs. McK.) with the axe, a few thumps about the breast; he hit the children with the axe; there were three or four of them, all standing crying round the mother. He hit all the children with the axe. There was crying for a spell. Mrs. McKenzie did not cry; after she was struck she moaned considerable of a while. Prisoner was standing in the porch. He had no hand in the murder, nor had I myself, the old man did all. That is all I have to say about the murder. After it was over we shut the door. The dog happened to come in and it got some of the blood on him. We shut up the doors. The murder was over at 9 1/2 o'clock. Prisoner went in and looked at the clock. We could hardly tell the clock, and prisoner said he could. We went to the yew trees below the house, sat a little while, and came up again; heard some of the children moaning or something. Went back again to the woods, stopped another time, came up again; prisoner was feeling hungry, got some bread in the house, and went into the pantry and got some milk. Then Pat had the key belonging to the money; took it out of McKenzie's pocket. The father could not put a hand near it. He (old Slavin) went with the axe in his hand inside, and gave me the axe, and said if any one comes along to slay them, and we will go inside. He and his son went in. I thought I heard the iron chest opening. They found some money in it.—They got the money, and we went down to the edge of the woods and sat a little longer.—That was about eleven and a half o'clock. We came up again, and Slavin said it was better to put a coal in the lower house first, as the people might think the house took fire and they were burned all alive. His son got some matches in one of the rooms, and got a candle and lit it. There was a man living in the lower house. He was away, but he had a straw bed there. The son said it was better to put a coal in this (in the straw), and McKenzie was lying along side of the straw when it was lit. We put a coal, set the candle to the straw, and that was all that was wanted. It caught before we left it. I expect it burnt. Says Slavin, we'll go to the upper house and set it a-fire. We went, and I took a lock of straw, Pat (prisoner) had the matches and candle. We set it a-fire. We put the straw at the edge of the porch, and built some wood round and set it a-fire. The house caught and burned. I remained five minutes after this. We went home all of us: Not much was carried from the house. Some socks, some mittens, a woman's dress, some yarn, some aprons, a beaver hat, a gold watch, a pair of boots, the prisoner took out of McKenzie's bed room. There was nothing else I know. There was money took; fifty odd pounds; I did not see it in anything; Slavin threw it down on the table on Sunday morning. We got to Slavin's that night; I could not say what time. Had a conversation with the old man about three weeks ago. A few days before it happened old Slavin said to his son "If you take my advice you will do well." Pat was not an obedient boy; he could not manage him at all, up nor down; his father told him he wanted him to hold the candle for him he said he did not want them to help him in the murder, for if there were as many more there he could slay them; the boy said nothing; he was keen to go there; I know nothing more about it. On the way out old Slavin said to the son and me, "back me the best way you can," and for my own part I could not back him anything; said nothing? I don't mind if the boy said anything; I saw the boy with money; I saw him with a sovereign in his hand; that was on Sunday morning; I saw a pocket book with him; do not know what he did with it; dare say I might know it again; could not actually say that is it, (the portmonie); it might be; his father told me the boy had five sovereigns in it; that (portmonie) was in my possession; prisoner gave it to me; the policeman took it from me; the old man gave me three sovereigns in my hand about half an hour before we were took, and a quarter dollar."

From the Cross examination by Mr. Wetmore. —A short time previous to this I was at Fredericton; it was then in the summer; old Slavin was with me; I was there to see my own people; knew a widow named Sally Golly; never heard it mentioned she had money. She might have had a hundred pounds. Did not consult with Slavin to go up to Fredericton to murder Sally Golly.—I know nothing about it; I went up to see my sister; I was in at Sally Golly's once that time I was up. I did not see Slavin while in Fredericton. We met at Gaynor's Corner near the bushes. Have you heard of this matter of Sally Golly before? (No answer.) Had never any intention of murdering her. Slavin and his son went on Thursday to kill McKenzie and they thought they had no chance, Slavin went home and stopped all night.

TESTIMONY OF OLD SLAVIN.

He is a short, round shouldered man, aged about 60, with low forehead, overhanging eyebrows, and peculiarly shaped ears.

By Mr. Wetmore. Am willing to tell the whole truth. Am father of this boy. He's between 15 and 16, as near as I can guess. Cannot read or write. Knew Breen first when we worked on the railway. Was at Fredericton. Saw Sally Golly. Went at Breen's suggestion. Went to rob Sally Golly. That was all the business I had. Murdering Sally Golly was talked of. If I had determined it, I would

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