

## Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

## Letter from Toronto, Canada West.

Toronto, 18th Sept. 1857.

MR. EDITOR,

After writing you from Portland, I learnt from the Agent of the "Admiral," who was en route to Quebec, that the number of passengers in the boat was five hundred and fifty, not six hundred and fifty as my informant erroneously stated,—it was, however, very fortunate that the other hundred were not there.

We saw nothing worthy of note after leaving Portland, until the Alpine House at Gorham came in view. This is a hotel of magnificent appearance, at the junction of the Stage road leading to the White Mountains. There is a hotel at the foot of the Mountains—twelve miles distant from Gorham, of even larger dimensions and more ample accommodations than the Alpine House—and yet these houses could not accommodate all the persons who visited the mountains the past season—July and August comprise the visiting season—but there are more visitors this September than formerly—it is probable the "season" is extending.

We remained over night at Island Pond, midway between Portland and Montreal—the hotel and depot comprise the principal part of the town—and left early in the morning for Montreal. I was delighted with the appearance of the country from St. Hyacinthe to Longueuil—a perfect level plain a distance of over thirty miles, the level extending right and left as far as the eye could compass. The farms are well laid out, but sadly neglected by those who pretend to cultivate them; thistles being the most luxuriant crop observable. The houses are generally small, made of square logs, white-washed. At Hyacinthe there is a Catholic College and a few other splendid buildings. I need hardly add, that the inhabitants of this part of the province are Acadian French.

There were not many passengers in the cars until we neared Montreal, when at every station there was a rush of persons for Montreal, to attend the Lower Canadian Exhibition, to be held in that city. The cars becoming crowded, I gave my seat to a lady—and wishing to have a good view of the country, took a stand on the front of a car, and by so doing took so severe a cold, that it will prevent me ever again committing such an imprudence. [Being well acquainted with our correspondent's good manners, we are sure he does not mean here that he will not again give up his seat to a lady—but that he will not again stand outside, in front of a car on a railroad.—Ed.]

I was not very favourably impressed with the appearance of Montreal city—the streets with few exceptions are narrow and dirty—with the meanest description of side-walks. There are many large massive buildings—the Roman Catholic Chapel, the Court House, and the Episcopal Church being the most conspicuous. I did not discover the Baptist College which has been converted into a Nunnery. I went up on an eminence back of McGill College, where I had a good view of the stone city, it presented an appearance of magnificence and poverty heterogeneously mixed together. In consequence of the great number of strangers in the city, it was a compliment to get Hotel accommodations.

We left Montreal yesterday morning and arrived here in the evening, making the distance of three hundred and thirty-three miles in fourteen hours. By taking the cars we missed seeing the cities and towns dotted along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and Lake Ontario. By the boat we could have seen much of Canadian progress—and the scenery of this route is said to be magnificent, amply repaying the time by water conveyance—but feeling the effects of my outside ride on the cars, I took the most expeditious mode of conveyance. I am very much pleased with the appearance of this city, and shall have something to say about it in my next.

-WILL.

A PICTURE OF EDITORIAL LIFE.—Captain Marryat evinced a proper appreciation of editorial life when he wrote: "I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself, it appears nothing; the labour is not manifest; nor is it the labour, it is the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One day's paper is no sooner corrected or printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil, a constant weight upon the mind, a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery."

For the Christian Messenger.

## London Correspondence.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

London, September 15, 1857.

MR. EDITOR,

My last letter informed you, that, on receiving news of the massacre at Cawnpore, General Havelock broke up his camp at Allahabad, and was going thither: intending afterwards to proceed to the relief of Lucknow, and thence to Delhi. The overwhelming numerical superiority of the foe was dilated on, and the difficulties to be overcome.

The expectations formed of that gallant general have been realized: and I will endeavour to give a clear account of the proceedings.

General Havelock's force left Allahabad on the 7th July, in the evening. Rain poured in torrents; and, after it ceased, the heat of the sun became so intense that several were smitten by sun stroke. The rains have converted rivers into torrents; the bridges were broken; the country was a morass, and the troops were exposed to such fatigue and heat as have rarely, if ever been endured by Europeans. But the soldiers were British: that was enough: all was overcome. In eight days they marched 126 miles, fought four battles with Nena Sahib's army, though of overwhelming numbers, routed them and took 24 guns. There are many accounts of these eventful eight days: I select the shortest and most graphic, from the pen of an officer engaged:

