

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Acadia College Agency.

DEAR BROTHER, I arrived here on Wednesday evening the 16th, and have been employed since in calling upon our friends and trying to prepare their minds for a liberal addition to Acadia's funds, which we hope to collect before we leave for Halifax and the intervening places.

I commenced operations at Yarmouth, at the Convention, and continued there and at Westport about three weeks. I have secured by Notes-of-hand for the Endowment about Three hundred pounds, besides pledges from men of honor, which I am confident will be fulfilled, if no serious adverse providence should interfere.

The first, is the purpose of the family of Deacon Robins of happy memory, to raise a Scholarship to bear their father's name. I have seen the greater part of them and find them very generally united in the plan. Brother Abel C. Robins of Yarmouth, confident of its success, has paid the first year's interest in advance, and offered his service to get it arranged, so that I might not be unnecessarily detained. Peace be on them, and great success.

The next is Bro. Joseph Shaw, High Sheriff of Yarmouth, of whom I have received kind attentions in years gone by. He anticipated making up a Scholarship in his name or family, and is waiting the return of an absent son whom he believes will unite with him in the laudable work. May his heirs receive benefits therefrom when his head is laid at rest. Bro. Shaw has paid the interest on a fourth part of the Scholarship as an earnest of the whole.

I have met with many up-hill tugs in my agency. The whole of the Columbian Mine comes down upon me like an avalanche. If I succeed in working through that, and recover sufficiently so as to breathe freely, I have then gratuitously a fund of information, as to how much better this and that plan would have worked; all of which we hope to profit by. In some localities I am obliged to listen to a tirade of politics of which you are so well acquainted that I need not further explain. Next comes commercial depression, or a failure of crops. Some plead poverty whose shining furniture is worth more than the whole real estate of many of our brethren who are doing what they can to support our noble institutions, besides having a variety of other incumbrances too tedious to name.

You will naturally be inclined to ask, how I weather the cape, or make any headway. Well, I will tell you, there are some oases in this desert, and a few sunny spots in this gloomy track, I will just name two or three.

In the first place then, my Angell guide says, "here's a man although not a member of our church, yet he may do something." We call. After a few enquiries Mr. A. G. says, "I'll give you a Hundred Pounds, call before you leave and we will fix it up legally." Relying on the promise (which in due time is fulfilled) we leave with a buoyant heart, and say, "the Lord bless the man and his household."

Again the generous and noble Anna L. P. of Westport, whose worthy example may many good sisters imitate. While closing the morning meal at her father's table, I spoke of my agency and told of some self-sacrificing cases, and of our good sister S. H. in my own county. Miss P. said, Mr. Thomson I will give £10. I sat down to write the note. Father Payson, who has his Scholarship, and had given sums before, smiled upon his daughter for it, the mother spoke of it with approbation, the brothers and sisters cheered her on. Sister Anna says, "Mr. Thomson, make the note £20." "Good again" said I, and so will you Mr. Editor, and so will all the well-wishers of a pure literature in the land. The note is signed; the first year's interest advanced and endorsed. Another young sister on the Island, also made a donation.

Once more. Journeying from Yarmouth to this place, I put up at Brother A. Lent's at Tusket before leaving our worthy brother brought me an old doubleton that he said, had not seen the sun for twenty years, intimating by this that he was getting near the bottom or lower stratum of the mine; however that may be the doubleton was accompanied with three sovereigns, which reminded me of Charity and her three children. There are other cases worthy of note, but I have engagements to fulfil which prevent me from being more minute at present.

Brethren Martell and Higgins seem hearty in the cause of Education, and are rendering me every assistance. The church at Milton are contemplating an outlay of £600 or £700 on their meeting-house. I may therefore expect fifties and fourscores instead of hundreds.

I hope to do up my work here next week, and will be with you as soon as possible after that. I find I cannot to a day fix my appointments, but will let you know when I come.

Yours truly, ADAM D. THOMSON. Liverpool, N. S., Sept. 19th, '57.