"We found the rebels in position at Futteypore, with 12 guns. On Sunday the 12th inst., we arrived within two miles of their position, at about seven o'clock, I was sent out with a party of our men (1st Madras Fusiliers) to reconnoitre, but when we had advanced about half a mile from the camp they commenced firing on us with their heavy guns, and their cavalry came towards us. We fired on them; but, as our party consisted of about 60 men, we retreated leisurely towards the camp. As soon as we got there the whole force was under arms. This was about seven o'clock, a. m. We now advanced regularly against them, and in about three hours we drove them from their position, took twelve guns, and drove them from Futteypore, pell-mell. If we had only had some cavalry, we could have cut them nearly all up. We halted the other side of Futteypore that day, and also the next morning. On Tuesday we marched 16 miles to Kullianpore, but did not meet with the enemy. On Wednesday we marched about five miles and found the rebels in a strong position, with six guns. We soon silenced their guns, and advanced against them; and after about two hours sharp firing, we thoroughly routed them, and they retreated to a bridge about three miles off, where they had another very strong position, with six guns. Our Enfields did splendid work, and we soon silenced their battery. We rushed up to their battery and took their bridge and guns, when they all fled before us like so many sheep: they really are arrant cowards. Thus ended our day's work. Poor Major Renaud, who commanded our detachment, was wounded early in the morning in the leg; he is now better, but I fear his leg will be obliged to be amputated; he is a very gallant officer. I was with him at the time, but he would not allow me to remain, but said 'Go on with your men.'

"On Thursday we marched against the enemy, about 6,000 strong, who were in position about five miles from Cawnpore; and this was the hardest day's work we ever had. They had six or eight guns, in two separate batteries. We advanced straight against them, and they poured grape and round shot into us, like so many hailstones; yet our loss was not very great. We lay down, and then advanced against their first battery, which was taken in fine style. I went off with a small party (about 40 men) to the right flank, where the cavalry were threatening us, and some of their infantry had a strong position. We kept them at a distance with our rifles, and once when some of the cavalry (about 500) came down upon us, we formed square, and they did not dare come near us. This elicited great applause from the General and everybody. My party then joined the main column, and we now advanced against the other battery. When we came within range, down poured the round shot and grape. We were ordered to lie down, but several were wounded. I had a bullet on my topie (felt hat) which providentially glanced off, and Captain Raikes had a portion of his sword-hilt carried away. Well, fancy! when they saw us down again they thought we were afraid to advance, so they sounded the advance, and then the double. The General (Havelock) now gave his order—"Rise up; advance!" The whole line gave a cheer—such a cheer! it must have made the villains tremble from head to foot, and advanced in line against their battery, under a heavy cross fire, which they kept up very well, but did not do us much damage, as they fired so high. They evacuated their battery, and fled in every direction. We fired into them till they were out of range, and then rushed up the hill, and found to our joy, Cawnpore about half a mile in front.

"We bivouacked on the rising ground for the night. You should have heard the cheer we gave as our gallant commander, General Havelock, rode down the lines; it was indeed a fine sight."

To preface the dreadful news following, it is necessary to recall some particulars of the massacre at Cawnpore which our troops came to avenge. After murdering and outraging the garrison who surrendered in reliance on his word, Nena Sahib selected 25 ladies and children, and kept them as hostages for his safety, in the event of defeat by his pursuers. Some accounts say they were not at first insulted, and were fed by Nena Sahib's own servants. Be that as it may, and as future accounts, by one or two who escaped, may show: the following eclipses it all in horror.

After being defeated, outside the city, Nena Sahib's troops entered the place where the poor creatures were imprisoned. We draw a veil over the first horrors; and only say, that our troops, on entering the place next day, found it a complete slaughter-house! The place was a court-yard, paved; there were two inches of blood on the floor, and clotted around the side walls. In a well, all-naked, legs and arms severed, were the remains of that helpless band. Says an officer, "I looked down. I could have faced death in a hundred forms; but I could not look down that well again!" At the time of their being murdered, a number jumped down alive, to escape some of the unwhisperable indignities. The children were thrown down alive, on the roasting bodies of their mothers, and suffocation in parental blood completed what cruelty left unfinished, till then. A note was found written in Hindoo, containing the names and descriptions of the victims. From it, there appears to have been one hundred and ninety-seven massacred on that evening altogether. Around were all kinds of female apparel, long tresses of hair—dresses covered with blood; here and there a work-box; combs; fragments of some religious books, children's straw hats, and other relics. But three escaped. The daughter of Sir Henry Wheeler (the heroic governor, on whose death alone the garrison capitulated) proved that her father's heroic spirit was in her heart also—alas! with as little success. She killed five of the murderers, with a revolver, before they could get near her!

One Portuguese woman, the daughter of a bugler, was made captive by a trooper and carried to his house, but when he was absent, she took his sword, and killed his wife, two children, and then herself.

What can we say to this? I dare not trust myself to comment or describe what the soldiers said or felt on entering this den of butchery. According to the last accounts, General Neill was compelling all the high caste Brahmins whom he could capture among the Sepoys; to collect the bloody clothes, and wash up the blood from the floor; an European soldier standing over each man with a "cat," and administering it with vigour whenever he relaxed his exertions. Having been subjected to this degradation (especially poignant, as losing caste) they were hung, one after another.

We may there erect monuments to 88 officers, and 199 men of the 84th Foot; to 70 ladies, 120 women and children, of the 32nd Foot; and to the whole European population of the place, amounting to about 400 persons. Nena Sahib did it.

What became of the satiated fiend, glutted with blood? He blew up the magazine, and retreated to his palace and strong hold of Bithoor. Thither the avengers followed. But the fear which guilt always brings, cowed his followers. They could lift red hands on women and children. They fled before their defenders, and deserted their own chief. From Bithoor also he fled. From his palace were taken 16 guns and a number of animals; then flames were set to it, and the powder magazine blew all up.

Now we lose sight of the object of search. Deserted by his troops, closely pursued, he is said to have tried to cross the river into Oude; but, failing, drowned himself, with his wives and family. I don't believe it. Crafty as cruel, he knew well that such a report would turn his pursuers off the scent: and subsequent rumours add, that he is somewhere in Oude now, and an enormous amount is offered by Government for his head. Money would buy it, even if no one in Oude could be found to take it from any other motive than love of gain.

A London illustrated paper advertises his portrait! It is to be from an original taken in Oude, when—and but recently—he was a smooth-tongued, honey-mouthed friend and companion of British officers, inviting them to his palace on hunting excursions, and treating them well! Such is the class of characters we have to deal with!

The small, brave, victorious army of retribution, harrassed and worn out by their unprecedented exploits of the previous eight days, rest-

ed at Cawnpore a day or two, and then moved on (reduced by their last battle to about 1 in 15 of their whole force) towards Lucknow. "Havelock crossed the Ganges, took the high road to Lucknow, met the enemy 10,000 strong at a locality near the river, and hurled his column upon them, scattering their forces, capturing their guns, and driving them before him in confusion and dismay. But, as might have been expected before, sickness compelled him to wait reinforcements. These joined him: on the 8th August, he was expected to reach Lucknow, still bravely holding out, as spoken of in my last letter. Though besieged by a large army, we cannot doubt, after his previous successes, that the brave and energetic General will be crowned with victory, aided as he will be by sorties from the town; thus surrounding the enemy. Thence, to Delhi, is about 170 miles; and on arrival there, an assault was expected to take place that would not only subdue but retain the city.

As usual, on enquiry it turns out that the massacre at Cawnpore might have been prevented, but for *misgovernment*. An ally in Nepal offered to send 10,000 soldiers to aid the garrison, when besieged. They were on their way, and were sent back. Before reaching home, they were asked to return. "How can you English expect to be respected, governed by such people?" said the indignant young Bahadour Singh. Were it not for Havelock, Wheeler, and Lawrence, one would imagine that the terms "administrator" and "hopeless imbecile" were synonymous! It is the Crimean story all over again.

A petition has come over, numerously and influentially signed, exposing something of the system of government, which is about "as bad as can be." Lord Canning, the East India Company, Government altogether, were warned long ago, and shut their ears. The storm broke: still they shut ears and eyes: till at last supineness gave way to terror, and they were paralyzed and helpless.

At Dinapore, General Lloyd had 5,000 under his command: on attempting to disarm 4,000 Sepoys, they mutinied. An inferior officer brought out and pointed artillery at them; and had he been allowed his own course, we should not have heard of what follows:—Gen. Lloyd snubbed his inferior, and began to negotiate with the rebels; in writing: giving them notice, at six in the evening, what he was going to do next morning, of course they made good use of the nine hours allowed them, filled their pouches with cartridges, and caps, sneaked away, prepared a place of attack, and were not followed till seven hours after! Then they could not be secured, though hundreds were shot; and the chase was slackened because no one was in authoritative command, the general having got out of the way.\* "Amid imprecations on his incapacity, the officer supposed to be responsible sent a little detachment by night to Arrah, insufficient for the purpose of relief intended; the soldiers could not see their way, and their ranks were torn to pieces by an invisible foe." It is gratifying to add, however, that the little heroic band at that place are still safe. There was 50 Sikh Sepoys, and they (as all the Sikhs engaged have done) fought most bravely. One discharge killed 20 of their assailants.

It is but justice to say, the above reflections on General Lloyd are *ex parte* as yet; though his subsequent removal, and rumoured trial by court martial, lead to the inference that all is true.

Five-regiments mutinied at Dinapore. But Her Majesty's 10th Foot were speedily on their track, and shot 800 of them! 500 were going down the Ganges in boats, and were fred on by masked batteries.

"On horror's head, horrors accumulate." Here is another picture, like Delhi and Cawnpore.

At Bareilly, artillery cavalry, and infantry, joined in insurrection. "Against such numbers the small band of Europeans could do nothing, and it would have been folly to have approached the insurgents, they therefore turned their horses' heads towards Nynce Tall, 74 miles distant, and after a long, hot, and tedious march of 24 hours, with one hour's rest, they arrived safely without having met any opposition on the road. Enormities have been committed at Bareilly, amongst the European inhabitants, rivalling if not excelling, in atrocity, the dark deeds of Meerut and Delhi. The 'arch fiend' amongst the insurgents was the Artillery Subadar, who constituted himself Brigadier General of the force, raised the Green Flag, and directed the plunder and destruction of cantonments, which by nightfall had been fully accomplished by his villainous band; for all that remained there at Bareilly, was a heap of smouldering ashes. The city of Bareilly,

\* Much excitement was felt at Benares, to which the mutineers were advancing; and Sepoys at large, suggest as many more massacres as have taken place already.