For the Christian Messenger.

NEW YORK.

LETTER FROM REV. W. HOBBS.

DEAR BROTHER,

My last letter to you was from the Empire City—the London of America, where I spent some time very pleasantly, and I hope not without some profit to myself and others.

Amongst the many places of interest I visited was the Merchants' Exchange, in Wall Street, a structure costing millions of dollars. Here every day but the Sabbath the merchants congregate to buy, sell, and get gain. Here bank stock, railroad and other stocks, houses and lands are bought and sold. After looking at the gold and silver, and bank bills, we went through the Custom House, in which there are now received annually for the United States Treasury about 50 millions of dollars. After we had visited the army of clerks we entered the Post Office, in which establishment are employed 250 clerks, this is situated in Nassau St., passing up which we visit the rooms of the American and Foreign Bible Society. Next we went to the foot of 12th street, on the river side. The innumerable objects of interest in the distance of two miles or more we cannot stop to notice. In passing up Chatham street, on our right, we are in the midst of the children of Abraham. It is almost wholly occupied by Jews. Next our attention is occupied in the rich display made by the gorgeous stores in Grand street. Arrived at the Novelty Works, we find a great establishment for building steam-engines, here the Adriatic—the last of the Collins' line—the largest American Steamship,—is being fitted out for a voyage to Liverpool. Near her lies the Baltic in process of renovation, the same class as the Atlantic and unfortunate Arctic and Pacific, three thousand tons. The Adriatic is three hundred and sixty-one feet long; forty-two feet beam, can accommodate two hundred and sixty first-class passengers, and sixty second-class, she draws twenty-three feet when laden, costs \$1,000,000.

Our next visit was to the American Bible Society, where there are fifteen presses throwing off the leaves of the tree of life. The receipts are not less than \$400,000 a year. Next to it is the Astor Library, founded by the munificence of John Jacob Astor. The building is 65 feet by 100, of the first class, having 90,000 volumes, any of which, any person who wishes has the right to call and read in a well prepared room. Two blocks further and we are before 31 Bond street, where Dr. Burdell was murdered,—from thence to Broome street, to visit the room of the Bible Union, where we were shown with the greatest politeness, the different rooms devoted to the objects of the Union, viz.—Revision. A part of the chapel is occupied for this purpose, where Dr. Cone formerly preached. These good brethren desired us to preach for them on the Sabbath, but a previous engagement prevented. Next we came to Broadway, which, since our last visit is wonderfully improved in grandeur, as well as the entire city, whose merchants are indeed princes.

One of the most magnificent stores that ever has been seen in this city or any other in the States, has recently been opened. Not less than ten thousand persons visited it from half past 7 till half past 10 in the evening. This store is built on the corner of Broadway and Broome streets. The front is of iron in the Corinthian style, and is the most beautiful building in that most beautiful street in which it is built. It is painted very tastefully, and attracts the gaze of tens of thousands of the people who daily pass by it. I must describe it. The building occupies three city lots, and is five stories high, having a cellar and sub-cellar. The first floor is filled with Parian and bronze figures, silver plate, clocks, cutlery, and innumerable parlor ornaments. The sides are filled with beautiful mahogany cases. The second floor is occupied principally with china, numbers of rich dining, desert, and tea sets, vases, &c. &c. The third floor is occupied with chandeliers of the most elegant and elaborate designs. The walls and ceilings are frescoed, and the floors are covered with a velvet carpet which cost \$1000. The fourth and fifth floors are occupied for manufacturing purposes,—china decorations, silver plating, burnishers, &c. &c. The china decorations drew the greatest attention of any department, being a new business—about 12 workmen were seated along the tables, embellishing, &c. There is a steam-engine for the glass-cutting and cutlery departments, and for hoisting the dumb-bay-water which carries down from the top to the bottom articles which cannot be otherwise carried. On the top story is a large tank filled with water so that if fire should come the whole building might be flooded in a few minutes. The business has been carried on for many years by Messrs Worrain & Haughwort. Mr. Worrain died a few weeks ago, he was a zealous Sabbath School labourer, and held important offices in the church and Tract Society, and was highly respected by a large circle of friends.

Yours, &c., W. H. HOBBS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Portland, Maine,

CUMBERLAND, N. S.—MONCTON, ST. JOHN, N. B. PORTLAND, &c.

MR. EDITOR,

While waiting here for the cars to Montreal, I conclude to write you a few lines having at present no better employment. [Pray what better do you wish to have?—Ed.] Passing through Cumberland in your province, I noticed that business was rather depressed in consequence of the state of the lumber market. The agricultural districts however are flourishing—and will as long as the high prices of provisions continue. The crops in that county are good with the exception of potatoes which are more or less injured in different districts. It was supposed the hay crop would be very light, but upon the whole has proved an average crop. At Parsboro there is considerable excitement respecting the location of the steamboat wharf. Nature designed Partridge Island as the place for its construction, but the people have made Mill Millage the most convenient place. Government should not be influenced by private interests but place it where it ought to be.

We took the Boat at Dorchester and visited Moncton, before going to St. John. The cars for Shediac run this day, (Monday last) in connection with the boat for the first time. In consequence of the railroad not being completed it was not convenient to do so before,—the Stage ran over the same line.

The Baptist chapel building there is nearly completed. It is the most expensive Baptist place of worship in that province—built with judgment and finished with taste. When in St. John I heard of the death of their esteemed pastor. While deeply sympathizing with his bereaved family I feel that the Church and the denomination generally, have sustained a loss which they can ill afford. Mr. Emerson's melancholy death, Mr. Miles's departure for Sackville, and Mr. DeMill's removal from Amherst, leaves the churches in those places in a destitute position—they are important interests, and a deficiency of ministerial labor will tell very unfavorably upon the denomination.

The new Baptist Meeting-house, near the Marsh Bridge in St. John, was opened last Sunday afternoon, the Rev. E. B. DeMill preached on the occasion. The house seats about three hundred persons.

The "Emperor" did not leave St. John, yesterday morning—and the "Admiral" had about six hundred and fifty passengers on board. With such a crowded boat and so much seasickness, the trip was not pleasant, and a sight of Portland was not disagreeable. I have heard of the beauty of the Portland ladies and I think they merit the compliment. If I could only have a monopoly of the "hoop" trade here I could soon make a competency.

The annual election for Governor came off yesterday. Morrill the Republican candidate was elected. He has the reputation of being an advocate of the "Maine Law."

WILL.

For the Christian Messenger.

London Correspondence.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

London, September 11, 1857.

INDIA AND ITS HORRORS.

MESSENGERS EDITORS,

There is another detail of "murder most foul, strange, and unnatural," for me to give, and for your readers to receive. Still, still come the cries of nature's last agony—of innocence un-pitied and weakness unspared—from that clime where, dotted up and down its torrid plains, our fellows had settled, and had been suddenly hunted to extermination by treachery, subtle as savage, and wide-spread as the abode of the "Feringhese."

To be an Englishman, is to be moved to the heart by all this,—to sink every other topic, and, with bent brows, and quivering lips, to drink in detail after detail, with 'mending interest. Are not Nova Scotians blood-fellows with us? and, amid our heart-torn agony of bereavement, will not their bosoms heave with like emotions to our own? Who has not some relative or friend—or knows not of such in India: and where, what, are they now? Trace we again, step by step, sorrowfully and slowly, the fatal story.

Fuller particulars of some events mentioned in my last, confirm their accuracy. Of the battle at Futtehpore we learn, that General Havelock captured 11 guns, routing the enemy through garden enclosures and the streets of Futtehpore in complete confusion. This victory was gained without a single man of our force being injured! They had marched 24 miles, too, before fighting!

Thence Gen. Havelock went on to Cawnpore, the scene of the dreadful massacre of 132 Europeans. Sir Hugh Wheeler, the great defender of the place, was, as I imagined, wounded mortally, and died, before the garrison listened to those treacherous terms which promised safety but brought only destruction. I think I stated before, that the wives and children of the officers and soldiers were taken into the bazaar (or market place) and sold, as subjects for torture and outrage at will, to the highest bidders! Nena Sahib, the governing fiend, is said, however, to hold a hundred Europeans as hostages, to serve him in the hour of retribution. We know, too, of one survivor, who, disguised as a native, escaped after numerous perils. On the approach of Gen. Havelock, Nena Sahib retreated to Bithoor, in whose fort he is entrenched. This lies between Lucknow and Cawnpore. Of Lucknow we are in fearful dread. "The great army of Oude, numbering from 12,000 to 20,000 men, well provided with cavalry and ammunition, besieges it. The place is strong; but its defenders are few, and, when the latest intelligence left, were reduced to five weeks' supplies on starvation rations. With them were 200 women and children, many literally dying of hunger and wretchedness. Pent up in the Presidency, and exposed to every imaginable privation, their only hope was in General Havelock's arrival. But, though he had beaten the enemy at Cawnpore on the 19th July, and had a month before him for relief of Lucknow; though the distance is but 52 miles—yet the country is a morass; and before he proceeded, he was bound to march over the blood-stained legion of Nena Sahib, and take the Mahratta stronghold, in spite of torrents, defiles, broken bridges, and the presence of an overwhelming superiority in the numbers of his foe. Otherwise, were he to lead on his troops direct, he would leave Colonel N. J. who was coming up with 280 Englishmen, to inevitable defeat and slaughter. To do all, Gen. Havelock has but 1,600 soldiers; and, beyond Nena Sahib, as said above, the besieging army of Lucknow is nearly 20,000! But numbers, in our Indian warfare, have always been disparative, and yet without loss of victory on our side.

Fancy may paint the scene of that famished band of heroes, with their 200 women and children—as a single wave keeping back the ocean of rebellion that rages and encircles them, beyond the walls. When the tale shall be told—(in what terms we tremble to think of) doubtless we shall find that, in life or death, these English men and women were true to themselves and their race, and acted as heroically as did their fellow sufferers elsewhere. Perhaps before I finish this letter, the result may be known. General Havelock is a true soldier; and well need he be, with what is before him.

At Agra the rebels obtained an advantage which left the residents in fearful peril. "The close vicinity of the Neemuch and Nustecabad mutineers, who encamped about twenty miles from the city, compelled the European residents to abandon the cantonments and take refuge in the fort. The garrison consisted of the 3rd Bengal Europeans and a battery of artillery; besides which, a corps of volunteers about 500 strong was raised from among the Christian population. The rebels having approached the city with the evident object of plundering the cantonments, the troops in the fort marched out to attack them on the 5th July; when a battle ensued, in which the British suffered considerable loss. Our troops who had no cavalry to support them, after having beaten the enemy, were obliged to retire into the fort, in consequence of their supply of ammunition having failed through the explosion of the tumbrils. There were 49 Europeans killed and 92 wounded in this affair, out of a total force of about 500 men engaged. The mutineers, after the battle, destroyed nearly all the horses in the cantonment, in which they were assisted by the budmashes of the city, and the prisoners were liberated from the jail. The European inhabitants however, had previously taken refuge in the fort, which prevented a general massacre from taking place."

"Five thousand non-combatants, and five hundred troops, crowd the citadel; and the neighbourhood swarms with thousands of desperate barbarians thirsting for blood, and eager to obtain possession of white women and children, upon whom to wreak their diabolic fury."

The Bishop of Calcutta writes home to say that two missionaries—Messrs. Haycock and Cockey—of the Society for Propagation of the Gospel—were massacred at Cawnpore with the other Europeans. At Delhi, I hear one noble man wrote, "I have sent my wife and children away, to a safer place; I must remain—here is my duty."—And, amid his papers and books—the love and study of his ardent soul—he fell and died. Dr. Taylor the principal of the